

PEKING DIARY

Vol. I

Withdrawal/Redaction Sheet

(George Bush Library)

DOCUMENT NO. AND TYPE	SUBJECT/TITLE	DATE	RESTRICTION	CLASS.
01. Redaction	Redaction of three sentences from Peking Diary (REDACTED PAGE FOLLOWS) (1 pp.)	10/21/74	C	
COLLECTION George Bush Personal Papers China File				
FILE LOCATION Peking Diary Volume I		OA/ID Number		
		Date Closed	10/19/99	

RESTRICTION CODES

Presidential Records Act - [44 U.S.C. 2204(a)]

P-1 National Security Classified Information [(a)(1) of the PRA]
 P-2 Relating to the appointment to Federal office [(a)(2) of the PRA]
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C. Closed in accordance with restrictions contained in donor's deed of gift.

PRM. Closed as a personal record misfile.

Freedom of Information Act - [5 U.S.C. 552(b)]

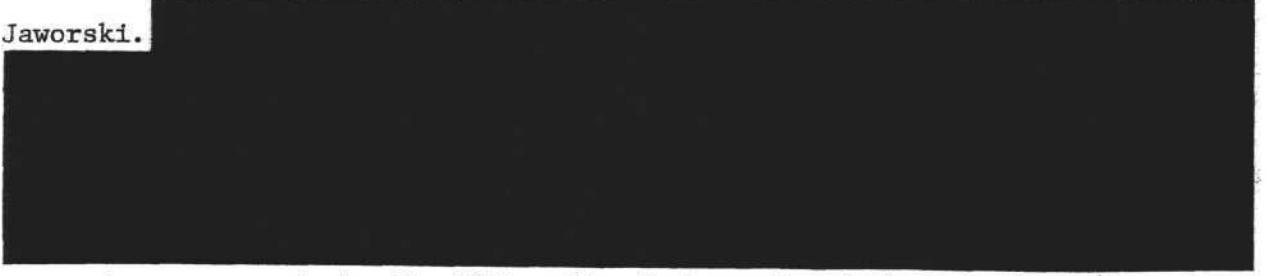
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This is the beginning of the Peking Diary. October 21, 1974.

Japan Air Lines. Flight that went to Osaka, Shanghai, Tokyo. Just completed three days at the Tokyo Embassy with Jim and Marie Hodgson. Extremely hospitable and generous in every way. A delightful, down-to-earth guy - plucked out of one year back at Lockheed to be a business-presence ambassador along the lines of the highly successful Bob Ingersoll. I think he will do well.

My emotions are mixed about this. I read the Japan Times. I begin already to wish I had more details on American politics, the elections. You read the tired AP re-play, some of the same stories we saw in the States before we left.

When we got to Anchorage there was a message for me to call Leon Jaworski.



versation on tape in April, 1973. They had not heard the tape but they saw a transcript. In it Richard Moore apparently told President Nixon that I had been approached by Mardian to raise \$30,000 for the Watergate defendants and that Moore told the President that I refused to do this and had urged the whole thing to come out. They were asking me my recollection. I told them that I had absolutely no recollection of this, that I was confident I had not talked to Mardian about this, that I hadn't seen

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him since I had become National Chairman. Indeed I hadn't seen him since perhaps a year before that and then only in passing.

I told them I would look at my notes and try to recall any conversation.

The incident itself is not important except that here I was leaving the United States, last point of land, and a call out of the ugly past wondering about something having to do with Watergate, coverup and all those matters that I want to leave behind.

In going to China I am asking myself, "Am I running away from something?", "Am I leaving what with inflation, incivility in the press and Watergate and all the ugliness?", "Am I taking the easy way out?". The answer I think is "no," because of the intrigue and fascination that is China. I think it is an important assignment, it is what I want to do, it is what I told the President I want to do, and all in all, in spite of the great warnings of isolation, I think it is right -- at least for now.

General Notes - People at the State Department seem scared to death about our China policy. Kissinger keeps the cards so close to his chest that able officers in EA seem unwilling to take any kinds of initiative. This troubles me a little bit because I worry that our policy is "plateaued out," and that if we don't do something the policy will come under the microscopic scrutiny the CIA has come under, that the Middle East policy has come under. And indeed the American people are going to be looking for forward motion. And it is my hope that I will be able to meet the next generation of China's leaders - ?? ⁷⁷ ⁵⁰ whomever they may prove to be. Yet everyone tells me that that is impossible. I have the feeling that David Bruce felt it was best to have a small mission, keep a very low profile, do little reporting and to feel his way along on this new relationship. He was revered properly so and respected, but my hyper-adrenalin, political instincts tell me that the fun of this job is going to be to try to do more, make more contacts. Although everyone all along the line says that you will be frustrated, won't be able to make contacts, won't be able to meet people, they will never come see you, etc. etc. I fear this may be true, but the fun will be trying.

I understand that we are walking into a situation where morale is a little low. Time will tell you this as well. I am looking forward to Jennifer Fitzgerald coming over to be my secretary. I think there is a lot to be said to having a buffer between the State Department and the Ambassador. It worked at the UN and I am satisfied it can work here.

Before I left briefings at Commerce, Agriculture and Defense all resulted in requests for a presence from their department there. Military attache which would include three or four people. Agricultural attache and commerce attache. EA seems opposed to this. My own judgment right now is that maybe we ought to have an agricultural man, but again I will have a better judgment on this when I get there. Eighty or 90 per cent of our commerce is agriculture. Our trade is going to fall dramatically off this year from a high of close to a billion dollars to around \$500 million. This is going to be viewed by the American people as going backwards in trade, and I think we need some work to see that we keep it up. The question of newsmen in China concerns me. I can see where they don't want every controversial Lydon-type negativist rushing around, criticizing. But I also can see that responsible reporting perhaps by the news agencies, AP and UPI, might be the best possible thing right now. China should not be on the front burner, but if the policy is going to move forward, nor should it be on the back burner in terms of awareness in the U.S. The Kissinger trip can help on this enormously.

Random Recollections - Everybody in the United States wants to go to China. Everyone wants a visa. The professors don't know a hell of a lot more about what's going to happen in China than the politicians or the military. Going away reception at Huang Hua's, a dinner at Huang Chen's, the UN dinner, our lunch for Huang Chen, Stewart's Supreme Court dinner to which Huang Chen was invited -- all were very good. Huang Chen was rather expansive suggesting that we could have visas for those people who

were "friends of Ambassador Bush." He started suggesting that many, many people could come to China on this basis, all of which I hope proves to be true. It would seem to me that if we had interesting people perhaps we could use this as a way to have more contact with our Chinese friends. Nick Platt, who was let out of China because of hitting a person on a bicycle, and his wife Sheila came to see us in Toyko at the embassy. They are stationed there. They indicated that there was a lot to be done in terms of the happiness of the American families, the boredom aspect. They felt that the Ambassador should be more active, should push for more contact, should not be quite so subservient or take a lot of stuff off the Chinese.

We were wondering what shape Fred will be in when we arrive in China. He has been in Japanese quarantine for three days and there seemed to be some confusion at the Japanese airport as to whether he was on the plane. But we are assured that he is safely in the bowels of this JAL DC-8. Though I couldn't hear him barking at Osaka. The weather in Tokyo is humid and fairly warm. A reasonably heavy gray flannel suit was too much. We had a delightful visit on Sunday down at Kamacura with John Roderick of the AP who showed me fascinating pictures that he had taken in the ~~Lenan~~ ^{Yenan} with Chou En Lai, Chairman Mao, Huang Hua and others. Roderick was from Maine. A decent man whom I had met years before with Joy Dow at the Kennebunk River Club though I did not recall it. He is fascinated with China and wants to go there as the AP man. He is sensitive

to the problems and I do not think would cause difficulties for the United States or China in his reporting. Because of the great sensitivity in China it is important to have seasoned journalists when the door is opened. I would hate to spend all my time trying to explain that adverse stories could not be controlled by us. Miss Hollingsworth, a British reporter, told us some experience she had had of being called in to explain some of her writings. This concept is alien to our country.

Note - I read in the Japan papers some comment about the threats to the freedom of U.S. journalists and I thought to myself, "My God, what are they talking about," compared to what happens in terms of reporting in China.

Note - I will try to make this diary factual without going into too much of the sensitive policy nature of things. I will make comments on people, places, recollections, hopefully a little color. It will be fun to look back to see how initial impressions check out, whether the initial enthusiasm I feel about this assignment becomes jaded, gives way to a jaded cynicism as a result of contact.

In a selfish sense I do not see this as a political dead end. Many political friends tell me, "out of sight, out of mind." But I think in this assignment there is an enormous opportunity of building credentials in foreign policy, credentials that not many Republican politicians will have. Kissinger has mentioned to me twice, "This must be for two years, George," "You will do some substantive business, but there will be a lot of time when you will be bored stiff." I thought of Henry and

I am sure his role in having Nelson Rockefeller get the VP situation, but I will say that he was extremely generous in telling Chiao Kuan Hua that I was close to the President.

Friday, the 25th, two visits - one with Teddy Youde, the British ambassador. This is his fourth trip to China. He is an extremely interesting man. Terribly well informed. Knows the cast of characters. Lives in splendor, something far more than we live in, but something less, he informed me, than what they used to live in. He told me about the burning of their chancellery during the Cultural Revolution though he wasn't here. It was a terrifying experience for which the Chinese subsequently made clear they were not responsible - in other words they disapproved of its happening. We sat outdoors in a very relaxed way on the lawn. I think we will have good relations with him. The other visit was with Deputy Director Hsiao P'E, Deputy Director of the MFA, the information department. During that meeting we talked about his role with cultural exhibitions etc. and I made a pitch for expanding contact with U.S. journalists coming here. I did not get into the question of the AP being stationed here, but I did get into the question of more U.S. journalists in the spirit of the Shanghai Communique. At these meetings with the Chinese officials John Holdridge, Don Anderson and Brunson all attend. There is a certain stock formality to them. Sitting in the room with cigarettes and tea in front of you, antimacassars too prominently displayed. Prompt arrival, the friendly wave at the steps and all in all rather politely and nicely done. I had lunch with the

McKinley family. Another spectacular lunch. We have yet to have the same course of any kind served except for the rice. Tonight we had the Linguists and the Philadelphia Council for International Visitors, a group of Main Liners. The reception is 6 to 7 at the residence. I hope they don't drink up too much of our whiskey.

Another beautiful day in Peking. Absolutely perfect weather.

The "picture" of the Great Wall and the other. We sat up for forty minutes talking to Mr. Lo who spoke pretty darn good English. He looked 20. He was 37. He is a member of the Shanghai greeting committee of some sort. We sat there making small talk. I asked him the age of the airfield and he was a little vague on that. It looked like an old World War II air base. A lot of Russian planes around - large and small. No other airlines sitting inside except our JAL DC-8. We flew to Peking on a very clear day. When we arrived it was cold. Greeted ^{acting} _(Chiu Ch'uan-hsien) by their protocol chief, Mr. Chiu (?) and the head of their American section, _(Lin P'ing) Mr. Ling. John Holdridge, Brunson McKinley and a bunch of the officers from the mission, the New Zealand and Australian ambassadors were out there. We were escorted up to the reception room set up there in rather a formal air exchanging pleasantries with Mr. Ling and then Holdridge suggested that it was time to push on. I gave them a brief press statement to a gaggle of about six press journalists and off we went on a very windy day. The wind was really howling. It reminded me very much of West Texas and also of a trip to Kuwait, a combination of Kuwait and Midland. The Kuwait-Midland axis. There were very few cars. I was struck by that. Lots of bicycles. Everybody plain and drably dressed. We swung into

*At Shanghai
on way in*

the mission - nice, clean, great looking U.S. seal, two PL guards at the gate and into the residence which is tastefully done. More on that later. Staff was impressive. I toured through, met everybody, unpacked, failing to have packed much of the stuff we need. The clothes were there and the air freight was there. C Fred arrived looking dirty and tired, and damned confused. All in all we are in good shape on the pleasant things of life. The staff had completely changed out. Mr. Bruce had raved about his first man but now we have a new man, Mr. Sun Ch'ien-K'ang, Mr. Chang Teh Lung, Yen Ut Si the first waiter. There is a second waiter and two female cleaners. There was a couple of extras in there. The guy making the vodka and tonic filled it half with vodka, a little less than half of tonic and some ice. Fred was confused and delighted to see all the kids. First thing, I have told Bar to get a ping pong table and a couple of bicycles. We then went to John Holdridge's for dinner at his apartment. The school is in the lobby of the apartment. John is knowledgeable in Chinese and Martha was also extremely helpful.

We went to bed early. They put a board under my bed, making it properly hard but we were confused. The wind was whistling outside and yet the heat inside was enormous. I went around and turned off all the heaters. Bar got snoring again just like West Texas. I turned on the Sears dehumidifier and she did OK. She'll have that place singing in a day or two. It needs pictures, it needs some warmth, it needs some table-top items, but other than that we have inherited a lot in the Bruce style. It's great. All's well. End first night. No substance. Lot of new sights and sounds and smells. Don't drink the water. The soap is good. The eggs are little. Shortwave makes a lot of whistling sounds - sounds just like 30 years ago. Lots to

do. Lots to learn.

October 22 - took Fred for a run about 6 o'clock in the morning. Guards looked a little startled. Ran down one side of USLO and then another. A lot of people were bicycling, going to work. Many stared expressionless. The old-timers smiled and looked very friendly at Fred, and me even. Whereas the younger ones remained somewhat inscrutable and though they showed an interest they did not show any emotion at all.

Had a long conversation with Bryce Harland, the attractive young ambassador from New Zealand. We reviewed the contacts he has with Chinese officials. In fact he gets a lot out of the diplomatic corps. He made a couple of interesting comments to me. He felt the United States was making a mistake if only Dr. Kissinger talked to the Chinese. "No one is immortal." He probed on Kissinger's forthcoming visit, seeming to know when the visit would take place. He showed me through his house, the new tennis court he has built with a slick surface, designed also to be flooded and used for ice skating in the winter. A great idea. Rest of the day reading cables, doing some mail, getting acquainted for a staff meeting in the morning. Lunch at home with Bar, trying to get some understanding with the new staff. The English speaking maitre'd Bruce was so high on was gone. Replaced by a very pleasant but sloppy man who speaks French and wants to please. He seems very nice. The number two man, a younger man, speaks English but really only says a few words. Weather, clear. Fall kind of day. A little brisk without an overcoat but pleasant. Harland of New Zealand appears to me a very active, outgoing, youngish ambassador born about 1931. He has got a lot of ideas.

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Observation at the end of this first day. The amount of information not available. Great speculation because Chairman Mao met with Denmark's Prime Minister and there is all kinds of speculation as to where Mao is. The Danes were not at liberty to say, being sworn to secrecy. Some think that Mao was out in the country to see how the group in Peking will do. Others feel that he is home because of his advanced years. But the point is people don't know. They speculate about it, they talk about it. Here we are in a country of 800 million people and it is a well kept secret. At least from our ears. Amazing, absolutely amazing.

October 23 - a spectacularly beautiful day. The sky is a bright blue. Fred and I went for a run after I did those abominable exercises at about six in the morning down past Kuwait, Greece, Chad and then back past our mission and down to the International Club and back once again. People stared at Fred the same as yesterday. Some smiling, most showing interest but going on. Morning spent at our regular 8:45 staff meeting. I am not adjusted to sleeping very well. Woke up early. When dawn breaks it happens all of a sudden it seems to me. Called on the French ambassador, Mr. Manac'h. He does not speak Chinese. He has been here for four years. Very pleasant.

[REDACTED] He agrees that there will be a coalition

leadership from the bottom not from the charismatic top. He told how when

Pompidou was coming he asked to meet the party people as well as the city people. They said "Why?". He told them that he had been in Communist countries before and he knew very well how important the party people were. He had just come back from a week in North Korea. A private, non-official visit. His house was beautiful, full of artifacts. He has a new wife after some 30 years. It is amazing to watch their reactions when they see the Chinese see the American flag on the car. Many of them point at it or look at each other and seem to be commenting on it. I am not sure if this is true with other missions as well. But for years we were criticized and now they see the stars and stripes flowing from time to time all around Peking. Our Chinese bikes are back today. I say back. They had to get licenses.

October 23 - Lunch with the Lillys- bright, Chinese-speaking officer and his young kid. On Wednesday afternoons the office is closed -- Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. Lily was off to do some Boy's Club work. There is something nice about having his son around here. It prompted me to hurry up and get a ping pong table and hurry up and get a basketball hoop up -- both of which we are in the process of accomplishing.

Played tennis in the afternoon with Akwei of Ghana, a member of the Italian mission and some other guy. Courts are small in the sense there is little room on the side and in the back. The wiring around the court is good. The surface is bland, white concrete. They should have mixed some color in with it. It is hard as a rock and really not too attractive. And the ball was very hard to see. Akwei, warm nice guy. I asked him if it would be possible to put some topping on these courts and he indicated that it might be difficult as far as the Chinese went. They might not want it done. They might feel it was presumptuous of us. If it should

be done, they should do it. I told him of the great surface at the White House court and other courts but he didn't think they would be too receptive. I have in mind that we ought to have a good court and a pool for our people even if we had to have it in a separate place. I don't care about it here, but I just think if other missions have it, by God we ought to have it too. I am hoping that by having some of these little athletic facilities around the house, some of the kids will come here.

Four of the help in the back ran away when they saw Fred. Bar called him over and had him do his tricks and they were soon out watching him and laughing. Initially they were scared. Rode over with Brunson McKinley to make our first call on the Chinese, Mr. Chiu, Acting Chief of Protocol, that took Ambassador Hon's place. He is a very pleasant individual. He had two others with him. We exchanged initial pleasantries. I told him his "ears should be burning" because Dr. Kissinger spoke so highly of the kind of work they were doing in protocol here. He mentioned that Chiao Kuan Hua knew I was here and would want to see me but he thought I should first see Ling and others. I told him to please give my best to Chiao Kuan Hua, that I wanted to have an exchange of views about politics, having been in the political arena, with him or any others, that I would prefer frank, informal discussions if possible, that Chiao Kuan Hua ought not to feel that he should have a formal kind of reception for me of any kind, that I would much prefer a very small meeting where we could talk more frankly. I knew Chiao had many banquets and felt he didn't need yet another one. I told him that he was very nice and he told me to make requests. And yes we could travel. Yes he would be glad to receive our

requests for anything we wanted. I told him not only would we do that, but on the other hand if there is any place where he should be critical of us he should call me and tell me. That I wanted a frank relationship. We want to comply. We think we have done well but if we are doing anything at all that is causing them concern we want them to tell us and to tell us frankly. What I was attempting to do was to establish a frank relationship and to try to move out of the normal diplomatic, stiff armed, stilted deal. It may be difficult. It may be impossible but I want to keep pushing for it. The only tact that I have got that can be helpful is this approach of having been in politics. I used it again with Mr. Chiu and said that if they wanted to talk about the American political scene I would be prepared to do it from the unique vantage point of having run one of our parties. It will be interesting to see if they are willing to do this at all.

On the way back from the visit Brunson and I went into a sports store. Tremendously crowded street. Many, many bicycles. We bought a couple of sweatshirts, some ping pong rackets and ordered a ping pong table for the next day. People clustered around. I must say that people are the same the world over. Basically friendly if you are friendly with them. After an initial wondering, they couldn't have been more friendly as we went along and bought the goods. Brunson spoke to them in good Chinese and all in all it was a happy little experience seeing all those people looking at the basketballs, sweatshirts and soccerballs. The store was stocked with dark blue, dark maroon sweatshirts, some colored socks, white athletic socks, a good range of balls (soccer, basketball), other

little round rubber balls, ping pong stuff - not an overly stocked store, not bulging at the seams like an American sports store, but not a bad selection either. The man was most anxious to show us his championship ping pong table which was too much money for us - \$250 - but I did buy one for about \$125. The sweatshirts were cheap, the ping pong rackets not bad. I saw the Great Hall of the People and other buildings for the first time from the car. I must say you get a very different feeling when you see all those things than when you just drive around the USLO Office.

We had dinner at a Mongolian place with the Holdridges on the 23rd. One cooks his own dinner on a common potbelly stove in the middle of the room. The food was spicy. Chinese wine was served. And all in all it was delightful.

Thursday still. A very interesting visit with Fitzgerald, the Australian ambassador. He is young - 30 some odd - 35ish - was in the foreign service - early on became opposed to Australia's foreign policy and felt that future lay with China and the PRC. He took a PhD and majored in the language and then when Whitlam came in, he was sent to Peking. He is aggressive, attractive and very interesting. He is concerned on two major points. The relationship of the Soviet Union and India. He felt that India is very uptight. And he felt that China was very uptight about India. And with India's growing nuclear capability and China's - the PRC might miscalculate along the border. The second point where he thought he could be useful to us was as some kind of contact with Sihanouk but mainly with Sihanouk's Foreign Minister. He was less concerned

about Sihanouk himself than he was about the total settlement in Cambodia. Fitzgerald ventured that they have good relations with Sihanouk and his Foreign Minister and he might be able to help if we wanted them to.

Speculation on Kissinger's trip - Fitzgerald is extremely interested. I hedged and told him that nothing was definite. These things have a way of changing. He pressed very hard on this. It seems to be the number one topic in the diplomatic corps in China. Fitzgerald indicated that the PRC had told him they would be willing to sell them substantial amounts of oil in the future.

Notes on Peking - At a quarter of six in the morning you can hear voices from PLA Units shouting commands - almost cheers - other than that, there is a silence. Things get gray here. The water is very hard. Fred the dog has adjusted a little bit by now. He looks kind of gray. Bar has given him two baths but he still looks gray. So do our shirts. Water softeners don't work.

It is hard in a house when no one speaks English. The food is varied and excellent. We are asking the interpreter to speak to Mr. Yen in the house and have him write down what he serves at each meal. We will then know what these dishes are when we have them translated.

Thursday night I went to bed at 8:30 simply dead tired. I hadn't done that much, though I am doing my exercises and running in the morning between 6 and 7. It must just be an adjustment to schedule. Total fatigue struck me and I was asleep by quarter of nine I am sure.

I saw a big black crow on the run this morning. The first bird I

have seen. He called out and sounded kind of weird. I wonder about Fred. He stopped to sniff what a couple of donkeys left on the street. He was most enthusiastic about this. We never see a dog on our runs.

Sunday, October 27, 1974 - On Saturday we climbed up the Western Hills with John and Martha Holdridge. A beautiful but tiring climb. There was a sign at the gate saying, "Do Not Pick The Red Leaves" and yet all through the climb we saw soldiers and kids carrying red leaves - bright red fall colors. The path and the walk was a bit grubby. There was a lot of dust around. A lot of popcicle wrappers and paper wrappers. Sitting around the various way stations there was garbage left and I was unimpressed by the cleanliness of the place. It reminded me of some of the spots in New York. I would have thought that the discipline extended to this kind of thing. There are propaganda speakers throughout the whole park. They were not on at first. Whey then came on, four kids in gray Mao coats in front of us looked at each other and one of them put his hands up into his ears as if to fend off the announcements. You see boys and girls glancing at each other but no hand holding. No "heing and sheing" and you wonder in this beautiful setting.

On Saturday we made a call on the DSB - they are the group that provide the servants and the facilities. A Mr. Shu is in charge - a jovial older man who must get jillions of requests. I pointed out to him that we needed some recreational facilities though I was not pressing for this. I told him the cooperation had been good. I told him we were satisfied with our people. Though none of them spoke English they were all trying very, very hard. And in our opinion were doing a good job. I think he interpreted

this as a request for somebody who did speak English. I reassured him that that was not the case. We went by the tennis courts. Here they were rolling some kind of red powdered stuff into a really good looking two court indoor building. I talked through Brunson and John Holdridge to the man in charge of tennis. He is an old timer. He seems friendly and I am looking forward to getting on the courts. They ought to be alright for a while but it would be an ideal place for some of those Arlington-Y-type courts. The outdoor courts are absolutely useless. The surface that they put on them fell apart in less than a year. Great pot holes in it. Again little technology but a desire to please the international community in a fantastic setup with basketball, pool, ping pong, cheap meals, barber shop (30 cents a hair cut). All in all an excellent facility.

The calls on the Chinese officials are all very formal. I have been to the information agency where I made a pitch for more journalists to come into the country. I feel strongly that in terms of our policy we must have manifestations of forward progress. The journalist area is a good one. They never will discuss these things. They simply take note of your comments. It is strictly a one-way street in terms of getting any response.

On the climb to the Western Walls it is exactly the same as everywhere else. People stare at you. Gather around the car. Look at you. Once in a while smile. No hostility but tremendous curiosity. Our driver, Mr. Kuo, is amazing. It looks to me like we are going to crash into bicycles, donkey carts, overloaded buses, trailer-type setups, or get lost in a dust storm but sure enough Mr. Kuo manages. Yesterday a bicyclist almost ran in front

of us and Mr. Kuo held up his finger and disciplined the young bike rider with a rather serious reprimand. The kid looked somewhat chastened but continued boldly across the great breadth of highway and was soon blended into a jillion other cyclists, a bunch of buses and a few donkey pulled carts.

Saturday night we attended a dance - the Spanish embassy. I had no tuxedo but it didn't matter. The Africans just as they do in the UN -- some of them -- showed up tuxedoless and I felt right at home. The Spanish ambassador is a kind of a swinger. He had a most attractive French-speaking house guest with him and all in all it was a gala evening -- lots of Frank Sinatra music and relaxed. The diplomatic community seems starved for this kind of entertainment. The Spanish did it well. The food was Western - sliced ham, sliced beef, and lots of typical type buffet style things.

Sunday morning I am reading the Hsinhua news agency (Red News - this is put out by the government propaganda pieces). The Blue News is more objective. Foreign service reports. It is called news from foreign agencies and press. Hsinhua has got the propaganda tone. All through the Hsinhua News you read anti-American stuff. The Koreans giving a big dinner to celebrate the Red Volunteers going into Korea. A big long propaganda piece against the "oil monopolists" in the United States. A lot of anti-Soviet stuff. And all in all it is the party line. This contracts with the Blue News which is a rather straight presentation of the wire service and byline pieces from international newspapers - none of it critical to China but one gets a good feel from it as one does of the problems we are up against from the Hsinhua News.

I am already struck by the contrast in China. The beauty in many ways. The courteous friendliness of the individuals with whom you do talk. The desire to please in many ways. And then that is contrasted with the basic closed society aspect of things. Lack of freedom. Discipline of people. Sending them off to communes. Little criticism. No freedom to criticize. There is a certain gray drabness amongst the people that makes one wonder how they could possibly be happy. Makes one wonder if there is real happiness there. And the incessant propaganda on radio and television and papers. The attack and criticism of Lin Piao and Confucius continues and in reams of propaganda it goes on and on throughout this whole country every day. Grilled into the people from top to bottom. Incessant propaganda. It is cooled in terms of being anti-U.S. running dog, but the "imperialist" theme is still prominent and all of this makes me wonder what should our overall policy really be. What is right? Where do we go from here? How much movement can we make? And what is in our national interest? I was struck by a visitor from the linguistic exchange program who gave me this enormous pitch that we must normalize relations. We must get on with solving the Taiwan question. We must recognize the Taiwan problem needs to be solved instantly. I asked him why and he said we must because we want to have more exchanges with your students and we want to know more about their language and we want to have their people come so we can exchange ideas. All of this is fine but there was a certain unreality to the pitch. Lack of recognition that in a quest to discover more about language he was prepared to forget any

global political problems. Simply do things their way on Taiwan or anything else apparently. He did recognize in the conversation that they were putting on a show for him in a sense but he was so overawed with this getting his toe in the door of language that he was making this sincere pitch to totally move forward in terms of solution of the Taiwan problem.

Note - so much discussion of the People Army, Peoples Revolution, Peoples thwarted aggression and imperialists. When I think of what really motivates the average citizen in the United States it is difficult to recognize that we are the imperialists and that we are the aggressors. My mind flashed back to the hot rhetoric at the United Nations. It's funny. I have been out of that for two years. And now I am back in it much more so than ever. Note - North Koreans - "The U.S. imperialists must accept our just proposal on the conclusion of a peace agreement and must withdraw the U.S. imperialist aggressor troops occupying South Korea under the signboard of the United Nations forces." On and on it goes in Hsinhua. Reporting from Cambodia, "Cambodian people in liberated areas overcome natural calamity" and then go on to blow up the fantastic accomplishments these people are allegedly making. In Hsinhua "soaring profits in giant U.S. oil companies - Ecuador readjusts its prices posed by the U.S. monopolists." A discussion of a news story - "Canada opposed U.S. continental energy policy" showing that Nassikas and our oil monopolists Jamieson of Exxon and others were trying to ram a program down Canada's throat that Canada did not want. A long explanation of how "many U.S. Western European banks go bankrupt or incur losses" and then talking of Lloyd's Bank and the Franklin Bank. Some attacks on Russia

by the Albanians but of course we are thrown in. Then talk of China's own accomplishments.

October 24 - "All school-age children in the mountainside Yen Chen's peoples commune in East China's Fukien province are attending school. Before the Cultural Revolution only half of them attended." Great accomplishments in education. And yet we are not allowed to go into Peking University without some kind of special permit. One of our people was invited in by a student there but he wasn't able to go in - just walking in the gates of a great open university.

Sunday the wind is blowing, the sky is clear. But dust is everywhere. Gray dust in the post reports, is all around and everyone jokes about it and laughs about it. Fred is looking even grayer. But I am feeling better. Less tired. Impressed with much around me. And yet wondering, wondering about the policies and where we ought to be a year from now.

Off to church - the Protestant service. The Bible Institute. There is a Catholic service at the Cathedral. Church service at the Bible Institute was unbelievable. Beat up old house. Four old Chinese including the minister who in this instance was Presbyterian. Two others who I understand were ministers. One a Methodist and one an Anglican. The rest of the congregation consisted of the Austrian ambassador and his family, another from the Dutch embassy, several Africans including Mrs. Akwei and her kid. All in all a congregation of about fourteen people. It was a most moving service. The hymns were the old familiar ones. Sung off an English song sheet with the Chinese voices singing the same hymns in Chinese. The service was conducted entirely in Chinese including communion. It was moving.

October 28, 1974 - This is Veterans Day, a holiday in the United States and one here at USLO. We did have the signing of the archaeological exhibition in the Foreign Ministry, a major deal with ribboned copies, two of us sitting at the signing table as though we were signing a massive treaty. The Deputy Foreign Minister was present, a Mr. Leu (?). ?? He and Nancy Tang and several others were present. Nancy did a good deal of the talking in the discussion that followed the actual signing. The Deputy Foreign Minister was in charge of Soviet Affairs and as he later told us had an interest in India. This was the first shot any of us had at talking to him. He was fairly responsive. He came down very hard on the Russians, including some rather unpleasant references to Brezhnev being dumb, etc. On the whole though he couldn't have been more cordial and courteous to us. I tried to point out that nothing in the Kissinger trip to Moscow or India would in any way be detrimental to the interests of China nor would any of our foreign policy be designed to be detrimental to China. There is an interesting cable detail on this meeting.

All in all it was a fairly encouraging meeting in that we visited for close to an hour in discussion with them. John Holdridge, Don Anderson and Brunson McKinley attended. Brunson very ably taking care in advance of the actual mechanics of signing. Don Anderson had worked very hard on the project. They made a great deal about it and they made some laughing references to the age of the thing, dating from Peking Man up til more recent times. The concern they felt about the Soviets came through over and over again on this meeting. I am pressing to find things that are interested in, to extend the conversation, to urge that we have conversations



about easy matters and difficult matters, but I get very little response. I asked one question; namely, whether they felt India was moving away from the Soviet Union or something of that nature. And after the meeting Nancy told me, "You ask many questions. Next time we will get a chance to ask them." That was the only one I had asked but we did have a good frank exchange and I would hope that we can do more of that kind of thing.

In the afternoon I played tennis with John Burns of the Toronto paper and Urin Olifinish, a Finnish correspondent. Not bad at all. We played on the New Zealand court. The courts looked slippery but the ball stayed in play pretty nicely. It slowed down very good. The only thing that is really bad is the visibility and of course the courts are very hard. Fall Peking weather persists. When the sun was up it was warm. But the minute it got low in the sky it became very cold, much colder than it looked just standing around there on the court. Back to USLO where some pouch mail had arrived. Mail that was supposed to have left about the same time we left the States. Tons of stuff to sort through. I miss the order, having all the files in one place, but I guess we can get used to that. Bicycled to tennis and back and now about to bicycle to Brunson McKinley's for a movie. Not many blocks away. I am told that before too long it will be too cold to bicycle at all. It will be too bad. The fatigue has totally worn off now in that I am on full China schedule. It took a lot longer than I would have thought and I don't know how Kissinger and these real travelers shooting hither and yon do it without getting tired. I don't know quite how President Nixon and the others moved around Peking without being tired on their trip. The Chinese at the meeting today were like the others I have talked to about Nixon - giving him credit for the things he did and butting

out of Watergate without commenting on the adversity of it. A good day.

October 29 - A cable came back from the State Department approving the plan to attend National Days. This may get some press attention but it will increase the Mission contacts and increase the contacts with Chinese that the USLO has. It will probably be noted in the press as a change in policy or certainly as a change in style but our Mission officers were unanimous in thinking this was a good idea. And apparently the Department approves. Good first step.

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I called on Tien Ping, the Deputy Director of the Consular Department. Had lunch at home with some of the staff and that afternoon called on ambassador Ogawa, Japanese ambassador. He is a friend of Taro Nakagawa. Indeed he gave me a letter from Taro saying he was sorry to miss us. At five o'clock a good, rather wide swinging session with Chiao Kuan Hua reviewing principally the oil matters. The first day of rain in Peking. Fred got his third bath. Nancy Tang did the interpreting. She is considered very, very good. Mao's niece, Wang Hai Jung, Vice Minister, was there. She is very quiet and almost shy. Mr. Ling, Mr. Chiu and others with their eyes followed the conversation, smiled, nodded, entered in, but she sat very silently but obviously in a position of importance. Minister Chiau talked about giving us a dinner and he said that he and Miss Wang would host this dinner. As we walked out of the meeting Mr. Chiu, head of protocol, said that the Minister would like to have the dinner for us this coming Friday. I had impressed on him that I recognize how busy he was, that there was no need to do anything for us, that whatever was done I could most understand

if he elected to do it down the road. He made a personal inquiry and told me that he had heard that my mother was upset that I was coming to China. I told him, "Just the opposite." I told him she felt there was much more respectability to my being head of the Liaison Office in Peking as compared to being Chairman of the Party. He made some reference about Chairman Bush and I made the point that there was quite a difference being chairman of the Republican National Committee. I let me voice trail off. They all got the message and laughed like mad. He was very courteous and full of humor. Don Anderson told Chou that I had started my Chinese lessons that day. At the end of the meeting I looked very serious and said I have one very serious personal favor to ask the Vice Minister. They all looked rather alarmed. I said, "When you meet my wife would you please tell her to stop laughing at me when I take my Chinese lesson." He told me this was a matter of great importance and that he would take care of it, laughing all the while. I have been concerned by several ambassadors suggesting that our relations have deteriorated, and I made a point of telling Chiao that two ambassadors had raised this question with me. I also told him I wouldn't be here if I felt that the relations were going backwards and he told me that several people sometime ago had asked him about that but not recently. Chiao is the freeest swinging person that people deal with and all diplomats look forward to visiting with him. They feel they get more out of it. He pressed me very hard on the oil situation. I must say that one doesn't have the chance to keep as fully informed as one should on questions of this nature. I did feel up to commenting on the domestic side of things however by frankly telling him that in response to

his question that domestic measures had not worked in either increasing supply or in curtailing demand, but that after the elections progress would be made. I sometimes think the Chinese don't realize the effect of our elections on congressional activity or inactivity. Why should they? There is a little flu around in Peking. The rains settle the dust but there is still a kind of dust in the air. Smog. It gets colder after the rain. A wet, penetrating cold but no wind thank heavens.

Wednesday, October 30. Today was marked by my meeting with the Minister of Trade, Mr. Li Chuang. It was a routine visit except we spent a great deal of time talking about the off-shore oil business. He told me that they had bought one drilling rig from Japan capable of drilling in 20 meters (60 feet) of water. I then went back to the office and was shown a document showing purchases of many deep water rigs. I can't believe that China has purchased this many rigs right now but certainly they are alleged to have tremendous potential. I tried to drag Mr. Li Chuang out to get him to be willing to discuss things in the future. He pointed out the answer "when necessary." I told him it would be good if he and some of his associates went to look at some of the off-shore drilling businesses in the United States. He smiled but didn't respond. He asked some questions about my experience in off-shore. It was like pulling teeth trying to get them to respond. I can understand their being wary about "imperialist domination" over their resources or imperialist ownership, but here was a minister reluctant to really have a good frank dialogue at all. I must confess it is very, very frustrating. I will keep trying. Wednesday afternoon Bar and I cycled down to a shopping area several blocks from the railroad station. We were the only foreigners around and we were stared at constantly. At one



point we were followed by a rather pleasant-looking, Chinese-looking woman who literally "shadowed" us. We would turn around in a store and there she would be. We followed on down the block, I would look quickly around and there she was. What the hell she was doing I don't know. I bought a red drum and some bicycle covers without speaking one word of English. Through hand signals we made our will known. And the people were very pleasant - all being able to write down in Arabic numbers the price when we inquired about an item. Weather a little cooler and windy but very pleasant for bicycling. A little flu took a 24-hour spin through USLO. John Holdridge and Brunson McKinley were both down but snapped back quickly. The inspectors are coming soon and there is considerable consternation about that. I have a little concern that we are not let know about the change in dates on the announcement of the Secretary's trip. I sent a telegram to ask about it. It will be interesting to see what the reaction is. The Department acted favorably on my move to have USLO people attend national day receptions in order to increase our contacts with both the Chinese and the representatives of the diplomatic corps. Algeria will be the first, of what I am sure will be a long and seemingly endless series of national days. Dinner alone. Early to bed, troubled by the VOA report that President Nixon is in critical condition. I remember my last two phone calls with him, the only two I had since he left the White House. I felt I was talking to a man who wanted to die. Here we are in China largely because of him, and the whole damn thing is sorry.

October 31 - listened eagerly to the VOA at 7 to find out how President Nixon was getting along. Yesterday the communicators told me that they had heard that he was critical. We got some evening report that confirmed this.

Our communicators in Peking also listened to the round by round broadcast on the Ali Foreman fight, hearing it very clearly. Even though we get broadcasts and good cable service it is funny how fast one gets out of touch. I find myself avidly reading the wireless file on questions from press conferences. I read them much more closely here than I did at home. I even sat and listened to a twenty-minute speech by Secretary of State given in India. In calling on Chou Chiu Yeh, Vice President of Chinese Peoples' Institute of Foreign Travel, I made the point that they should not and that if the regular organizations are bypassed and the far-outs get a disproportionate amount of travel to China, this will adversely affect the overall policy. Mr. Chou, a delightful, pleasant man who believes in "frankness", indicated that this did not come under the heading of this business. It will be interesting to see whether some other official raises the question with me. I feel strongly about this in terms of our overall policy.

Note - Our double happiness table, solid as the rock of Gibraltar, is now located in the dining room. I had said to put it crosswise but Mr. Yeh and Mr. Chang felt it should be put lengthwise so that you could get way back and knock the hell out of it I guess.

Called on Peter Kasanda, the Zambian Chargeé. The Africans are extremely pleased when one shows attention. He is a friend of Vernon Mwanga, the Foreign Minister of Zambia and Mwanga had told him on the phone that we would be coming. He seemed shocked that I had come to call on him. I am convinced that one way to learn more about China is through the Africans and their royalty when their chiefs come here and then they have a very

close-nit society amongst themselves. He told me there is a good Sudanese here because of my relationship with ~~Kak~~ lid. I want to especially look him up. We have also decided that our first attendance at a National Day observance will be Algeria. This will be getting some notoriety. The Kuwait chargé, Al-Yagout, was the first caller at the residence.

Weather got cold - clear skies. Halloween Party for USLO children.

November 1 - Day was crystal clear and beautiful. Getting colder though. I called on the Pakistani ambassador, Mr. Mumtaz Ali Alvie. Had a nice visit with him about recognizing Pakistan's special role with the Chinese. He had traded places with our friend Aga Shahi. Ambassador Alvie - somewhat formal, rotund, pleasant, seemed pleased that I had come around to call on him so early. He asked if I was going to go to National Day receptions. I told him "yes". He commented that that was good, that no one saw Ambassador Bruce much, and that he felt this had worked against the United States, that we had not gone. I told him that each person should do his own ways, that Bruce was one of our most respected ambassadors and that perhaps he needed the contacts less than I. The subject was dropped. The house is coming along. Getting settled though we lack pictures and table top things. The inspectors are coming in tonight and the post is in an uproar. Not being foreign service, I am perhaps less concerned or sensitive than I should be on these matters. I met Ambassador Clark and one of his associates in Washington and reviewed their mission a little bit. This afternoon I called on Mr. Li En Chiu, the head of the Friendship Association. I had made the point with Mr.

Chou who handles a lot of delegations, yesterday that the Chinese ought not to rely too heavily on friendship groups in the United States. It hurt the policy. Mr. Li En Chiu apparently was awaiting my initiative on this and Brunson and I both agreed that he anticipated my raising it. I didn't raise it directly but I did ask about his jurisdiction and through using the example of the Japanese I asked if the Japanese friendship groups were compatible with the Japanese government. He said not always. I then inquired if it wouldn't hurt their relations with Japan if they dealt exclusively with the friendship groups. He said that that is true but that they didn't plan to deal exclusively with friendship groups or any other one group. He got the message I am sure.

We went to our first National Day reception. It happened to be the Algerian. The Holdridges and ourselves walked in together and the Alberian ambassador looked like he was going to fall over in a dead faint when he saw us arrive. The affair was very formal. After the guests had come in, the Chinese guests and the Algerian host took overstuffed chairs at one end of the room. The ambassadorial corps kind of formed in the room, milling around eating lavish hors d'oeuvres. At the other end of the room were table after table at which the Chinese guests gathered around and ate and ate and ate. The only people that visit with the Chinese officials are the foreign minister and other Algerians. And this was interrupted only by long interpreted speeches that went on too long and bored the hell out of everybody. There was a greal deal of comment by other ambassadors about our being there. I met many ambassadors there

including the Soviet, Polish, Rumanian, several Africans. The Europeans all sought me out and told me they thought the change in policy was a very good one.

I then came home, formed in a big group and about 14 strong from the US Mission went off to one of the guest houses where Chiao Kuan Hua gave us a beautiful banquet. We sat in overstuffed chairs in the reception room to start with where we had a chance to discuss some things with substance. He raised the question of oil and we discussed that. He thinks I am a bigger oil expert than I am. We also discussed Kissinger's trip. World Food Conference in which he didn't seem to have too many disagreements. We both felt that they should expand supply. And he expressed his concern about Tanaka and Japan, making the point that the ~~Fukuda~~ Right and Left are equally as bad, referring to Sukata(?) and the Communist Revisionist Left. The atmospherics were great. He opened his tunic at the end of the meal and leaned back. Instead of giving a standing toast, he made the point of giving a sitting toast and I made the point of trying to leave fairly early to try to keep the atmosphere informal. I had the distinct feeling that Huang Chen might have told him about the way we threw the oysters in the middle of the table in Washington because they had a lovely mixing pot of all kinds of Chinese delicacy and flavors where people get up and hold their meat or fish or chicken in this common kettle of water cooking all the ingredients and turning in the end into a wonderful soap. The dish had a way of relaxing people and getting them together in an informal way. There was plenty of wine, plenty of Mao Tai, and plenty of frank conversation. I made the point for example that we got attacked

an awful lot at these international conferences when we really went there to help. I liked the tone of the meeting. Chiao's wife was charming. She told Bar she had been to the States five times - UN. She had almost a western style hairdo and was very very pretty. Chiao// kinned Bar, telling her not to laugh at me during my Chinese lessons. And one he referred to her as Barbara during his toast. I thanked him as effusively as I could at the end of the meeting and he told me we would want to have a nice banquet for you anyway, but I wanted to especially repay you for your hospitality to me at your mother's home, referring to the time when he and Huang Hua came out to mother's in Greenwich that informal Sunday. It is wonderful how he remembers. The entrance to the guest house when we drove in was a real contrast to some of the rest of Peking. Beautiful, well kept, plenty of greenery. It was apparently the old Austria-Hungary legation where we had the dinner.

The next day Holdridge, Anderson, Brunson and I went to call on Teng Hsiao-Ping. He was a very short man. We went to the Great Hall of the People and met in a room where Chou En Lai apparently meets a lot of the people. As we walked in we were ushered over in the middle of the room for a picture. Holdridge and I were flanking the very short Teng. We then moved on into the reception room where we had a long good discussion with the Vice Premier. It lasted about an hour and a half. He gave us a lot of interesting agricultural statistics. We talked about world politics and a need for continued relationship. I gave him my thesis that there must be visable manifestations of progress for our China policy so it will avoid some of the hyper-microscopic analyses that we are getting on other policies

in the States. He touched briefly on Taiwan but I let it go by until our late November meeting. Teng seemed very much in control, clicking off minute agricultural population statistics, concerned about India, thought we hadn't done enough at the time of the India-Pakistan war. I was too polite to ask them what they had done. Nancy Tang did the interpreting. Chiao Kuan Hua sitting to the left of Teng and Wang Hai Jung down from there. She is a very quiet little girl and it is believed she is put into this high position so she can be around all functions by Chairman Mao. She lacks the outgoing appeal of either Nancy Tang or Mrs. Chiao Kuan Hua. As we left, Teng left the door open for future visits though he indicated I would be seeing "others."

Had lunch at home for the inspectors who are visiting at the residence. Excellent, multi-course meal. Followed by a walking tour of the spectacular Forbidden City. Blanch Anderson took us first to the top of the Peking Hotel where one gets a vast sweeping view of the Forbidden City roofs giving an idea of the magnitude of the thing. The weather was delightfully warm. That evening we went to a dinner dance given by Akwei of Ghana. He apparently has been the leader in the diplomatic community for injecting a little sociability into the diplomatic community via dancing. He has a hi fi set rigged up, a table overflowing with Western food, a young son whose eyes sparkled and who did a little dancing himself and seemed like one of our kids when asked to run the tape recorder or something. A charming, vivacious wife and a lot of friends. The party was a going away party for the Austrian ambassador who keeps bitching to Barbara about how bad things are here and for Makonnen of Ethiopia who is going back to a very uncertain fate. I asked him about another Makonnen who was my colleague at the UN

and then Prime Minister. He indicated that he was in serious trouble. Holdridge fears that this Makonnen may meet the same fate.

Sunday, November - Went to the church service again. Total in parish was 20 (maximum). We came back and then on a beautiful, warm sunny day went to the Great Walls in two trucks. A hazardous ride, unbelievable. Going around blind curves. Honking like mad. Pushing pony carts and various forms of decrepit looking vehicles off to the side. We climbed to the top of the left hand side of the Wall. A real workout, tough on the legs, but exhilarating when one gets through. We had been told that it might be windy and very very viciously cold but it was neither. We must have hit a lucky day. It is hard to describe the spectacle of the Wall. I can just hear a whole bunch of coolies sitting around and the foreman coming in and saying to them, "Men, we got a new project. We are going to build a wall, yep - 2,000 miles. OK, lets hear it for the engineers. Let's get going on the job." What a fantastic undertaking. We then drove down and had a picnic near one of the Tombs. All by ourselves in a courtyard. The sun was out. I sat in my shirtsleeves and we ate a delicious picnic. A kind of a sweet and sour fish. Excellent fried chicken. Lots of hard boiled eggs. The inevitable tasty soup. The only thing we forgot was ice so the beer was warm but we had worked hard enough walking up to the top so that we devoured about six bottles of it. It's a heavy beer and I find it makes me sleepy but its awful good. We then went to the Ding Ling Tomb and looked around there. Plenty of exercise climbing up and down. When we got home at about 5 o'clock I totally collapsed. Took a hot bath and

fell asleep till 8, almost as though drugged. We got up and had a dinner consisting of a vodka martini and caviar - great dinner. Caviar - they have a big shipment of caviar into the Friendship Store. It is very good caviar and it is cheap - something like 3 ounces for one yuen. We bought several pounds of the stuff and froze it. I understand it is OK if you defrost it once. There is time to do some reading here but not as much as I thought there would be. I think I have finished most of the important Chinese calls now and Monday we will concentrate more on the diplomatic community.

Friday, November - We went to the Algerian reception. The first time Americans had attended a diplomatic reception here. It was the talk of the town. The Algerian ambassador looked like he was going to collapse. And at the Akwei party this was the subject. Called on the Rumanian ambassador. Took my language lessons. Called on the Egyptian ambassador, then had a fascinating visit with Chu McChi, Director of the New China News Agency. In my discussion with the head of the New China News Agency he mentioned the fact that he had visited with Wes Gallagher in New York. I asked him where Wes Gallagher's proposal stood to get Wire Service people in China. He completely stonewalled me. It is amazing how you can ask a question and get no response whatsoever - just move on to some other topic-- even something as obvious as talking about the weather. I also tried to make a point about getting some good entertainer like Bob Hope into China so he can present a favorable side of China for the United States mass market. This point was not clear to the head of the NCNA either, because he started

talking about "Well, we've had acrobats and others travel to the United States etc." They simply do not understand what I was talking about when I talked about a Hope Special, something like the one he did in Russia where he went and did a program with the humor self-deprecating but not against the existing regime and something that would be widely reviewed in the United States. He did come back and thank me for the suggestions and hoped I would make other suggestions etc., but I gathered that we were just not on the same wave length.

Note - I am impressed how everybody in China is on time for appointments. Our driver will circle the block so that he will pull up at exactly the appointed hour. When we went into the NCNA office, we were a few minutes late. We went upstairs and there was this horrible smell emerging from one of the latrines. It reminded me of my stop in the latrine at the Great Wall. They have a different standard on this than we do, although in the residence the baths and plumbing are excellent in my view. Water is hot, bathtubs are big.

I enjoyed my visit with the Egyptian ambassador in his tremendous house filled partially with furnishings from the King Farouk era. He told me that some of the treasures were prized possessions of King Farouk. He had been in Peking for six years. Expressed a really believable friendship for the United States and all in all I think we have a good contact here. The same is true for the Rumanian. He speaks absolutely no English but because of Rumania's special position I think they will prove to be good friends. He is relatively young, active, told me he had been sick, but all in all an attractive fellow. Some of the Eastern Europeans have a marvelous sense of humor. I can't quite get over yet their serving cognac in the morning meeting. They did have a little caviar with it. So who's to complain!

Note - I have been trying to have all the USLO families to luncheon. I think it's a good deal. We get to know them. One commented to me that she had never seen the upstairs at USLO. It is private, it is our residence but in the final analysis it is government property and I think it is well that they understand how we live here.

Note - Fred looks grayer, blacker now. He'll need a bath. We got our first mail of any size. A great letter from Dorothy. And one from Herbie Walker. God, news from home means a lot here. Inspectors are here. All during Ambassador Ed Clark's very good presentation to our whole staff in the residence living room Fred was eating on a half destroyed rubber hamburger. I put him outside but he kept scratching to get in during the meeting to the job of a few USLOers in the back row. I am going to try to make my way through the diplomatic corps in calls, although some who are bitching about Peking really should not get a lot of attention. I want to deal with those who can help us learn more. One of our men had an incident at the Tombs yesterday. He was stopped by a PLA man as he drove with his front wheels just past the line that says "no foreigners pass here." He had not intended to violate any laws. He was flagged down by a PLAer. He stopped "just over the line." A two and a half hour hassle followed when finally other officers arrived and he was permitted to leave after a thorough interrogation. Here he sits in the middle of a field being berated by PLAers. Not a happy arrangement. But it shows you the other side of the friendship, banquets and great decency. There is this other regimented, inflexible, unreasonable side. No question about it. Another example. I asked for a map for my office. Mo Morin gave one to one of the Chinese to put on a

frame. The carpenter came back and berated Morin saying that Taiwan was a different color from the rest of China and therefore the map was bad etc. This process went on for quite a while and Mo could do nothing but take it.

Tuesday, November 5 - Election Day. I think back to the whole political climate during the last two years - my many predictions on Today Show, CBS Morning News, Face the Nation, Issues and Answers, Meet the Press, etc. about how we would do in the elections. Here it all is. I kept saying that Watergate will not have an effect but now the pardon and of course the economic situation seem to be the big issues. I worry about my close friends. I wonder how we'll do. Soon we'll know. I had a good visit with the Sudanese Ambassador, Al Zainulabidin. I couldn't help but raise the point that I had been in Khartoom and stayed with Curt Moore, the man who was killed. We talked about the PLO. I could see great discomfort on the part of the ambassador, but he shouldn't have misinterpreted the remark because there I was calling on him. I still feel we can get good information from some of these African ambassadors by getting out to see them. Lunch at John and Martha Holdridges', a beautiful spread with endless Chinese dishes tastefully served. Henry Brandon and his attractive wife, journalists, are here. I had my fourth or fifth Chinese language lesson and it is extremely difficult but oddly enough some of the sounds are beginning to click. Beginning to get a few comments in on the forthcoming visit of the Secretary of State. I expect this place will be turned upside down. I got a nice letter from him in response to a letter I had written him inviting Nancy Kissinger to stay with us should she want to. Several

meetings with the inspectors. Ed Clark is a thorough, decent guy. Having had an embassy, he understands I am sure some of the problems. It is difficult to define what our function is here. How much leeway we think we should have. How much initiative we should take etc. I am beginning to formulate some ideas on this. I know we should reach out more than we have reached out in the past, but clearly any of these decisions will be made by the Secretary and, given the overall perspective he has, it is best that the really important ones be handled on that end. I feel relaxed about this and I think the whole thing is going to work. Weather - gray, sun breaking through, not cold, plenty of mail, lots of dictation. Days are full and go quickly. All those books I brought over here will remain unread, at least a lot of them will. End of November 5.

November 6 - An anxious day on account of the elections. With the predictions becoming very clear after a phone call from Fred Zeder (interrupted) and a phone call from Dean Burch with Peter Roussel and Jennifer on the line. Very clear. Heard every word both ways. Wiley Mayne went down along with others on the Judiciary. Sandman, Maraziti, Dennis, Froehlich. Wiley meaning something to me as a friend. It is so hard to assess things, to get the flavor, to keep in touch from this far out. The day was an interesting one with a discussion with Mr. Wang, head of CCPIT, the trade man. Then a courtesy call with Ambassador Godor of Hungary. A very sad fellow. Politician from Hungary sent here not as a reward obviously. Discouraged. Disgruntled. No access, no travel. Declining trade. The only bright spot was the fact that he had a very pretty American speaking interpreter.

The language lessons are taking on more dimension and I am gradually

making some headway, but heavens it's tough. Wednesday afternoon off - after lunch with our security guards - we are trying to have everyone in the Mission to lunch - we played a little tennis. Still warm enough. And then went on the national day circuit. Going to Ambassador Tolstikov's USSR's National Day in their palacial mission. A total jam of cars. Mr. Kuo our driver has terrific eyes. He reminds me of Earl Bue in the Texas Commerce Garage. He can spot people coming miles away. There are all kinds of Russians around trying to get the cars out of this congested parking lot. I wandered around, spoke to Mr. Chiu and Mr. Lee, the head of the Friendship Association. But the rest of it was seeking out other ambassadors from Africa, Eastern Europe and of course European. These things are deadly but I am glad we are doing it. Stopped by yet another going away party for Ambassador Makonnen to a fate unknown in Ethiopia. Sad hors d'oeuvres at the International Club. That kind of sameness to it all that makes me determined to do things differently when we do them. We showed our first movie, "Laura," with the two Canadian journalists, Walker and Burns. And the wives of Peter Kasanda and Bryce Harland and their kids. I asked Mrs. Kasanda if her kids like dogs. She said, "Oh, yes, she has a nice doggie," at which Fred came down the stairs and the girl burst into horrendous screams.

November 7 - Called on Chuong Tsé Tung who is the head of the physical culture and sports commission, a very famous ping pong champion in China.* The minute I walked in I could tell I was in the presence of an athlete. He still had a bounce in his step, looked reasonably trim. We talked about

different ping pong grips and the visit was marred only by his giving me a long lecture about the reason for sports was to keep strong because of the million troupes on the Northern border etc. I like the man. I told him I was very interested in ping pong. Like all athletes he warmed up to the subject. Told me how with attack shots when you are way back you use the upper part of your arm, when you are fairly close to the table you use the lower part of your arm and when you are in right next to the net you use the wrist. We talked a little bit about exchanges and then just visited on sports in general. Always with a slight political propaganda overtone.

The French Ambassador Manac'h who is leaving came to see me. He is a very seasoned diplomat. He spoke mostly in English, occasionally in French and I began to understand more. I should practice my French more. I know I could master it or at least understand everything he said. His thing is Sihanouk these days and thinks we are wrong on that. Language lessons once a day, five days a week. They are becoming more interesting. I am beginning to catch a little bit on tone. I am beginning to have a feel for it. I like it and Mrs. Tang is terrific. After lunch called on the Yemens ambassador. Reaching out to the smaller countries. Here was a guy who doesn't get around too much I guess. Very interested and I think appreciative of the fact that the head of the U.S. mission came to see him. In any event he was very pleasant and I am glad I did it. Good news. A memo has appeared saying there is a masseur. Only one yuen for a treatment of 30 minutes to an hour. The Jui Chin-Lu House. I also ran into the wife of the ambassador from Denmark, Mrs. Paludan. She has been to the man and says he is great. My neck suddenly went out so everything is falling in line together. I visited

with C. J. Wong and wife. Dr. C. J. Wong is an American businessman doing a lot of business. He impressed on me the need for American businessmen to be patient. Several times his clients packed up and were about to go to the airport. Wong talked them into staying and sure enough they closed the deal. He has done business with the Siresiree, Westinghouse Airbreak Company, ABCO and several others. Dinner with the Andersons, Paludins and several others etc. and a very attractive German couple at a Mongolian restaurant where you throw all the ingredients into a sauce. Flop it out onto an open grill in the middle of the room. Throw a raw egg on it, mix it all up and eat it. Fantastic. Ate too much. End of November 7. Still not having heard from the elections. Feeling far away but very much at home. I asked what we could do about Christmas for our Chinese people in the Mission. Would they take a present. The answer is "no."

November 8 - the first really cold day. The wind wasn't up too much. But the cold really penetrated. I spent an hour with Janus Paludan, the Danish Ambassador, in his brand new Danish embassy done by Danish architects. It is most attractive and compared most favorably to the standard of Soviet style of some of the others. Many of the embassies were built when Russia was in its total glory here and they reflect the solid kind of a look, which is not unattractive but not as attractive as the Danish. We went to a luncheon (a going away) for the Austrian ambassador. A disgruntled kind of man but very pleasant. Lunch was at the New Zealanders and it was highlighted by the toast. The Austrian, a rather formal but friendly man, tried to describe his relationship with New Zealand. He talked about screwing his way through the earth to New Zealand. This brought out a tremendous gaffaw from Richard

Akwei, the diplomatic corps swinger apparently and everybody else was in hysterics too. I am glad to know there is a ribald sense of humor in the diplomatic corps. It was too much and Bar could only think of Johnny Bush and what he would have done with that Austrian accented toast with the man talking about screwing his way to New Zealand.

In the afternoon visited with businessman Martin Klingenberg, a young man who just on his own set up contacts with the Chinese. He is doing a fair amount of business for Baker Oil Tool and other companies here. The way he got the original contact was simply to call somebody he knew in Canada that he had read had contact with China. He went up and met him and the man liked him. Martin stayed with him and the next thing he knew he had been introduced to Huang Hua and the next thing he knew he had a visa to China. He's parlayed this into a pretty good business and now he has started on the same tract to Cuba. One night out of a clear blue sky he gets a call from Canada from the Cuban there saying that they want him to come to Cuba to talk about trace. He is a young man from Oklahoma. He seems nice. And I was rather amazed. Had my first rub-down in China at the Jui Chin-Lu Bath House. Not too clean, but not bad. Walked past a bunch of women fixing their toe nails with a machine. And also standing up combing their hair. I wondered if I was in the right place. I was greeted at the door by a man who assured me that I was from the very outset though, and I walked back. He unlocked a private door and there proceeded 45 minutes of jujitsu. He is more of an osteopath than a rubber. But he was very good and the price for 45 minutes was 60 cents. I had neck and back problems, both of which are still there but both are better I think.

University presidents arrive today, but I am sure we will not see them until the end of the visit. So many groups come to China and think that if they see USLO they won't get to see the real China and that the Chinese would resent our government presence. So many also come here and apologize for their country and point out how China does things much better. I have compared notes with others and I think this is the wrong technique. One should stand up for his country and make damn sure the Chinese understand the workings of the country. But groups persist in feeling that they can solve all the diplomatic problems if only they are left out of the clutchs of the U.S. Government. It is a rather fascinating, naive view. I am not sure the university presidents will have this, but I am anxious to see what their thoughts are. Jay Rockefeller and Granville Sawyer are supposedly in the group.

Inspectors have been here. Ed Clark is a first-class fellow. There seems to be some lack of communication with PRCM and the State Department but nothing too serious right now. China unloaded on us at the World Food Conference in spite of my tactful suggestions to both Chiao and Teng that this not happen. They don't realize that this eventually will not help our policy at all. They must feel that they must make brownie points with the Third World and we will understand. But if Americans focused on what they were saying they wouldn't understand, unless they were in on all the policy decisions. They ought to knock it off but they don't seem to want to.

Many people here think our policy has deteriorated with China. I don't think so. I am reading sophisticated stories out of Hong Kong both

by Greenway and Kingsbury Smith saying this. But there was an overanticipation at the beginning and there are no signs of deterioration. How far we move ahead will depend on events in the next few months but to say that the policy is deteriorated or done backwards is simply not accurate and yet it seems to be becoming the sophisticated thing to say. Trade is up, exchanges are back on track. True, the attacks on the U.S. are up, but permission to travel etc. for USLO is in good shape. And I am reasonably relaxed, though not totally so, about where things stand. End of November 8.

November 10, Saturday - Teddy Youde, the very knowledgeable British ambassador, came to call. Visited with inspectors. Lunch with the staff. I am trying to have all the staff and most of their families to lunch early in our tour here. We are almost through it now, including all the security guards, code clerks. It is one big, fairly close-knit group out here. Afternoon tennis in cold weather pounding my back and neck. Playing with Akwei, a good Pakistani and an Indian. In the afternoon I read for two hours, something I never did at home. There seems to be time for this but not as much as I thought there would be. Dinner with the Kuwaiti Charge Qasim and his wife. Like so many they are very interested in the United States. She spends two or three months there a year. Her children, Arabs from Kuwait go to Pakistani school and also go to Chinese school in China. They speak Chinese fluently.

Sunday - all day in Tientsin with the McKinleys. We did some shopping. The prices are amazing. \$15,000 for a large yellow vase. The prices looked to me like they are put way high. And the old looks very little different

from the new. We bought a few odds and ends, little kits, a bead holding thing, but mainly we looked around. We were the objects of curiosity. Large crowds crowding in around the car. One woman as I opened the door, had her nose stuck up against the glass. Didn't even notice that I was there. She was so engrossed in looking into the car. Nancy McKinley sitting there. The kids were friendly once you smiled at them. But they just swarmed us. They swarmed so much that the storekeepers would keep them out of the store while we were in there. What a land of contrast. Driving down and back you see the most unbelievable kinds of overloaded carts, overloaded bicycles, no tractors, people out working with hoes, rake, leaf sweepers. The baby horse running along free behind two horses or donkeys in harness. A hundred men by the side of the road loading by hand dirt onto one-wheeled, hand-pulled carts. Hazardous drive back from Tientsin in the evening...no lights of any kind. I once saw two lights coming at us and I thought I was coming near some town. But it was a truck coming our way. Cars turn the lights off as they approach each other. And it is really hazardous. Dark clad figures are darting in and out of everything. There seems little for the people to do in a city like Tientsin. You wander around the streets looking into stores that have very little merchandise in them. The guide from the China Travel met us. A Mr. Lew took us to a first-class restaurant. We were hustled in typical style upstairs to the isolated room. The food was absolutely fantastic. Many many courses. Four of us ate with wine and the driver and the China travel guy for 37 yuen.

November 11 - in looking over the international issue of Newsweek I noticed that we still have the same press problem. Speculating on the President Ford's trip to Vladivostok in Newsweek, there is a mischievous piece about the Vladivostok meeting upsetting the Chinese. "No doubt the issue was raised privately when George Bush, the new head of the U.S. Liaison Office in Peking, saw Deputy Premier Teng Hsiao Ping late last week. And American officials admit that even Henry Kissinger will receive less than an enthusiastic welcome when he arrives in Peking later this year. Says one Chinese, Premier Chou will certainly interrogate Kissinger closely during his forthcoming visit." The fact of the matter. Teng did not raise the matter. Our inquiries through other ambassadors show that the Vladivostok issue is not demonstratively sensitive. Kissinger might not even see Chou for substantive talks and all in all the story is not accurate.

Observations. Some groups want to come to China and don't want to see anybody at USLO thinking this will compromise their ability to get the true facts on China from their host groups. One friendship or guardian group, leftist in the U.S., simply told Nancy McKinley, "You're from USLO. We don't want to have anything to do with you." Another incident. This leftist group at the Hong Kong border sat observing Ambassador Bruce taking pictures and then finally in a gesture of defiance sang "The Workers Internationale." They looked like idiots but I guess because they are so distained in the United States they felt here above all they could show their solidarity and put Bruce and others on the defensive.

One wonders how happy the families are. Yes, they are being fed. But what do they do? The workers along the Tientsin Highway look healthy. There is some running and playing and laughter. Plans are beginning for the Secretary's visit. It will be announced today. This place is beginning to stir. Diplomats have all been speculating on it for a long long time. And indeed I feel it has been leaked. Snow Sunday in Tientsin. And snow in Peking. A little on the ground but melting fast early Monday morning. "There are not many laughs around here." It is amazing how fast one gets out of touch with the details of the domestic scene in the United States. Sunday Mr. Lew, our travel agency guide, would not eat with us. He goes off and eats with Kuo the driver in another room, leaving the McKinleys and Bushes in banquet-like splendor by ourselves.

The food is clearly the matrix between present and past. The restaurant in Tientsin was built as a restaurant well over 50 years ago. The proprietor obviously takes great pride in the food. It was fantastic. Painstakingly prepared obviously. And thoughtfully presented. The food doesn't seem to know any ideology nor have the ideologists insisted on changing the eating patterns.

Cabbages, cabbages everywhere. Getting ready to bring them in for storage. They are in streets, in piles for markets, they are on trucks and bicycles - they are hanging stuffed out of grates in windows... a man walking along the street with cabbage stuffed out of one pocket and a big fish sticking out of the other.

What would this society do in terms of conventional warfare. The roads

are all bottlenecked. I expect all the ox carts and people on bikes would be shoved to the side and then it would be OK for fast movement of men and equipment.

Observation. China is going to have to determine how much to attack us and how much not to. I have subtly made the point with Teng and Chiao - not so subtly as a matter of fact. But then at the World Food Conference there they go, "Colonialism, imperialism, superpowers -- main cause of the world food as long-term plunder by these." In talking to the leadership I get the feeling they feel the third countries must increase their supplies. We told them we would be willing to help them on that but then there is the attack - exploitation, etc. Population in China seems to have a problem here. They talk about growth in certain areas. Publicly they take pride that their ability to handle increased population is there because they have increased their agricultural output, put privately they do a pretty good job on population although the figure given me by Teng is 2 percent which isn't fantastic at all -- given the big numbers we are dealing with.

Dilemma. Public posture versus private understanding vs. private position. Enormous complexity here and something that eventually can get our policy in trouble or carry it a long, long way.

November 11, 1974 - continued the calls. We talked about overseas schools. Right now there are four kids projected for next year too. It is hard to know. We can't get too high visibility with cooperative schools between other English speaking nations because the Chinese would not want

this. We can't use the International Club because they don't want to encourage this commencement of a separate educational institution. School is now held in John Holdridge's lobby to his apartment, taught by Holdridge's daughter and another kid who is an assistant. The Norwegian ambassador had a little school built into his embassy complex. They have a teacher there for just two children. It is one of the problems we have got to solve. We have a teacher coming in for next year. It is the wife of one of our new people and perhaps she can handle it. Ambassador Pauls, German ambassador, here - first ambassador to Israel, formerly in Washington, received me at his beautifully decorated mission. Germany is fourth in trade, having been replaced by us. Japan, Hong Kong, U.S., Germany. Pauls' wife is unhappy here. Quite social. There is no question that it is a real adjustment. Pauls is one of their best diplomats. And he is interesting to talk to. The language lesson. I am intrigued with the tones but I am not making much headway. Lunch with the Danish, Anne and Janus Paludan, in their beautiful embassy. And then went to call on the Norwegian Rayne who was the deputy at the UN. I am amazed at the UN contacts. First Peking duck dinner at the Sick Duck. Kuo took us to the Big Duck. We were received regally until we told them that we were Americans. Then they raced after Kuo across the street in the cold, winter air, brought him back in. A couple of phone calls followed and we found out we were at the wrong place. Holdridges were having a farewell dinner for the inspectors at the Sick Duck and it was beautifully served. Most attractive. Big question. How do you get balance between the critical stories that

are coming out in Hong Kong, super critical, about the U.S. Mission not having access etc. (there seems to be a large number of them right now) and the fact that we do want to see progress out of the Kissinger visit which was announced at 1 o'clock on the twelfth. And thus want the Chinese to know that we are not overly happy with things. Interesting dilemma.

Tuesday, November 12 - a call on the Swiss Ambassador, Natural. At the last ambassadorial residence in downtown Peking. A delightful Chinese style house, formerly owned by Mr. Shoemaker of the United States. It is filled with Chinese art objects and has a charm that is great. Language lessons - complexity of it all intrigues me. I can mimic Mrs. Tang's tones but I am not moving very fast. A visit with Peruvian ambassador in his apartment, used as an embassy. Mr. Valdez seems pretty far to the left. Good English and a nice cordial man. The objectivity seems to have vanished however. Reception we had for two Chinese groups - the photosynthesis study and the pharmacological theory study group -- both of the Chinese medical association, both heading for the United States. We are trying to have them come before they go and hopefully get them when they come back. It increases our contacts with the Chinese. And we may pick up tidbits from time to time. After that Barbara and I attended a banquet that the U.S. linguists were giving for their hosts, having completed their tour of China. It was at the Hunan Restaurant. Very nice. Many toasts etc. The linguists genuinely feel that the Chinese are doing a good job on language reform. Highly complex when you consider the numbers of dialects and the enormity of the population.

I continue to wonder about how big this USLO ought to be. Should we have an agricultural person here? I don't at this point feel that we need a military attache, as at other embassies, because of Chinese sensitivity.

November 13 - the inspectors left. Called on Ambassador of Netherlands, Vixseboxse. Lunch with peppery, pushy, interesting Bryce Harland of New Zealand. He presses enormously for information. He is useful in telling us things. He is vitally interested in his work here in China. Young, enthusiastic, and terribly interested. Called on Vice Chairman Ting Huo Yu of the Peking Revolutionary Committee. He has the responsibilities of Mayor plus the responsibilities for schools, embassies, and many other things. He was very forthcoming. I was impressed with him. He looks confident, willing to discuss politics to a degree. And problems like pollution, traffic, subways, mass transit, etc. I want to see him again. And he indicated that would be OK with him. A quick bike ride. Muscles aching. Glad to get the exercise. And then a good meeting where we invited the University Presidents. An hour before their hosts, the Chinese hosts, came, we had a good discussion with them. They are a most prestigious group and they seemed to enjoy it. I got John Holdridge to run down some of the policy matters. Don Anderson the same. All in all they assured me afterwards it was worth their while. They seem more realistic than the linguists. They were somewhat amazed at the lack of facilities in the physics labs. They wonder where we go from here. One wondered whether we couldn't have a quid pro quo. They want things from us and we should only give them those things provided we got something in return. I used the example of the UN where we started off cautiously

in out consultations and eventually we learned more from them. Good day. I am a little tired hustling from appointment to appointment but it wouldn't be forever. Got some mail and that sure makes a difference. End of November 13.

Thursday, November 14 - called on Spanish and Yugoslavian ambassadors. Language lessons. Quiet lunch for a change. Interesting visit with the President of Kellogg, Mr. Latin. They are building a petro-chemical plant. Met a young couple, the Smiths, she from Rosenberg, Texas. They are about to head out for Southwest China. Fascinating mission. Living way out alone. If I were young I would like to be doing just that. Note the possibility exists that maybe one of our kids can go to Peking University to their international school. They would live there five days a week and get to come home on weekends. Neil or Marv might want to try it though I don't know if it would be right for them. Farewell to Ambassador Leitner of Austria at this residence. Retiring, sad, glad to be leaving China, wondering what he did. What all these people do in terms of really substance. But the diplomatic corps seems lively and pleasant. Chiao Kuan Hua was there. I thanked him for the banquet and told him I would like to have him over but it might be better to do it after the Kissinger trip. Went off to the banquet for the university presidents. An impressive group of eleven with nine of them presidents. Roger Heyns in charge. Mr. Chou Pei Yuan (?) is the Vice Chairman of the Peoples Institute for Foreign Affairs, a very distinguished gentleman who had been to the States years ago. Gentleman is the proper word. We had a beautiful banquet at the Cheng Tu Restaurant.

Note. What can we do to make the Kissinger trip a success, to show progress, to show that things are moving ahead?

Note. The policy matters are tightly held. I am wondering if it is good for our country to have as much individual diplomacy. Isn't the President best served if the important matters are handled by more than one person. End of November 14.

I have a lot of appointments but "not that many" and yet I am getting a little tired.

November 15 - now I can understand what people were trying to tell me about the weather. A light snow came down. But what was most noticeable was the icy cold. I called on the Minister of Public Health, Liu Hsing Ping in a beautiful old Chinese building near the lake, the north side of Peking. It was ice cold. She greeted us wearing a big heavy overcoat. She took it off. Why I don't know. The room was ice cold. I wolfed down about three cups of tea and that helped. She is an interesting lady, a member of the Central Committee. She gave me a good deal of the Party line at the outset and it was sticky going, but then we talked a little politics and talked about how the health ministry works both through the bureaucracy and through the party and it was very interesting. She warmed up considerably. I spent the morning talking to Ambassador Tolstikov of the Soviet Union. Most interesting fellow but he is kind of isolated, living in this massive white marbled palace. There is no thaw there between the Soviet Union and China or if there is he damn sure hasn't been clued in on it. Language lessons continued. I do better alone. Hope Bar will get transferred out of the class. She wants to but I must say I am a little self-conscious.

Lunch with Governor and Mrs. Schapp of Pennsylvania. He was here on a private visit. I gave him some old Herald Tribunes and I noticed that wonderful streak that we politicians have. He devoured it eagerly as we were talking. All about the Elections and stuff. He and Bar went shopping. Visited with Gene Thereau and Sandy Raudt of the NCUSCT talking about trade with China. They are finding it difficult to get the Chinese to send a group to the United States as they agreed to do. They really feel it would help China sell more but it hasn't taken place.

Note. The pace here is much more than I thought it would be. I think after our calls it will calm down. The diplomatic calls are taking a lot of time and so have the protocol calls. Today Chiao Kuan Hua was named Foreign Minister. Very good as far as I personally am concerned and I think as far as the U.S. Government is concerned. He is articulate, communicative, frank and all in all a good man. We are going to have a large staff turnover soon and this whole mission's character will be recast in six to eight months. It will be very interesting. End of November 15.

Saturday the sixteenth. It is almost like school. Wednesday afternoons off, Saturday afternoons off. I look forward to them. Saturday the catch up day. One call - the Egyptian ambassador came to call on me. Return call. It was rather deadly though -- everyone I call on feels he must come call on me. I received him in the den of the residence. Coffee and tea. It really is rather pleasant. Talk swung over to the Middle East, to Kissinger's visit, to the relations between China and the United States. Everyone is debating that. Most get the embassy gossip that the relations have deteriorated. There is a standard question in the diplomatic circles.

Are the Chinese mad because Ford is meeting Brezhnev in Vladivostok. Vladivostok with its history of antagonism between China and Russia. The Soviet ambassador had told me that Russia had changed the names of all its cities. He had assured me that the Chinese were probably sore about Vladivostok but allowed that "no Chinese had told me that." The Egyptian raised a question. I asked him if anyone had told him they were sore -- any Chinese official had told him the Chinese were upset -- and he said "no". He had heard it in the diplomatic community. This is true for almost every ambassador I have talked to. There is a story out now by Wallach of Hearst papers saying that Kissinger had told him that Kissinger presumably had checked this out with Huang Chen as to the meeting place. I wouldn't be surprised. In the afternoon took a long trip past the Forbidden City, near the drum tower on bicycles, a long, flat cool but pleasant bike ride. You see more color in Peking when you've been here a while. You look for it. Child's scarf. A flower. Whatever. The walls along the streets are gray and everything remains gray but there is color. The contrasts are enormous. There will be a waft of marvelous odors from cooking and then a few yards further some horrendous stench from garbage or sewage. In the stores some of the packaging of Chinese goods is rather pretty - bright reds, simple, clean looking labels. But they call their things outrageous names, or names that would be outrageous for the American market -- White Elephant is a great name. Double Happiness for ping pong equipment, Fu Kung for a hammer - might not be too inappropriate come to think of it. Cycling back I stopped at the International Club -- tennis courts still not open. Drying, drying, drying they keep telling me.

Oh, for one of those great surfaces. I stopped in the barber shop - twenty minute shoulder, head and neck message and a shampoo and a haircut, all 60 cents U.S.

Saturday night a party at the Rugas. Mostly reporters, press corps. Attractive, young. I was the only ambassador there. Governor Schapp came and John Burns of Canada was very nice to him. I told Burns he might get a story out of him because Schapp says weird things like when it was his turn to toast at a dinner given in his honor, he got up and said he didn't see why Nixon should be respected. Nixon had been a big buddy of Chiang Kai-shek and Nixon had not after all done much. I was shocked at this, knowing the Chinese revered Nixon and have really never quite understood driving him from office. Schapp is a mixture at times of a kind of an open, gregarious and almost with a kind of shy quality and other times making outrageous statements like telling the Governors Conference that he felt we might not even have free elections in 1976. Funny rich little guy. Young marrieds in this group at the party were very attractive. There were two students there. One German. One Canadian. From the Chinese schools. The Canadian was returning thoroughly disillusioned, highly critical of the Chinese. The German also saw a lot of bad things and he had already advised his government that students should return for a couple of months every year. Otherwise they come home hating China. On the other hand he had nice things to say about living conditions. Adding, "I was in the Army so it's not bad for me."

Sunday, our little church service. Head count - 2 African ladies, one African man, three Canadians, two Bushes, four Chinese in the audience and one preacher. They sing the most wonderful hymns. "Nearer My God to

Thee," "Holy, Holy, Holy." All the old favorites. It is a nice touch. Did some shopping after church. Mr. and Mrs. Augustine Marusi, he is chairman of Borden Company, came for lunch. Delightful, outgoing people. The Chinese wanted to buy powdered milk from him but they also discussed selling it under their own label. No mention of Borden Company. He had been to the Canton Fair and was back up for just a couple of days. I had my first cold so I turned down going to dinner with them. Lots of telegrams coming in for the Kissinger party (about 46 people). Press, security, communications, schedule, room requirements, banquets and return banquets. Slept for an hour in the afternoon. Quiet dinner at home.

How are the kids? Things are so different.

Cold today though the sky was clear. The wind was up. Bites right through you. Jeff Lilly gave Fred a great big bone and Fred's personality has changed. Anyone that gets within twenty yards of him gets a growl. Lily and son came for ping pong Saturday afternoon on the Double Happiness table. Two real nice people.

Observation. It is annoying beyond belief to read the attacks in the Red News on the United States. China feels it must attack the United States -- imperialist, exploiter of small nations, etc. I see Chiao Kuan Hua. I just have this inner feeling that these Chinese leaders do not subscribe to that view in its entirety. Perhaps I am wrong. But I have heard them talk enough to know they don't believe that. How does one balance that with their desire for frankness in dealing, their desire for an openness,

their desire to "keep their word" etc. Also would China understand it if we struck back in these areas, diplomatic fora, against China. We don't do it and I am not convinced we should. Certainly in every instance. But I am wondering how they would feel if we attacked their closed system, no freedom of press, without taking away from their many accomplishments, the total lack of individual freedom. There is no point in debating whether China had made progress or not. They have. Good progress in many ways. But one of them has not been human rights or individual freedoms. The children are taken away to communes, property rights are almost totally restricted, and the state is the master, and criticism is very restricted unless orchestrated from the bottom. One has a closed society. They are much more delicate about it. There is a certain discriptive gentleness, culture and kindness that sets them apart from the Soviets. But it is hard to tell the real....

Saw Elie Boustany of Lebanon at his apartment at San Li Tun. Some of these countries have essentially one person embassies. Boustany has one assistant. They have little contact with the Chinese. He is a delightful person. Friendly to the United States, spent some time all around the world. Nice conversationalist but really without too spectacular an insight on China. Mexican ambassador, that afternoon. A very young, dynamic, attractive, good English-speaking individual, is different. They have a staff of about nine and he loves to travel. He is enthused over China. He has his children and wife in school. He sees the shortcomings but he also is an advocate of the good things. Governor Milton Schapp gave a going away banquet. He had Mr. Chou of the University of Peking Foreign Affairs Institute, the

same man who was the honored guest at the University Presidents'. He is a delightful man, speaks English, lived in Los Angeles for four years. His wife came in a red brocade jacket. He is very precise, advocating the system under Chairman Mao. I asked him about Professor Fairbank of Harvard. He indicated, as have many other Chinese officials, that Fairbank is not considered too objective. He talked about Edgar Snow and how he was most revered. How some of his ashes were buried on the campus at the University. How he stood next to Mao in the Peoples Square on one October first. The banquet in terms of food was the biggest we have attended. The courses went on and on and on. I am sure Milton Shapp said, "Just give me the best one, whatever it is." He also produced a bottle of champagne which was politely received and indeed consumed fairly widely.

In a computer print-out on our trade with China we have a very favorable balance, over 10 to 1. And this worries us. They do not seem eager or in a hurry to take the steps that would help their trade -- sending delegations to the US, special packaging seminars etc. They buy from us what they need and I think they are buying things that they might well get better from others, simply because they don't want to increase the balance nor get a dependency on us. The long protocol lists on the Kissinger trip arrived. I am on the protocol list. Up on the top after Secretary and Mrs. Kissinger. We are debating why this is. Last year the Chief of the USLO was not on the list. John Holdridge raises the point that he wonders if they are including him out on some of this. I hope not. And I would certainly think not.

Tuesday, a nice return visit from Ambassador Godor Ferenc of Hungary. Bringing with him a young English speaking interpreter. An unlikely looking couple. He has that kind of earthy East European humor that I like. Interested in Kissinger's visit, interested in a Cambodia solution, interested in Taiwan. Almost a replay when I went to see the Italian ambassador, a man who has been here too long. Was the first Italian ambassador. Feels he has been here long enough. Language seemed interesting today. Our Mr. Sun put on a great lunch for the Rumanian Ambassador and his interpreter. I am continually amazed at the man's artistic talent and pride in his work. He is first-class and though I am not a connoisseur of Rumanian food, I could tell from watching, the ambassador thought it was great. Gus Marusi of Borden stopped in again. I took my stock portfolio and took a recent copy of the Herald Tribune and even that was up a little bit. Went home early feeling pretty good. Brunson walked over and said there is an immediate from Kissinger saying Bar could ride home with him. We had been turned down on this in a very gracious, nice way by Snowcroft. In this environment it is funny how little things matter. I am getting into some reading now. Weather warm and beautiful. In contrast to some of the icy cold days we have had. I am concerned about our level of trade. Whether it will continue. Saw a report from the Japanese that the Chinese told them they want to cut back on their trade with us. They won't buy agricultural products anymore from us. That they were offended by what we said at the Rome Food Conference about China buying up grain etc. I don't believe they will follow this road but if they do it would really knock our trade figures

in the hat because agriculture takes care of about 80 percent of it.

More planning for Kissinger visit. End of day. Evening off. I am glad.

November 20 - Highlight of it was a lovely dinner given by Ambassador Salah El-Abd of Egypt. Both the Egyptian and the Lebanese are very melancholy about peace in the Middle East, this being at a time when there are rumors of increased fighting. Here they are in China but the Middle East predominates all their thinking understandably. Interesting talk with Sri Lanka ambassador - he has been here four and a half years. He said, "I am considered pro-Communist and pro-socialist but I am convinced that the Chinese system will have to change. It can't keep the people happy the way it is." He talked about more need for freedom. He did say that during the Cultural Revolution there was a lot more openness on matters like sex "by the kids." One of the officers in their mission was stopped, hauled out of the car and made to read quotations from Chairman Mao. Concluded our lunches for all of the staff. Bicycled in a tremendous headwind downtown and did some shopping. I am impressed with the amount of consumer goods around. The counters are relatively well stocked. Prices for everyday items pretty good. Prices in the craft shop very high. But when it comes to things like face creams, candies, chinaware, and even fairly colorful shirts for women, the shelves are bulging. Photographical equipment appears to be one luxury the people are encouraged to enjoy. Back to the bathhouse for a return visit. It is funny how the Chinese lessons just in a ten-day period make me at least understand a little bit about what he is saying -- very little I might add. Language is a barrier. We were supposed to be out at the United Arab Republic of Egypt at 7:30 and we end up at the United Arab Republic of Yemen. An enormous communications gap existed.

November 21 - today we were turned down by the Chinese for our US Information Agency billboard outside the USLO. Most embassies have these billboards and people along the streets stop and look at them. Stare at them. We were told that our situation was different and that it was inappropriate for us to establish a bulletin board. It's the feeling here that they simply don't want us to show a lot about the US to their public. They have not even recognized that a man has landed on the moon. Or at least their population is unaware of that.. Too bad.

Yeman ambassador came to call. Middle East, Middle East, Middle East. Little progress in language - numbers. Chest cold for the first time. And everybody tells me this is normal. There is tons of bronchial infection here. "Don't worry. It will last all winter etc. It is accepted due to the dust and the dryness and wind and cold in Peking. Czech ambassador received me in his two hectare compound - lonely man, discouraged, not pleasant -- his wife sick with a heart-attack. I really feel he has given up. The Eastern Europeans really enjoy a kind of isolation here that is not their lot in other parts of the world. The ambassador is a very pleasant man, seemed anxious to talk but appeared critical of the Chinese and their strange ways. Dinner with Teddy Youde. A very pleasant relaxed dinner with two top people from his office and Sven Hirdman from Sweden. It was a nice early evening. Youde give some credibility to the Sri Lanka ambassador's remarks and feels he is a bright and astute observer. Increasing speculation on when there is going to be the next People's Congress.

Withdrawal/Redaction Sheet

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04. Redaction	Redaction of one sentence from Peking Diary (REDACTED PAGE FOLLOWS) (1 pp.)	11/22/74	C	
COLLECTION George Bush Personal Papers China File				
FILE LOCATION Peking Diary Volume I		OA/ID Number		
		Date Closed	10/19/99	

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Speculation goes on and on everywhere. Nobody seems to know. People watch the Hall of the People to see if there are cars lined up and lights burning at night. And then speculation goes wild when there is a flicker of life. There is a lot of wonder as to what the NPC will produce. Will we know more about the leadership. Will it signal change in direction on policy? Further speculation as to whether Chiao Kuan Hua's appointment to Foreign Minister has anything to do with the Kissinger visit. In my judgment it probably did. It will be interesting to see, as I think will happen, that Kissinger spends a good deal of time with Chiao Kuan Hua. There is one speculative story by John Burns that this will be difficult because Kissinger's relationship with Chiao is sticky since Kissinger said he couldn't remember his name. That's not true. I have seen them together. The press speculation on this field is just as weird as on Watergate but it's not quite as mean.

November 22 - made a call on the Laotian ambassador. Interesting pro-American who is in a very tough situation, being as now they have a coalition government. Delegations friendly to the Path et Lao come by to see him and all is quite cordial but the strain must be enormous.

[REDACTED] Very nice call on Ambassador C. J. Small

of Canada. Bright, attractive, pleasant individual. National day reception by Boustany of Lebanon. Same deadly format. Chinese guests and hosts sitting alone and isolated. Bored stiff. At the front of the room. Chinese guests milling around the food tables. And others standing around bitching about the whole setup. By the time it was over my cold was killing me.

But we went on to the black tie dinner given by the German ambassador. I left at 10:30 as a guest of honor. Well ahead of the 11 departing time. I don't think Mrs. Pauls liked it. Rolf certainly understood. Racked by a cold. It is too bad that at diplomatic dinners like this no Chinese are present.

Saturday, November 23 - met with newly named protocol chief, Chu Chuan Hsien. Reviewed plans for the Kissinger trip. All arrangements sound fine. Meeting with our staff in the residence to review the plans. And the rest of the time I plan to stay in bed due to this wretched cold. Weather is perspectively warm today and clear. Just the kind of day one should be off bicycling. It is hard to tell from the protocol arrangements exactly whom Kissinger will see. Chiao Kuan Hua is going to host one banquet. And they mentioned holding Wednesday open for a dinner with Teng Hsiao Ping. But I am wondering if he will see either Mao or Chou En Lai. Rest of Saturday spent reading in bed trying to get rid of a miserable chest and head cold. Sunday, the church service at 9:30. The place is desolate. Congregation still small. But it is easy to follow the familiar hymns. No sermon. Three bible readings. Communion. Lord's Prayer. The Apostles Creed and that's about it. Wondered around after Church and did a little shopping. Walked over to the International Club for a good Chinese lunch. It is a nice place, arranged so people can drop in there. They need a good kind of "cruise director." He could really get the place humming with events, and contests and tournaments and dances. But dancing is prohibited. And a bar is unthinkable. That's really what the place needs. Although you can get beer there and can buy

liquor. Tennis courts opened. A man courteously calling me. Since I had been by there a time or two. I thought they had notified every embassy but when I saw the manager he said, "We know you are interested in tennis so we called you to say the courts were open." I couldn't play due to my health but Akwei played and told me that the courts are still too soft and they will be all torn up again. In the evening we had a bunch of ambassadors over and showed the "Hustler" - fine old movie. A very relaxed way to entertain. Right in the living room. Six or so ambassadors. Popcorn. Relaxed and informal. The kind of thing I like to do. Mr. Wong, the man who replaced Mr. Yeh, hustled up the drinks and hors d'oeuvres etc. Mr. Yeh spoke no English and was replaced. It was a sad farewell for me anyway because I thought he did a good job and I felt sorry I had ever mentioned to the DSB just in passing that he didn't speak English. But now Mr. Wong is there. Bright, young, very accommodating.

I am determined to go out in the park some morning. I keep hearing these cheers and shouts from the park long before it is light. It could be the shadow boxing. It could be calisthenics. In the mornings about 7 when I am listening to the VOA you see single lines of school girls running by in step, jogging, running in opposite directions from the school. Kids all look quite healthy. A French AFP correspondent told me that during the Cultural Revolution he witnessed ten-, eleven-, and twelve-year-old kids -- running after old people on the streets, beating them with whips and sticks, yelling at them, calling them "revisionists" and "old reactionaries." Cultural Revolution tales are almost unbelievable when you see the order now but I guess it could happen again if that was dictated from above.

Monday, the 25th - the Secretary of State arrives. The whole day looking forward to it. Out to the airport. Holdridge and I ushered off to the side room with the Foreign Minister. Plane arrived right on time. Melee at the airport as the Secretary came off. The security people came off first. Too much. They should have gotten off the back door and walked around the front. Nancy Tang commented on the security people. "So many," she said. It was noticeable, particularly here in China for some reason. The Secretary and his wife said hello to us, greeted the ambassadorial corps and then were wisked off to the guest house. I had been out that morning to inspect the beautiful guest house. Guest House 18, the one where President Nixon stayed, was assigned to us. Barbara and I had a beautiful suite there. There is grass there, flowing stream or lake with beautiful bridges, beautifully landscaped. The overstuffed chairs are the same in the guest house but everything is thoughtfully done. All kinds of little cosmetic and bathroom aids scattered around. And everything that one wants for his own personal comfort is there -- bathrobes, slippers, etc.

The banquet at the Great Hall was a tremendous success. The Hall fantastic in its eloquence. Built in a hurry. The banquet was considered one of the very best our staff has seen. Kissinger gave an excellent toast, talking about the determination and continued relationships etc. etc. More than perfunctory and the next day his comments were carried in the Peoples Daily. The first such comments of a Western leader, according to John Holdridge.

November 26, Tuesday - we had sightseeing at 9 with the full party to the Forbidden City. Press of TV and coverage, cold on the feet and

my cold got worse. The lights and the cameras and the crowd made sight-seeing almost impossible but it was good to have all that attention. Kissinger is good at this kind of thing. He enjoys it. Nancy looks sick, ailing, tired. But was a pretty good sport about it. I wonder whether she likes this kind of "on stage." I noticed last night she and the Secretary at the Guest House told the press not to take pictures of the two children who are along on the trip. Officials party counts for about 30 some odd. And it is quite a sight.

In the morning we had the first large-scale meeting at the Great Hall of the People with Teng Hsiao Ping and others. General review was undertaken and schedule was decided on for the following. I will not report on the details of the meetings as that is classified. I came home for lunch and we went to the International Club to save the staff who are killing themselves over the Tuesday night reception. Mr. Sun the cook had gone out and bought six shark skins for \$150 U.S. (check that). Plus swallows spit, for birds nest delicacies etc. The house was polished and looking beautifully clean. The flowers arranged and great pride in the work by Mr. Wong, Number 1. In the afternoon we had a meeting at the guest house. There is great hustling around. People on his staff are scared to death of Kissinger. It is unbelievable.

Too much so. There is too much entourage feeling. Too much kind of turmoil. Is he coming? Is he coming? Is he late? Is he late? Nobody is willing to bite the bullet and speak up. Amazing -- mixed feeling. Great respect for the man and his accomplishments and yet

concern about some of the trappings and some of the ways of handling people. Everyone with him talks about how difficult it is and yet he can be extremely charming. Pressures on him are immense and the accomplishments immense so one forgives the eccentric things. But there is a certain graciousness that is lacking. No question about it. The morning and yesterday ungracious. The afternoon after the meeting gracious. At the reception very good. I introduced him to Mr. Sun and Mr. Wong, Mrs. Tang and in all of these cases he seemed very pleased. So is the press. He does a first-class job with them. We invited the local press for the first time. Many of them commented on it and all of them enjoyed meeting him and getting a chance to visit. This was an important part and he does this exceptionally well. After the reception we went to a musical performance. All revolutionary of course. Good voices. Pianist could have played anywhere. The dancers were fine. It was the first time I saw a woman's shape on the young dancers. The costumes were bright. And as we are starved for entertainment the heavy revolutionary themes didn't even seem too much. The crowd consisted of on the one side a lot of the PLA types that apparently were let in to see the performance. On the other there is a representative off-the-street crowd. They didn't clap very much. But I watched their faces and they seemed enthralled by the performance. They also spend a good deal of time staring at Kissinger and all of us who were lined up in protocol order. A classic - the picture on the Monday night banquet. It looked like a high school picture. The head table so to speak was off visiting with the Deputy Premier. We all walked out. There was all USLO, all press,

all the traveling party lined up for the big picture. It was a real yak! There are so many things to note and see but the Kissinger visit is a good thing. It is getting things lined up. We'll begin to understand policy. Kissinger has made a couple of needles about excessive reporting and the fact that "George doesn't think I am spending enough time on China," he says to the Deputy Prime Minister. But I think I can convince him that we have been right in the fact that some think our policy is declining and that we need to do certain things to demonstrate that it is not. In any event it has livened things up and it is right and good and so far it is going pretty well.

I attend, sitting next to the Secretary, meetings in the morning at the Great Hall and in the afternoon at the guest house, meetings with Teng Hsiao Ping. Notes of these meetings are in a separate file. Kissinger is brilliant in these talks. Tremendous sweep of history and a tremendous sweep of the world situation. He is at his best. It is a great contrast to the irritating manner he has of handling people. His staff are scared to death of him. The procession is almost "regal." People quake, "He's coming. He's coming." And don't dare tell him when he's keeping them waiting. In the Wednesday morning meeting, "I want my staff. I want them all in this room. I want them right here now. Where are they?" All kinds of yelling of that nature goes on. I guess it is the way he keeps from getting ulcers at the pace he is working at. I came home and had lunch with Bar at the International Club. It is a nice place to be able to drop in for a quick bite. In the morning we went sight-seeing

at the Museum. A great sweeping entourage. Tons of cameras. Difficulty at seeing a darn thing. I am sure the Chinese were thoroughly confused by it all. That evening, the 26th, we had a reception at the residence. Mr. Wong and Mr. Sun did a first-class job. The great care and attention they put into hors d'oeuvres etc. The ranking Chinese guest was Wang Hai Jung. Ambassador Huang Chen from Washington was there. He and his wife were very friendly. The Foreign Minister and the ambassador are very warm to Barbara and me. Distinctly so. One feels it very easily. After the reception we raced madly to a musical show - our first. One guy had a lute or a guitar of some sort, playing "Home on the Range" and the rest of it local revolutionary music. Ballet dancers with the big Red Flag carried across the stage. Sopranos singing the glory of the Chairman, how the people won the fight at Tiger Mountain etc. An interesting evening. Not the kind that our taste would like to do every night, but well worth seeing. The pianist was excellent. One of the leading pianists in China I think. I sat next to the Foreign Minister's wife. Couldn't have been more pleasant.

Wednesday, November 27 - more meetings. Morning at the guest house - just Lord, Bush, Kissinger and a secretary for the first hour and a half. Then the whole team. Break for lunch at the guest house. Then back to a meeting at the Great Hall of the People with John Holdridge attending. The Secretary does not follow through clearly on whom he wants where and how it's done. And thus people are always up in the air as to what he really desires. He is a man of great contrasts. He can be pleasant and

flattering and warm. And then he can do nasty little things. He is not gracious with people. There is no real kind of courtesy to the little waiters standing around or anything of that nature. I keep coming back to the word "regal." Mobs of security people. Mobs of traveling entourage. All aids quaking in their boots. At dinner we came late to the dinner given by the Deputy Premier Teng at a Manchurian restaurant. Excellent dinner. I sat between the ambassador and Chou Huang Hua. Great relaxed evening. They must have something stimulating in the food. I couldn't sleep all night.

Thursday, November 28 - More wrap-up talks in the afternoon. In the morning I stayed in the office and worked. The Kissinger party did some sightseeing and the Secretary received the German ambassador before coming to our house for lunch. We invited Henry and Nancy and the two children and Don Rumsfeld. On a three-hour notice Mr. Sun whipped up a very nice luncheon. Great detail and wonderfully thoughtful. Very much like his reception only this was very small and private.

After that lunch I had a very good private talk with Kissinger. We covered a list of agenda items. Generally he seemed pleased with the way things were working out. He agreed that I should come back for consultations. I told him I would like to come back at the end of January and he approved that. He did not seem to me well focused to the fact that trade with China was going to be less this year than we had expected and that it was going to fall off next year. Both matters will affect the continuing speculation that our policy is deteriorating. They will add to the fuel although you

can point to the trade decline and say that agriculture makes up about 80 percent of the trade. They have had good crops and thus won't need as much of our agricultural goods. Secondly, they have a big balance of payments problems with us. Thirdly, they don't want to be over-embraced by the United States in trade. And they are even buying things such as off-shore drilling equipment from others where we have the best technology.

Kissinger was anxious to know my plans. He asked how long I planned to stay. This is the second reference he made to it. I had in my mind that he was probing to see what my political plans were. I told him I had no political plans, that I thought the ticket for '76 was locked in with the appointment of Rockefeller, which I do, and that I had no plans at all. Kissinger made some reference to my running for President in 1980. I told him I couldn't see that far ahead but I was very much interested in doing a good job here - learning the substance of our foreign policy and getting an overall view of it. He pointed out that this was a good place to do it because of the kinds of reviews the Chinese get from him and also because from time to time there are substantive items here. I made clear to him that I was not expecting high profile, I knew the limitations of this post and that it didn't bother me. I really think he is still curious as to why I am here, when, as he know, I could have gone to Paris or London. That afternoon we met with Teng Hsiao-ping for our wrap-up meeting. And then went to the return banquet. We retired then.

The mood was somewhat subdued. The press jumped on this as strain - making it "strained." People were simply exhausted. We went back after the banquet and negotiated the communique at a very small meeting with Chiao Kuan Hua. Broad ranged guy. More so in my opinion than Teng Hsiao-ping, although Teng speaks with authority and obviously has the political strength that Chiao Kuan Hua doesn't have. I got to bed late that night, very tired, plagued by a horrible cold.

The next day we took off in two Tridents for Hsu Chou. A delightful warm "gentle" day as Chiao Kuan Hua called it. We went through a park, an embroidery factory. The streets had been cleaned to a tee. Lynn Pascoe had been down to Hsu Chou the week before with the university presidents and then returned with us. There was a big difference. Then there were people bicycling, bustling around, typical. Whatever litter was normal was on the street then. Yesterday the streets were clear. As we went by we looked down alleys and way down the middle of the streets and alleys we saw barricades with people jammed up against them. Whereas on the street there was just a normal amount of traffic in terms of people. No cars. No vehicles and the bicycles you could count on one hand. It was eerie but it was considerate. At the park they had children playing, representative groups. Small tiny children and a group of boys playing with a ball. And a group of girls. Obviously structured. But nice. Some of our journalists were super critical and I was very pleased that they had indeed turned these kids out. At least we got a good look at them and others got a chance to see these attractive Chinese children.

I wish we weren't always so cynical. Of course they arranged it. But why not. The embroidery factory would drive me blind. The detail that goes into those tapestries is just simply unbelievable. We had a good chance to visit informally with the whole traveling party, Chiao Kuan Hua, Wang Hai Jung, Nancy Tang, Chiu of the protocol office, Lin Ping, and others. We went to a charming guest house. The attendant at the guest house called it Hotel of Hsu Chou. Beautifully arranged. And then to a fantastically large banquet. We stuffed ourselves. Finished off the afternoon of sightseeing. Another park. Another embroidery factory.

Flew on a 25-minute flight to Shanghai and there we had yet another banquet given by the Shanghai municipal committee. The municipal committee of Hsu Chou joined the provincial committee in hosting that banquet in Shanghai. The banquet was excellent. Sparrows in whole, candied, and barbequed sparrows being the piece de resistance. Actually they were pretty good. I just wish I didn't know they were sparrows. Barbara boarded the plane with the Kissinger group and headed off for the first Christmas we will be apart in 30 years. I asked if there was extra room on the plane. Scowcroft first wired there was none. Then Kissinger invited her. Then the day of the departure they told me there was a little flap in the States about Kissinger's kids and wife and that the press was insisting that they pay. And Karen Jenkins thought it would be better if I paid. So I, a little sore about it, wrote out a check for sixteen hundred dollars to the U.S. Air Force and said, "Now you tell them I paid in advance," for approximately the first class trip which she said they were being charged at.

To go one way from Peking to Washington. Ironically Bar had gotten round trip flight Peking-New York-Peking -- \$967. What a massive financial whipping. She could have stayed here four days longer and then done that. C'est la guerre! Anyway she will have an interesting trip back.

Saturday, November 30 - The German ambassador came to get debriefed and so did the New Zealand ambassador. Bryce Harland of New Zealand pushes very hard for information. It is almost like a press conference. I finally told him that I liked my job, that I wanted to keep it and I simply wasn't at liberty to give him the information he wanted, on the discussions of normalization and on Taiwan. He said, "Well if I don't get it, I'll just have to write it from sources that aren't good." Thus using the old press trick on it. My last two years this comment stuck out like a sore thumb and I must confess I didn't appreciate it, though I like Harland. I cycled over and saw Teddy Youde, the British ambassador, where we had a very grand talk -- very very different in the way he seeks the information. So was Pauls. They are curious as hell.

The conclusions I have put in the file but generally speaking the visit went along pretty well. The press and some of the diplomatic corps were looking for a dramatic breakthrough. The Ford trip is a dramatic announcement but in my view the press overall will play the visit like "Ford trip salvaged what otherwise would have been a negative visit." At some point our relationship, whether the Taiwan problem has been solved or not, should get to the point that Kissinger can come here, have frank discussions and there not be this over-expectation. But that is not where it stands now.

My concern is that the decline in trade next year will increase speculation that the relationship is deteriorating. The pressure will mount on the President for his visit. I personally believe the President can come and go without solving the Taiwan issue, but I am sure this will be in doubt as far as others go. And of course maybe the issue will be resolved by then. I am convinced the policy is solid at this point. They need us, actually more than we need them in my judgment. This is the consensus of the diplomatic community incidentally. I publically expressed lack of concern about the Soviets. In my judgment this is not true.

I played tennis with the Canadian ambassador, an Indian and an Italian. Hard to see but we are lucky to have that surface. Indoor facility. I just hope it holds up through the winter. I am not sure it will. In any event we had a good match and I realize how much I need exercise. Playing again tomorrow. Had lunch at the house all alone. Very good small lunch. I told Brunson I wanted an omelet and a soup. Of course when I get here there is omelet, there is soup, there is a fish dish. In any event it was first-class, the whole thing. Dinner I just had him leave me soup and some flavored hard boiled eggs. The day was clear and fairly warm. Unusual one would say, when it was predicted it was going to be so icy. I was sent an inhalant mask, like a gas mask, for cycling. If it weren't quite so prominent looking, I'd use it. I still might. It's first-class. Goggles too. Mail situation is erratic. We got a massive group of things that were sent around the first of November. And yet last week ended up with a lot of mail that came in much much later. It is nutty.

Observation on the Kissinger visit. Kissinger is an extremely complicated guy. He is ungracious, he yells at his staff, he is intolerable in terms of human feelings. Dictatorial -- "get people here," "have those people here," "where are they?", "why do I need these papers?", "where are my papers." And yet all those petty little unpleasant characteristics fade away when you hear him discussing the world situation. He comes alive in public. Walk up the steps and the salute rings out from the PLA guard. He literally is so alive within, you can see it on the outside very clearly. He is like a politician with the roar of a crowd on election eve or the athlete running out at the 50 yard line just before the kick off. The public turns him on. I remember going up to the Hill with him just before I came to China. So we could get our one chance to chat. He was so concerned about the traffic and the officers but when we climbed out of the car he again came alive, smiling and waving to the crowd. I am convinced some of this is what keeps him going. He bitches about the press and yet he always sidles over to them and talks to them. The press came to our reception, local press invited for the first time. This will help us. Nevertheless Kissinger was not enthralled with the idea. But once he got there he spent a good deal of time with them. And you would see him coming out of the Great Hall of the People sidling over to the press or them to him and he entertained them and chatted with them and joked with them. He does a first-class job on that whole press operation. He is very openly critical of the bureaucracy at the State Department. Clearly he is not an administrator. He is so concerned about security leaks that information

we should have is not forthcoming. And yet he tells me he wants me to have it. I am sure he really does. I am also sure he gets people aside - "I don't want anybody to know about this - nobody. Do you understand?" And then of course we are cut off. There is a communications breakdown here that is fairly serious but I think we can resolve it when I go back for consultations if not before. I am wondering how long Kissinger will stay. He made one comment to me about that subject. Saying "this will be somebody else's problem." It was a subject that looks like it will be taken up fairly soon. I wondered exactly what he's planning. I remember the big argument I had with Kissinger the time of the China vote. And yet at lunch he graciously turned to Barbara and said that "George is the finest ambassador we've had up there anytime since I've been in government." Very pleasant. Unsolicited and I might add totally unexpected. At other times he can be so pre-occupied that he doesn't even know one is around. I must say he was good about including me in on all the talks. Going to all of them and without there being any doubt about that apparently. The visit was a big plus for us. It set the direction. It shows us where we stand. I think there will be a period of calm now that the visit is over.

November 30, Saturday - end of reading mail, going over much that has stacked up. Reading. Tired. Early to bed. It is funny. In Hsu Chou the cold and coughing stopped. Some of it has got to be something in the air around this place. Dust or whatever it is. Generally feel good. Even

though I am looking forward to going to Honolulu I wish it weren't going to be for quite so long. On the visit to Hsu Chou posters criticizing hsushihwa(?) which had been there a week before had been totally removed from the streets. Only one, talking about learning from Taching(?) oil fields, remained.

Sunday, December 1 - a very quiet relaxed day. Played tennis. Nice lunch at Al Morin's. Plenty of time to read and rest. It was rainy and cold. I went to the little church service. Congregation slightly larger. Went down to the big department store. Did some Christmas shopping in the afternoon. I am amazed at how many things there really are in these stores if you look. I wanted towel bathclothes. And sure enough they had a wide array. Got caught up in correspondence. Did little else.

December 2 - we had celebrated Thanksgiving Day here. It was a quiet one for me. Lunch at home alone. Getting all caught up on letters and correspondence. A big pouch came in. Gray outside. I have got to get some exercise. Nothing to report at all. A few cables. Speculation on the Kissinger trip cropping up as predicted. International Club closed. No tennis. Painting going on in the house. Massive production just to paint two guest rooms upstairs and one guest room downstairs. Amazing. My lunch was good. Fishbones turned to jelly. Cooked celery - bright green with a lot of sauce on it. And a soup. This guy really produces meals. Mr. Wong has spruced things up. He and Mr. Jen(?) wear very clean jackets. Quite a difference from Mr. Yeh. End of a quiet December 2 with Mrs. Boehm for a reception to present us with a panda at 5:30 and dinner at Blackburns at 6:30. The McKinleys are getting read to leave.

Lucille Zilet went off this afternoon. Yesterday the brunch at the Morans included two kinds of sausages, pancakes - a marvelous western breakfast which I ravaged. It is funny how you appreciate things like this. I even noticed the wallpaper in his bathroom that he had put up. The Blackburn Thanksgiving dinner was very American, very good, very warm. Mrs. Boehm came by and presented a porcelain panda. She was absolutely ecstatic over the porcelain work being done in a Chinese factory. She said there were 120 million pieces turned out of this factory as opposed to 20 million by Lenox in the United States, a very large producer. The craftsmen were excellent. She said they were extremely interested in some of the craft used on her porcelain work. Mrs. Boehm is typical of many who come to China. Gushingly ecstatic. Warm, treated regally, given presents, wined and dined and all in all on cloud nine.

Beginning of December 3, Tuesday morning - many calls. Belgian - I am calling on him. Lunch. Australian, New Zealander, Japanese and Spanish calling back. Australian, a very young, attractive ambassador who because of his affiliation with the Labor Government, knows China well. A little less hard sell than Bryce Harland who I also liked. I went to call on the Belgian who I was told by John Holdridge had hurt feelings because I had not been to see him. He is an attractive guy, pro-west, had an interesting chat. Had a four way lunch, apparently a regular thing here. Australia, New Zealand, Japan and the United States. This one was at the Australian's. I then called on the head of the CAAC, Mr. Maa(?) and talked about aviation and the possibility of buying planes.

He kept coming back to the fact that they might be interested in more planes. But he talked about how they were unsatisfied with the guidance system on the Boeings. He is an older man, very attractive and seemed to enjoy the chat. I talked about the Dallas/Ft. Worth Airport. He showed some interest in this although he was a little confused as to where Dallas was and I guess why I was even bringing it up. That was the first time I was ever stopped by a bayoneted guard. That was when we were going into the CAAC. The guard stopped us. Kuo explained we were coming to visit. But he had to make some phone calls to get us in. Rushed back for a return call by the Spanish ambassador.

All very interested in Kissinger's trip. Australians and New Zealanders both asking who originated the invitation and the speculation abounds that relationships are not going too well. I do all I can to lay that to rest. I can do it with conviction because I happen to think they are going pretty well. They need us more than we need them, and we certainly profit by the relationship. As long as that is in existence, the relationship will be pretty good. Farewell tennis game at 6. It is so awfully hard to see the tennis balls. They stay bright red. I am determined to push to get those courts resurfaced one way or another with good stuff. Fred knows I am leaving. Bill Lucas will be staying at the house.

Monday the 4th - Brunson McKinley and Lucille are gone. There is going to be a massive turnover at the USLO soon. It will take on an entirely new personality. We are going to miss some of these people's expertise but I am sure others will be coming along just as enthusiastic.

December 4 - off to Toyko and then Honolulu. At the airport all the things that looked so strange a month and a half ago don't look strange at all. The PLA uniforms, the people with their children, the old-fashioned train along the outside of the airfield, chug-chugging away as if we were back in the '30s in the United States. The airport was bitterly cold. But even that seemed normal. As I headed East I wondered how many Americans would put up with the inconvenience of a cold airport with such lousy facilities. Peking looked very gray down below. Mud walls. Gray plains extending as far as the eye can see. Creeks are frozen over. Even the canal is showing ice along both banks. Mr. Wong and Mr. Sun the cook gave me a warm farewell. I asked Mr. Sun if there was anything I could bring from the States and through Mr. Wong I got a list - small paring knives, knife for peeling potatoes, nutmeg, and little cones to go on the end of those bags for decorating pastries. An interesting assortment. Sun is a true artist. It seems to be a quiet time as far as diplomatic activity goes. Not many cables. Perhaps a good time to be gone for a week or so.

Spent the night with Jim and Marie Hodgson in Toyko. Amazed even after six weeks at the differences. Toyko bustling - lights, stores, stocked shelves, prosperous western dressed people, automobiles everywhere. After just six weeks in Peking one is much more aware of the standards he has taken for granted all his life. Visited at the U.S. Embassy with Burma Ambassador Osborn, ROC ambassador Unger, Korean Ambassador Schneider. Lunch with the Hodgsons.

Then at 4:00 helicoptered to the U.S. air base where we met up with other ambassadors -- Bill Sullivan from the Philippines, Charlie Whitehouse

from Laos, Graham Martin from Vietnam, Dean from Cambodia, Cross from Hong Kong - flying on a big K-137. No windows but extremely comfortable. General Gallagher gave us all a couple of drinks at his new residence at the air base and off we flew, against the dateline but with the clock. Arriving at 7 o'clock on the morning of the day we left. On the plane there were seven of us in the second compartment. We drew for the four bunks. Hodgson and I each got an ace. So I was comfortably ensconced in a comfortable, very long bed. We went to the base PX in Japan and again the day-to-day stocking of shelves caught my attention. Shaving cream, a few food stuffs, clothes, row upon row of things. You would never look twice on it in the States - but now catching my eye. The Air Force does things well - as do all of the military. It is a good idea to have a conference of this nature. Chief of Missions Conference to meet the people whose cables you see everyday. Just from preliminary talks it is clear to me how separate and apart China is from the main stream of things in terms of communication, in terms of understanding what's going on, contacts with leaders etc. Arrived Honolulu after a long, long night. Went to the PX - bought a trunk and loaded it up with miscellaneous goods for Peking -- hopefully to put on the Mansfield airplane. Mansfield coming through with a rather large contingent on a 137 heading for Peking, some say to see Sihanouk. I bought some small pots and pans for our upstairs dining room. Shelves at the PX glitter in comparison to the Peking stores. Water softener. Some items for Mr. Sun. Nutmeg, cake decorating kit, knives, potato peeler were his four requests.

I lost weight. I have never eaten more in my life and on one scale I appear to have lost 10 pounds. Must be the absence of bread and butter. Although when protocol calls I nibble away on ever present peanuts and candy covered nuts. And little candies that are always appearing at every embassy I visit and certainly at our own house where Mr. Wong whips out all these little delicacies. A day of total rest. A hamburger. Evening visit with most of the ambassadors.

Gone for twelve days to Honolulu for the Chief of Missions Conference. And for the Kappa War Game Exercises. I will not make notes on each except to say that I was tremendously impressed with the military and their contribution. They have the facts. They talked less than us State Department types and they were concise. On our team Mickey Weisner (?), a four-star admiral, Walt Gallagher, three-star Air Force general in Toyko, Dick Stillwell, a four-star general commanding in Korea, John Elder, three-star Air Force general, Glue (?) Wilson, three-star Marine general -- all had a good grasp of their subjects. Marshall Green, a little garrulous, conducted our team. He tended to dominate the exercise too much. I was impressed with Len Unger (?), with Bill Sullivan of the Philippines, Chuck Cross, a knowledgeable guy. I think he is a little concerned about his own standing. Perhaps that results from his having that run-in with Agnew although overall my reaction was a plus. Habbib, who does a good job of running the meetings -- he stimulates discussions, he gets things moving, and I have seen him stand up to Kissinger. There is a general feeling among the State Department people that they are uninformed. Green put it well when he talked about "secrecy but not secretiveness." The EA Missions Conference was excellent including the relaxed session

on the North Shore at Mrs. Alexander's house. I remember less of the substance that I do just general impressions of people. Generally favorable although some seemed too bureaucratic and too bogged down in appearances and old shibboleths. Played a lot of tennis with Admiral Gyler(?) - sink attack. Charming wife, pleasant and great competitor. 60 years old - he looks forty. Pleasant family reunion with the Athertons, the Spauldings. Spent the last two days out of that Sheraton Wakiki madhouse and in the 4999 Kahala(?) apartment - just lovely. Flew out with sink pac and back with sink pac(?).

At the EA Mission Conference Dean Brown and Ernie Calentino(?) both mentioned to me Barbara's trip back on the Kissinger plane - how they hoped to get me a refund etc. There is some need to clarify this kind of policy although it is a minor matter.

Again spunged off of Jim Hodgson at the Embassy. He and Maria put Jennifer Fitzgerald and me up for the afternoon. Hodgson is a really first-rate fellow. Broad gauged business experience, cabinet experience, low key, a man of moderation but I think great intelligence. Checked out the bath house again at the Okurra(?). Totally relaxing. Someday I will write a book on massages I have had ranging all the way from Bobby Moore and Harry Carmen at the UN to the steam baths of Egypt and Toyko. I must confess the Toyko treatment is the best. Walking on the back, total use of knees, combination of knees and oil, the back becoming a giant slope does wonders for the sacroiliac, and a little something for the morale too. Massage parlors in the U.S. have ruined the image of real massage. It is a crying

shame. Flew back to Peking on Iran Airlines. Jennifer and I alone in first class. Four or five others in the whole rest of the 707 and a crew of about 8 or ten. The food was fantastic. The plane was a little late. Service was excellent. And we arrived very tired but well fed on the finest Iranian caviar. I would like to try that airline again -- going home maybe. It was cold when we got back.

Monday I had more mail than I have ever seen. I really haven't digested it yet. Our things arrived. Mr. Sun seemed pleased at the knives I brought him. Perhaps it is egotism but I really think the staff was genuinely glad to see me in the house. I certainly felt that way about Mr. Wong and Mr. Sun, Mr. Jung and the girls. Mansfield has come and gone. Great speculation as to whether he was going to see Sihanouk again. He did see Chou En Lai, he did see Teng Chiao Ping, he did see Chiao Kuan Hua. Sam Jaffe of ABC leaked to Sirtimincky(?) of AFP that Mansfield had detected a concern about the slowness of development of normalization. Mansfield apparently has denied this. I would like to see him before he leaves to get debriefed on what he has done but I don't know I will with mother here and his not being overly enthusiastic about that. He told me he would not see Sihanouk unless Sihanouk approached him and then unless Chiao Kuan Hua approved. They put him up in a guest house next door to Sihanouk's palace - Sihanouk's downtown place - but whether he saw him or not I simply don't know. Mansfield is a thoroughly decent man.

Policy. The archealogical exhibit, the agreement for which I signed when I first came from the U.S., went to the U.S. It is beautifully

presented apparently in the Gallery in Washington but we blew a great opportunity to stand up for freedom of the press. The Chinese insisted that Israel, South Africa, South Korea journalists and one other not be permitted to go to the pre-press preview. So instead of standing up and insisting on it some deal was cut between the gallery, the State Department and the Chinese under which the Chinese had their way. We must not capitulate on matters this fundamental in the United States. It will contribute to the deterioration of our policy in my view. Editorial comment is already lousy not just from liberals but from others. And both right wing and left wing in the United States can join together and denounce the Chinese for this kind of behavior. We should have forcefully explained to them what they were doing, raised the level of our explanation and then insisted. I hope the matter will not come up again in Kansas City. China is very vulnerable on human right excesses just as the Soviet Union was. Some day sure as can be the Congress will turn its attention to these aspects of the Chinese policy. We must therefore not permit them to flaunt their way in the United States. The policy is important because of the balance. But this euphoric analysis of this society as an open society, as a free society, a soft or gentle society is simply wrong.

While I was gone PRC was really blasting us about the UN vote which we won and the Cambodian vote which we won. The UN vote - they were claiming we lied when we stated that most of our troops were not under the UN command. Factually we are absolutely correct. But they were very bitter. They are walking a very fine tightrope when they criticize and berate us before the

Third World in the hope that we will understand their empty cannons of rhetoric. It is a very tricky business. I can't help but feel that we might do a better job with presenting these points to the Chinese leadership but the access is the problem. On Monday tired but less than when I first arrived, nice lunch with Jennifer, Bob Blackburn and Bill Lucas to whom Fred has sold out since Lucas was feeding him his burgers and rice. Fred is now back on PD and to show his distain he spent the night on Lucas' bed instead of mine. This didn't break my heart but it seemed a little faithless after all we have done for old Fred. Right now, early Tuesday morning, he is back on my pillow looking gray but my heart is a little brighter since he seems to be veering back toward me. During the time I was gone apparently the staff let him in on the real cold days into the office. They really do like him and that is good.

Great talks with Bar on the phone. The kids all doing fine. It is as if each one of these five kids, recognizing that the family was undergoing a different experience, are pulling together much more. There are no longer those juvenile battles and each one comes through strong, vibrant, full of humor and different, full of life and we are awfully lucky. It is right that Bar be there but boy do I miss her.

Listening to the VOA Tuesday morning hearing about Watergate. It seems so far away. So irrelevant. So re-hashed. Perhaps it's just my own experience but it is such a pain. Elliot Richardson is going to replace Moynihan. I calbed Pat asking him to come by for a few days. I hope he will do it. It will liven things up here considerably. I am in the mixed

doubles and men's doubles, round robin, at the tennis club. They have got it so fouled up and drawn up in such a peculiar fashion -- a tiny example of how a little bit of help would make the thing flow smoothly. They have got all kinds of crazy scheduling of times, inconveniencing the hell out of people. I have researched out the lake hole situation a little and am starting my offensive on that. Chinese lessons started again. I really enjoy the challenge of it. I know I won't speak it but after a two week layoff the tones came back. Mrs. Tang smiled upon me although I must confess she is always very tolerant. And all in all I am glad to be back.

Tuesday, the 17th - whipping back on to the new time change. Concerned about the mail. A lot of our mail is opened when it goes international. Indeed it has been checked through some very sophistocated methods that international mail is read rather regularly. Several of my letters arrived opened -- the Zeder one and Buck Byers. In checking around I find this is not unusual. I write the mail that I send international knowing that it will be checked. Mother arrives tomorrow. I have that kind of high school excitement -- first vacation feeling. Weather still cold, but very clear. Great for bicycling. I hope it holds out for her. Mr. Wong hustling around the house. Three guest bedrooms have been painted and they are pale yellow. Much different and better than the flat waterpaint. Apparently they started using some kind of a plastic paint. I am inviting Chiao Kuan Hua and his wife for dinner next week. Interesting to see if they come. He is very busy

and on this new schedule he looks worse than Kissinger. Clare Hollingsworth(?) from the Times (check - maybe it's the Guardian) came to call. Very interesting person. Agrees readily to the ground rules of deep background etc. She was griping that Kissinger and Mansfield wouldn't give her the time of day. Mansfield's secretary, Sybil Sahagian(?) and Dr. Carey, the party doctor, came for lunch. In the first round of the round robin tennis tournament Small and I won. They Carey and I hit with the Chinese. I rode over on my bike. Cold and clear. It felt pretty good. I came home to find a big practice going on for our Snappy Christmas play. Peking is full of rumors about the Peoples Congress.

December 18 - Mother arrived on a beautiful day. Gave her a nice 20 minutes or so to shape up and then we took a long bicycle ride down past the Great Hall of the People. You should have seen the people stare at old momma on the bicycle. They would stand by and watch her. It reminded me of the old joke -- about the railroad train crossing at the time zone -- it left at five minutes of and arrived 100 miles later at 3 minutes of. The crowd stood around to watch that mother take off. At each traffic light a little group would stand around, nudge each other, look at each other, the kids were openly incredulous, but she cycled majestically off at each stop, doing beautifully in her PLA hat, teenage looking ski outfit and did just great. There wasn't much wind but it was a good test and she passed with flying colors. I took her by the Friendship Store and the tennis place where they were extremely friendly. Aunt Marge cut her finger to the bone on the airplane. She had a Japanese doctor sew it up in Toyko and then

ended up on the morning of the 19th with a very swollen hand. We have got to get her to a doctor. Early evening, first dinner at home, went well.

The more I think about our handling of the art critic thing the worse I think we handled it. We must not permit China, particularly in the United States, to dictate terms to us in an area as sensitive as freedom of the press. I had a long talk with the Sri Lanka ambassador about the balance between the rhetoric aimed at us for getting support from the Third World purposes and that same rhetoric having a tendency to erode away the policy in our country. I have a feeling people think we are suckers putting up with this.

December 19 - the big game is trying to figure out whether what they say in public is what they mean or not. Example. Mobutu is here. He is praised - the toasts of the dinners hit the super powers. Mobutu enters in by saying "For Africa the perilous white rather than yellow." Mobutu I am sure will have a different view when he talks to the United States. But I am increasingly upset at the public blasts at the United States. The other day on Korea they used the word "lie" to describe our claim that most UN troops were not under the UN flag. I am absolutely convinced that American public opinion will turn against this at some point in a relationship which is very important to China will be damaged. Maybe China's rhetoric is more important to them than the relationship, but I don't really think so. After they lost both Korea and Cambodian votes, they almost had to come out with strong blasts, but their decision has to be how strong should the blasts be. Most people in this town feel that this relationship is

the most important one they have got. But they have a funny way of showing it. At least as far as I am concerned.

I had a talk with the Lebanese ambassador today. He finds it hard to know what China's position is on the Middle East. Do they favor the step-by-step approach as proposed by Kissinger or the Geneva approach as proposed by the Russians. They oppose Geneva but they don't favor the step-by-step approach he tells me. Very useful.

Note. The panda bear cake made in the panda mold I picked up in Sears is unbelievable. Two colors inside the eyes. Expression on the face. Detailed fluffy looking covering where the fur should be. Chocolate and white over a white cake. A classic. I went out to thank Mr. Sun. He seemed very pleased with himself and the work of his chef. Ironically they had it down that the number 2 chef had made the cake. I think this was rather as much a fall-back in case the cake failed. When it became clear it was a great success there was plenty of credit for all. End of December 19.

A great relaxed dinner at Steve and Gay Fitzgerald's - Amb. of Australia. The Harlands of New Zealand, Boustany from Lebanon, Argentinian ambassador, Rolf Pauls without his ailing wife and a few others. It was good relaxed evening with singing of Christmas carols and other songs at the dinner table and then after. It was a wonderful spirit. Steve is an agressive, energetic sinologist. Sang the Chinese national anthem in Chinese. But most of these were ambassadors who enjoy it here or certainly want to put the best light on it instead of being critical. Mother and Aunt Marge were impressed with the youth, vigor and spirit of the evening. It was great. Tennis tournament got massively fouled up but I made some inroads with the officials by

taking over at their request the Gene Scott Tennis Book and the magazines. I got talking about different surfaces and I now have their interest started.

Turned down in our request to see the Minister of Fuels. "Not convenient."

December 20 - frantic tennis. A good way to meet people from various missions and I think we should reach out and participate in this manner as much as possible. As you see the long line of kids with the Red banners flying, chanting in unison (they come by our house every morning early), you can't help but stop and wonder at the discipline and order of this society. We are torn now as to what we should be doing in terms of how they are viewing our relationship. The big game in town is whether the U.S. relationship is deteriorated or not. The New Zealand ambassador and others are writing think pieces, the press is speculating on it, the diplomatic community is talking about it all the time. Overall I continue to feel that China needs this relationship, they want the relationship, they are walking kind of a tight-rope because of their public attacks on us do appear to have escalated and because of confrontations like the archaeological exhibit re the press. Which inevitably will deteriorate the support for this policy in the United States. Quiet evening at home after a nice Clement-Bush lunch. In a way the U.S. is in a peculiar position here. Many of the embassies spend most of their time analyzing our relations with Peking. Peking's relations with Russia, and Russia's relations with Peking. Once they get by their rather minimal bi-lateral

requirements this is the only game in town. And indeed it is much of the game as it relates to us because we don't have that much day-to-day bilateral business. In fact we have less than I think would be useful. We have made some requests for commune, street-committee and caves on the 20th. We'll see what happens. I also will make some requests for travel early next week.

December 21 - tennis. John Small and I won the men's doubles. Actually a pretty good game. Roseanne Harland and I are in the finals to be played Sunday for the mixed doubles. She plays way back, doesn't understand the game at all. Barbara is much better and steadier than any I have seen out here. It is amazing how much effort they put into tennis. Linesmen, referees sitting up in the chair, another guy at the net calling very seriously ins and outs. It really makes it fun. And it is a good mixer. Evening at the Mongolian restaurant with the four Yéudes, the Belgian and Mexican ambassadors, Bob Blackburn and Bill Lucas. That cooking around the Mongolian stove is a great leveler. The food is good. Many hor d'oeuvres - first course to start with and then fixing your own lamb in the soy based sauce, raw eggs, garlic, greens mixed in. A good fun evening. I like the Chinese hours, arrive promptly at 7 and out of there by 9. In the sak early. Weather still cold and clear.

December 22 - Lost in the mixed doubles in a desparate finals. They sure did the tennis up great. Loud speaker playing the Chinese marshal music. Special seats arranged for the big wigs including the head of the DSB and certain of the ambassadors. Linesmen referee announcements. Marvelous

arrangements for a sad little tournament. They take such pride in the way they did it. There was a big crowd of the diplomatic community and although we bit the dust it may be worthwhile to be out there competing. We went to the Summer Palace for an enchanting lunch. Just four at a courtyard restaurant. All by ourselves, excellent food. And then a walk near the frozen lake with people skating. Beautiful sights. We must go back more and more. Kuo drove us through a teaming part of the city back to Sun Li Tun and the USLO. The USLO kids party was fine. Lots of different faces. Colors from around the world. Snoopy brought Christmas to Peking. Al Reilly and company worked very hard on the play. Chistmas lights. I asked Mr. Wong whether they wouldn't like to take home some of the surplus sandwiches. I phrased it as carefully and tactfully as I could knowing the answer would probably be "no." He said, "Thank you very much." We went upstairs and there were all the sandwiches in plastic bags in the icebox. The panda cake Mr. Sun made for Al Reilly was just great. The house looks increasingly dirty. The rugs simply cannot stay clean. And now with candy wrappers, peppermint sticks, sandwiches all mixed in with Coke and Beer, it's a real mess. I closed all the doors. Went to bed last night and walked out without even peaking to see what it looks like in the day.

December 23, 1974 - the visit to the Street Revolutionary Committee -- 57,000 people, 18,000 homes, 8 different kinds of factories. We went into three homes in a little courtyeard - barren and cold. Clean as a whistle. Dirt in the courtyards. No grass. Nice little trees that probably look

beautiful in the summer. Modest houses - one with man and wife, man recovering from cancer, retired, wife working. Their three children off in some other place we didn't see. We didn't see a bathroom the whole time. Must be one communal head for each courtyard. Went to one of the hi-rises. The apartments were a little better. This one had one of the leaders. The hard sell was on, the revolutionary line - "before the Revolution things were bad and how Chairman Mao made it possible and they are healthy." One woman with three generations and who apparently was on display for John Small of Canada as well. It is hard to tell how many layers of authority really exist and how happy the arrangement is. The children do look healthy there. We did see the little clinic where they can get free or very cheap medical care. The woman at the clinic did say we used to do this for free and now we are paid. But you see the old women making flowers reporting after their housework is finished. And in a rather dreary cold room. And one can't see how this contributes to enormous. You respect the discipline, you respect the order, you respect the progress but you question the lack of gaiety, the lack of creature comforts, the lack of freedom to do something different. Really cold at the street committee. Bitting wind. Remarkable how things change. In the afternoon the wind dies and it wasn't cold at all. I thanked Mr. Ren our new translater for a good job of interpretation. Instead of saying that you he said, "Much to be improved." This self-criticism is fine but there is a certain lack of graciousness. Mr. Wong on the other hand handles it with a great deal more finesse.

Ambassador Annon(?) of Thailand, an old friend, came to see me. He

was here on a trade and political mission to see Chiao Kuan Hua that afternoon. They are talking relations.

Bryce Harland of New Zealand told me Annon would probably not come by. Annon was interested in the Martinique communique, whether there was a shift in the French position, away from their abstention position at the UN. In other words, Ford and Giscard d'Estaing came out for negotiation between the parties and he thought this was a shift in the French position. Word came in that Chiao Kuan Hua has accepted our dinner invitation for December 27 and will let us know who else will be with him and his wife. Ah for the difference in customs.

Dinner on the twenty third at the Sick Duck. Course after course of duck including the webbing and the feet, the brain served handsomely.

December 24, 1974 - Christmas Eve in Peking. The British carolers under John Boyd practiced and practiced and then the big day and they circulated around to about six or eight embassies. They came to the USLO at 6:00. Excellent, marvelous looking group of people, all ages - kids, old people, four-part harmony. Terrific.

Martha Holdridge had run into men from a "friendship group" from the United States. These groups are often far left, Maoist types. This one was mixed. The leader, Mr. Star, Museum Director from Milwaukee, seemed fine. Some of his compatriots were wild. One started telling me there was no freedom of the press in the United States and started saying that China was right, castigating Israel and the Middle East. I started to argue, made the point that there was, made the point that there was much more freedom of the press in the States than here, and then realized, "My heavens, it's Christmas Eve. What am I arguing with this nut for."

We went to the little Christmas Eve service - all in Chinese. Glorious Christmas hymns, first-class. Strange feeling - missing one's own family but feeling close.

Christmas Day I inspected the tunnels. Teng Hsiao Ping and Chiao had brought this us when Kissinger was here. "Has Ambassador Bush seen the caves?" I requested it and we went to a clothing store downtown. We were met at the curb by PLA and street committee people. Into the clothing store. Pushed the button, trap door slid majestically back and down we went into a long, honeycomb of tunnels and big meeting rooms. Girls on display there from the stores practicing what looked like dancing. Show biz but nevertheless giving a feel for what they were doing. Lecture in the committee room as to Mao's doctrine about digging caves deep, about store millets, rifles, do not practice hegemonism. The caves looked pretty primitive, they are supposed to be 25 feet deep. These were under stores in the area - 70 percent of the digging done by women. I asked if tunnel digging was going on right now. They said, "yes." I don't quite bring myself to see it in action. It didn't seem to be that kind of activity going on. There was no sign of a sophisticated filter system. There were drains on all tunnels themselves in the rooms on the bottom. There were air ducts. There was a machine room but again rather primitive. There were bathrooms down there. There were no signs of beds though there was a lot of room. They have no problem with drainage they say. Tunnels stay cool in the summer. Temperature is very comfortable on a summer day.

We had our first Western meal at the house. Turkey, cranberry sauce, tons of vegetables. Mr. Sun doing a first-class job, Peking dust for dessert.

PEKING DIARY

Vol. II

Played tennis with the Chinese pros and some doubles with John Burns and the Italian No. 2. Called home. Couldn't hear the kids except to get the feeling that they had been broken out of the sack at 7:45 a.m. their time. All was well at home. Neil having racked up good marks. Jeb made Phi Beta Kappa officially. Marvin's starring in basketball. All these little mundane things are of tremendous importance here in China. It was funny to see Peking bustling here on Christmas Day. Worlds apart in some ways and yet most of them wished us a happy holiday etc.

* Mother and I went bicycling on Christmas Day. Icy cold but no wind. My hands had gloves on but got really frozen at the ends. We stopped in the British Embassy to wish Ted Youde a Merry Christmas. Cycled around and saw all the embassies near the U.S. Walked over to the Lillys at the end of the day for a whiskey sour. Marvelous family.

Chiao Kuan Hua coming for dinner on the 27th. Enormous activity in our house on the twenty-fifth. I went down into the kitchen at the end of the day thinking Wang and company were gone but there was Wong and Chung and Sun sitting in the pantry all with their fingers in one big bowl pulling away and shredding shark skin. Mr. Wong said they wanted it to be excellent and it would take two hours extra work. Mother offered Wong Christmas presents in the morning all wrapped saying that in our country it is a custom to give presents to those we like. Mr. Wong respectfully and politely turned it down. Mrs. Tang had indicated that they might take the presents if they were small but certainly they would not be resented if they were offered. Our USLO kids played hockey down at the

Russian embassy. Being whipped by the Russian kids. There are hockey games every Sunday for the Russian kids versus an international team. Sports really are marvelous for getting across political lines. It is hard to equate the decency, kindness, humor, gentility of the people of China with some of the rhetoric aimed against the United States. I think back to our own recent experience. World War II. We sought no territory. We were trying to defeat a common enemy. We came to help and yet we are bitterly attacked and lumped in with those who tried to colonialize and pillage. We are the empirialist.

Off to the Great Wall on the 26th. Ming Tombs. Cold day but a beautiful sun drenched picnic inside one of the tombs. The air is exhilarating out at the Wall. Crisp and clear. Cold but not unbearable. There was no wind that day. In a way China is a very backward country. I have never seen so many mule-drawn wagons, overloaded with hay, bamboo, all kinds of primitive looking carts. I don't know what would happen if they ran into some kind of war situation. They would obviously have to clear the streets. Just a few miles past Peking it is very very primitive.

I went to the Nepal National Day. The Nepalese ambassador was genuinely pleased to see me there. I had a good visit with many of different ambassadors. It was a typical kind of an evening with the Chinese officials with the Nepalese ambassador off at one end sitting, and the others milling around. Madame Ch'ing, Chiao Kuan Hua's wife, was by herself at the doors so I had a good chat with her. Chiao was up at the front end with the Nepalese. Hordes of Chinese eating like mad at the little table, and the ambassadorial corps milling around. It is not a very pleasant way to mix.

But one can cruise through the room in a hurry saying hello and getting to know one's fellow diplomats. On the way to the Wall I picked up a hacking cough. It seemed like it came from breathing in dust. That night it blossomed into a full scale case of the flu.

December 27 - in bed. Fever about 100.5. Tons of great fresh orange juice. Decision having to be made as to whether to cancel the dinner for Chiao Kuan Hua. I decided to go ahead with it in spite of feeling rotten. Six Chinese, three Bushes counting Aunt Marge, and the Holdridges will be there. Mr. Sun has gone through the darnest orgy of preparations you have ever seen. The menu is something to behold. And the concern has got to be unsurpassed. I did a little reading but most of the time I just slept - tired and aching.

Out of the sack. Fever dropped at four thirty miraculously. Then fantastic dinner prepared by Mr. Sun. Pigeon eggs, swallow nest soup, crisp duck, shark skin (yang gou style?), stuffed mushroom, grilled chicken, mushroom and fresh bamboo shoots, steamed pancakes, rice, sugar and white fungus and a lot of mao tai. It was a great evening. Chiao Kuan Hua was in good form - relaxed. His wife Ch'ong did a lot of interpreting. In addition, we had Mr. Chiu from the Protocol office and his assistant Mr. Tong, both very warm, friendly kinds of guys. And two from the American and Oceanic Department, Mr. Ting Yuan and Chou Che Wa who was supposed to serve as interpreter. The dinner went well. We had a lot of good warm discussion with Chiao Kuan Hua. Chiao telling me at the end that Rumsfeld had told him we ought to stay in very close contact. I told him I would like to do more of that and all he had to do was say when. I didn't want

to impose on him but I was available. We talked about the Middle East, the Japanese situation. I told him I was going to Pakistan which he thought was good. Madame Chong brought up the point that Moynihan had applied to come to China which seemed strange in light of the fact that he had held a press conference in India recently saying that he didn't understand why so many people were going to China when it was a dictatorship. We talked at length about whether the relationship had deteriorated between the United States and the PRC. Chiao insisting it had not. They arrived at 7 and left around 10. Sat around after dinner in the living room chatting. Discussing these affairs of state. It was the most interesting evening I have had since I have been in China by far. The Holdridges joined us. John Holdridge was excellent speaking Chinese and entering in on substantive points.

make it
in town

December 28 - all day in bed. Good opportunity to get caught up on writing letters. Finished the Centennial by Michener. Almost finished Thunder Out of China by Teddy White. Time to reflect. Their coverage of the news. The Blue News with its supposedly "straight" coverage - yet they are quoting us voluminously from the Guardian and other weird American publications that no one ever heard of, thus giving credibility to the line. Red News - blatant propaganda. Softened in its overtones against the United States, certainly from the olden days, but nevertheless they are openly critical. China is playing a delicate game. They want to be able to criticize us to make gains for their Third World position and yet they need this relationship. It seems like they are walking a tightrope. They went too far in the archaeological exhibit but I don't

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think they realized it. Insisting that the Israeli, ROK, South African and Taiwan journalists not attend. They can push these things too far. They are sensitive to British criticism. Chiao Kuan Hua mentioning Jenkins' speeches. They are sensitive to affronts -- their being concerned about the opening of the consulates and putting an ambassador into Taiwan. But they think nothing of slamming us hard in public fora. I say they thing nothing of it. I am sure they balance it out and decide they have to do this to maintain their revolutionary credentials and to clearly establish themselves as the leader of the Third World. It is rather awesome to think what would happen if China and Russia ever got back together closely again.

From this vantage point that seems unlikely, at least in the foreseeable future. The graciousness is there - Chiao's comments to mother last night: One of the reasons he was anxious to come was that he had enjoyed his visit to Connecticut, he had seen our family and it meant a great deal to him - what he saw in our family life. They are attentive to details. The Foreign Minister knew I had won a prize in the tennis tournament and on a more substantive basis that Moynihan had applied for a visa. I have the feeling that what we do is very accurately reported to them. Mr. Wong was offered Christmas presents by mother. He turned them down. And it seemed to me he bent over backwards so as not to hurt her feelings. He made clear that he understood the spirit in which she had offered the presents. Enormous pride in their work, in personal attention. Wong particularly. And yet they don't kill themselves in terms of housework, in keeping this place shining etc. Wong does and Sun takes enormous pride in his cooking, but the others I don't think are going to knock themselves out over the cleaning

detail. Perhaps it is the domestic servitude, being a domestic servant is not a calling in keeping with the equality of the masses etc. I wonder how these campaigns like the campaign for Confucius and Lin really settled with the average worker. A Belgian renegade, who fled to the North Koreans and Chinese during Korea and came to China and has lived here for twenty years, reported great disenchantment in the factories with the indoctrination and propaganda and low standard of living etc. He claims it is widespread. Yet control is such that you might not know about all this.

Most of Sunday spent recovering from cold. In the house. Did have dinner at the Cheng Du Restaurant with Ambassador and Mrs. Vixseboxse of Holland. They had both been here in Peking in 1948 or 9 and in south China before that. Cheng Hu Restaurant used to be the home of a former head of the Republic. Courtyard after courtyard. Very good Szechuan food.

Monday, 30th - left for Shanghai with mother and Aunt Marge. Plane took off around 10 o'clock. A Boeing 707. Every seat taken except two in tourist. One between mother and me thank heavens. Easy one and a half hour flight. Met by the travel service people - a Mr. Lou(?) and a Miss Soon(?) along with the responsible person Mr. Ling. They pointed out that we would have two cars out of courtesy -- one a Red Flag into which I ceremoniously piled with the responsible person Mr. Low(?). The ladies coming along behind into Shanghai. We stayed at the Jaing Jing, a beautiful old hotel. I had a beautiful living room with several brightly colored overstuffed chairs and the ever present antemacassas there. It had a large bedroom with two beds and a very nice bath. Mother and Aunt Marge each

from the first day we were in the hotel - either dining or anywhere else.

We never saw anyone on our floor. The hotel has a beautiful entrance. M

Sweeping - you could picture carriages or cars whipping up to the entrance years ago. Food excellent. They asked if we would like the meals prepared and then ordered them and provided them European Plan. Seven yuan per person per day (\$3.50 for 3 days - not bad). The food at lunch and supper was excellent. In the afternoon we did some sightseeing. Looking over bustling Shanghai from the rooftop of another hotel and then heading to the Children's Palace, the large emporium looking like a school where kids come and after school to practice various arts. They had painting classes, model building, Morse Code, dancing, all kinds of athletics. We were greeted by two boys and two girls both of whom had very good English. They said "My name is...." and then gave the name. That proved to be the extent of their English. We went to the inevitable cup of tea in the reception room and two of the kids gave little propaganda speeches about how they were fulfilling to the best of their ability the tasks set out for them by Chairman Mao etc. The propaganda was ever present. The dances, the songs, the puppet show all propaganda, all soldiers liberating Tiger Mountain, and their people with bayonets and their red flags prancing across the stage just like the show we saw with Kissinger and like the one we saw later that night. At the end the responsible person asked that we extend our friendship to the American people. There was a little wrestling and fighting in the corridors. The head man came across a couple of wrestling young kids. He very politely and firmly picked them up. They jumped back against the wall, embarrassed that they had been caught wrestling.

Back to the hotel for dinner after a day that was much more than we expected. Eight degree centigrade as we got off the plane. I collapsed and for forty minutes was out like a light with my cold. I had a bourbon with hot water and then proceeded to the cultural performance that was almost a direct repeat of the Kissinger show. To give you an idea, the titles of some of the acts were "Truck Drivers meet Chairman Mao," "Buckets Displayed by Commune Members Showing Soil from the Commune," "Famous Battles 1000 Years Ago," "The Hon Versus the Chew," or "Song of Tractor Drivers," "I Contribute My Bit to the Exploration of Oil," "Baritone Solo to be Loaded with Friendship to Carry Abroad by Sailors in China-made Ships," "The Compatriots in Beloved Taiwan are our Kith and Kin (beloved brothers)" - done by eight cellos. Next a lady singer, "I Contribute my Bit in Production of Grains and Cottons to the Motherland." Next one - "Red Star will Show Me How to Fight," and "I Present Presents to Chairman Mao." Next a soprano voice "So Much to Praise in Mao's Favor." Next one, "The Red Sunshine had Lighted Up the Platform Around the Steel Furnace," a violin number. Another one - "Long Live Chairman Mao, Long Live the CCP."

January 15, 1975 - Moynihans depart (rest of segment on tape not recorded).

second side:

I am thinking about the basic conservatism of the regime in China. Our academicians don't understand it, but because of Russia China worries about the left, they worry about the Communist parties in Europe, they worry about the Communist parties in Europe, they worry about the Communist party in Japan. I think they are convinced we don't seek hegemony, we don't seek territory, and thus they are caught on the horns of a dilemma. They want a

strong US, they want a strong Japan close to the US, they want a moderating presence of the US in the subcontinent or certainly a relationship that would give us some leverage there in order to moderate. They obviously want US troops in Europe for a strong NATO and publicly they are not able to be out front for these goals. There is a certain decency and culture about the Chinese. It has enormous appeal. How they could have been exploited for so many years is hard to understand. And how they could have conducted their own internal affairs for so many years, without any regard to what the people felt, clearly makes one understand today though why we get the incessive propaganda, incessive references to the masses.

December 31 - Spent the morning in Shanghai at the industrial complex. Shanghai Industrial Exhibition. It is a good way to see the number of industries they have in Shanghai. My overall impression is that I am less impressed with their technological skills. Indeed in automobiles and compressors and generators they are way way behind the United States. But more pride - and the distance they have come in a relatively short period of time. The director of the exhibition showed us through and there were a lot of bright, proud girl guides pointing out various features of the exhibit. They have come a long way baby!

It is difficult to ascertain through questions exactly how much is being done in each of the various fields. In oil exploration I notice the catamaran drilling ship. It looked like an exact replica of the first ~~one~~ ever built and that was our Nola vessel. A lot of groups going through.

A lot of Eastern Europeans, Australians, mostly of the so-called

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friendship variety. A lot of the things in which they take the most pride, computer driven machines etc. appear to me almost non-competitive with U.S.-made products of this nature. Their trucks made me think of the Laturno plant years ago, only without as good finishing and welds and that kind of thing. The textiles of course are beautiful and I assume quite competitive. I get the feeling that there is an increase in photography in China and also in the sale of Chinese watches and televisions although they are not two TVs in every courtyard as yet. Much more color in Shanghai. Women are much more feminine. Perhaps because it's not as cold. Mr. Law, the travel translator, came in and explained that on our arrangements for Woosung there were two options. The 7:30 p.m. train to Woosung was not available so we could go at 5:40 p.m. tonight, spend the night at Woosung, but it would rush us this afternoon, or leave at 7:30 a.m. the next morning. We took option two. Yesterday he presented me with two options for sightseeing in Shanghai. Mr. Law is a two-option man. Both of them usually acceptable.



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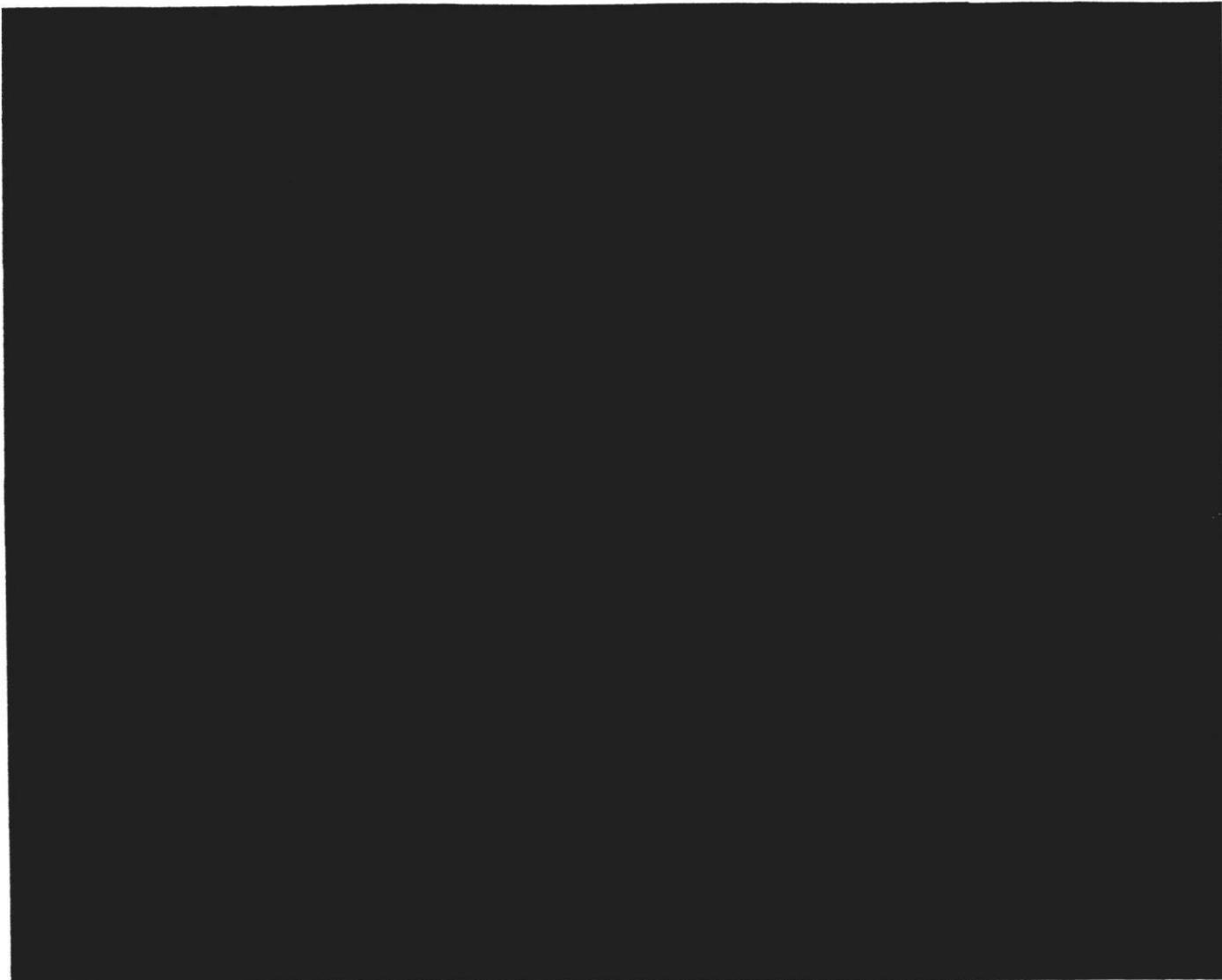
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Thursday night I was feeling weak. I flew as far as Chicago. Spent the night at Chicago. Went on to Honolulu to the Atherton's apartment for 24 hours. Friday 2 p.m. Honolulu time to 2 p.m. Saturday. Wonderful respite and it made the adjustment easier on the Peking end. Saturday the long flight to Toyko where Jim Jodgson was out to chat with me during the hour and a half lay over between Northwest and Tokyo run into Peking. Arrived Peking at midnight on Sunday Peking time - the one hour day change.

Bar and Mr. Kuo were out to greet me at the airport. It was cold but not as bitter as I had feared. The next day and all that week were perfect. My only business February 10 was Ambassador Eduardo Valdez of Peru came to call. He is a proud Marxist though differentiating between that and Communism apparently. We did not talk about that. He came to tell me he was leaving for Peru. The rest of the week was spent resting up.

Chinese Lunar New Year started a great three day holiday, February 11, 12 and 13 (Tuesday through Thursday). There was a marvelous family festival. The streets were quiet but families were out walking; mother, father and children, grandparents. During these festivals families get together and visit. There is some gift exchanging though not too much of an outward manifestation of this. The weather was perfect. The parks were full. Bar and I bicycled downtown. A few stores were open such as the markets. The markets were arranged with the fruits and vegetables all making beautiful designs. Grubby market but fantastic presentation of the foods.

I keep getting reminded how much a part of the Chinese culture food is. Mr. Sun was glad to see me back, I think, as was Mr. Wong. The food again perfection in our house as far as we are concerned. The tangy beef is a dark brown sauce cooked with ~~oranges~~ has got to be the greatest. Played tennis with Akwei on both Wednesday and Thursday - still very weak. But again the friendship of the few Chinese that I know comes through. Mr. Wong at the tennis club gave me a warm welcome. Bar is taking Chinese shadow-

boxing Fridays and Wednesdays but I can't do it because it comes early in the morning and I just don't want to break this limited amount of routine that we have here in the office.

Bryce Harland of New Zealand came for lunch on Wednesday. He speculates ceaselessly about what is happening in China and how the United States' relations with China are. Most agree that nothing bad has happened to us out of the Nationalist People's Congress which was held in total secrecy. Amazing that several thousand people could be in and out of town and none of the diplomatic community really know it. After the Congress there is great analysis going on as to whether the Shanghai gang were down-graded or whether the youth have been set back. Teng Hsiao Ping and Chang Chun-Chiao both emerge in strengthened positions as does Chou En Lai. The big fascination is what is happening with Chairman Mao who did not attend. There is a lot of discussion about this all the time. Thursday night we went to the Russian Embassy where Tolstikov showed a movie of the defense of Stalingrad. Not too bad although the acoustics were impossible. The translation was almost unintelligible. I bought two beautiful old mandarin coats for Johnnie and Ray Siller, thanking them for Alfalfa. One hundred dollars a piece. The most fantastic stitching work you have ever seen.

The week got increasingly warmer. The days almost light-sweater temperature at mid-day. The dust has not started blowing as I am told it will all spring.

I returned from the States worried about the mood on the Hill and in the White House. There is a pessimism and a down quality that is not befitting

our country. The Hill worries to some degree about the seniority system but really our people there worry about "having no answer" and seeing criticism of the President. The State Department worries about whether they will be able to keep commitments. I am wondering what other governments will say if they see us make commitments and then have the Congress undo them. There has got to be close cooperation or something to guarantee that we can keep our commitments. The mood was gloomy at State over Vietnam and Cambodia and there seems no will by the Congress to fulfill commitments already made. Time will tell. All of that in some way affects our work here in China.

When I was home Scotty Reston wrote a piece saying that while Bush is cycled around Peking they had less contact with the Chinese. I called him and told him this was not true. For indeed we are having more contact according to the USLO people than Mr. Bruce had. Not near as much as we'd like. I mentioned to Huang Chen in Washington that I would like very much to meet some of the political leaders as he was meeting them in Washington. He indicated that if I took that up with the Foreign Office that would be possible. Very interesting. I don't believe it will happen but I certainly think it is worth a try. It seems to me that one thing we could do here is to have more contact with the future leaders of China. We do have as much as other embassies but not as much as I would like. Gabon embassy has moved in across the street. When I see the makeshift arrangements they have to go through, I am thankful for the organized way in which the United States approaches things with our DSO Admin people etc. The poor guy sitting up there with three kids, three or four other black associates - carpets rolled up and nothing much happening. During one of our holiday walks Bar and I had Fred with us and the parents had their children out

to watch him, at first terrified and then friendly. My stomach is recovering.

Friday, February 14 - first day following the celebration of the Year of the Rabbit. Mainly catch up. Luncheon - many Chinese dishes for the new arrivals. The Quenans and Saltsers with children - both in communications. A visit with the British journalist, Peter Griffiths, a new Reuters man in town. All want to know about Taiwan. All want to know if President Ford can come here without solving the Taiwan question. All want to know whether our relationship is going to hell. I try to be candid with them to the degree of saying I am not at liberty to talk about Taiwan so let's talk about subjects we can. They wanted to know about the cancellation of the grain contract with Cook which will guarantee a much lower amount of sales from the U.S. to China in '75. I told him I did not feel this was political, but rather dictated by economic circumstances, balance of payments, large Chinese crop, overall balance 9-1 in favor of U.S. They continue to buy Canadian and Australian wheat but they have long-term governmental commitments here, where commitments with us are to private companies and they are not long-term. Time shot by - feeling a little better although weak at the end of the day at 5:30 which is certainly not long hours. Beginning to hear more of Mao's campaign on the dictatorship of the proletariat, a line that is being interpreted by some as Mao getting back because of his unhappiness with the outcome of the People's Congress - a strange world.

Off to the opera tonight, "Azalea Mountain" - in the Hunan border area. All about a party member Kuo Sing(?), a female who is captured by the enemy,

rescued by the peasant self-defense force, then becomes the party representative to the force, teaching them about Mao's work etc. The old landlords strike back but Kuo sees through the vicious plot of the enemy. The party triumphs and the peasants triumph. The viper is defeated, the self-defense force joins with the main forces, they do away with the viper, the self-defense forces merge into the worker peasant revolutionary army and they go off to meet Mao. A nice light evening! The opera was full. The diplomats sat in the front of the hall, with a few of the Chinese dignitaries -- the head of the DSB and a few others. Wide representation of ambassadors there. The opera was purely propaganda but people pointed out to me that the rolling of the eyes, the posturing, the posing, the singing with the voice going in and out, was all a carry-over from the old opera. The opera was too much, as it talked about the comrades and the party representative coming and teaching the workers and the peasants how to do their thing. The party representative was the great hero and all the peasants seemed too dolce for a while but then they took her leadership and straightened things out. Granny Tu is captured and her son, in trying to save Granny Tu, didn't listen to the party representative and fell into a trap. There is no lightness in the opera. Some of the movement, the ballet, the gymnastics were fantastic, the staging was highly professional with rain scenes and marvelous staging effects, but the message was heavy all the time.

Saturday, February 15 - Another clear and beautiful day. The weekend,

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DOCUMENT NO. AND TYPE	SUBJECT/TITLE	DATE	RESTRICTION	CLASS.
03. Redaction	Redaction of one and a half paragraphs from Peking Diary (REDACTED PAGE FOLLOWS) (1 pp.)	2/15/75	C	
COLLECTION George Bush Personal Papers China File				
FILE LOCATION Peking Diary Volume II		OA/ID Number		
		Date Closed	10/19/99	

RESTRICTION CODES

Presidential Records Act - [44 U.S.C. 2204(a)]

P-1 National Security Classified Information [(a)(1) of the PRA]
 P-2 Relating to the appointment to Federal office [(a)(2) of the PRA]
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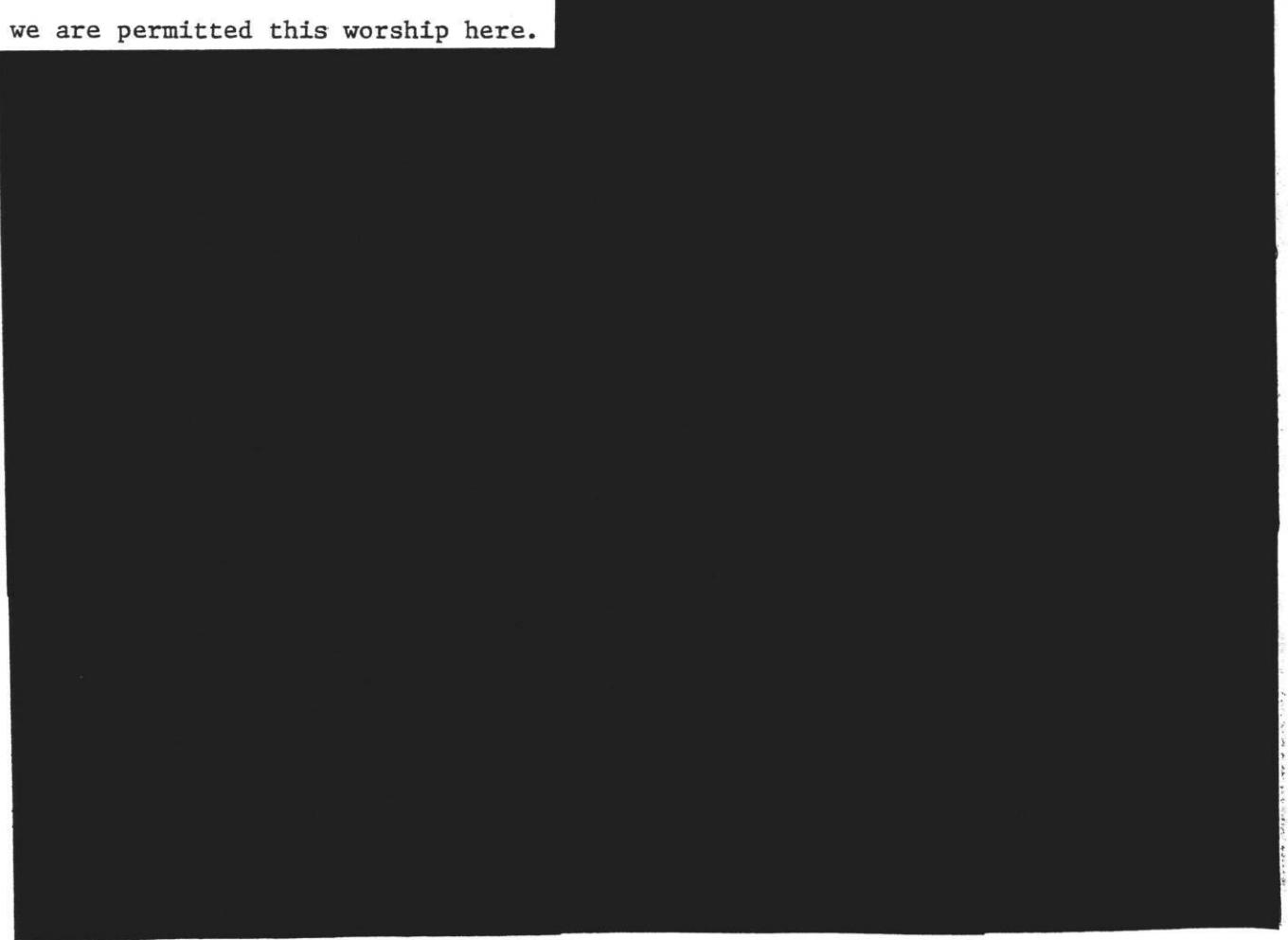
PRM. Closed as a personal record misfile.

Freedom of Information Act - [5 U.S.C. 552(b)]

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George Washington's birthday, celebrated only by USLO, was a good one. Saturday we went shopping downtown, played tennis -- the three Chinese and I (the three young ones, very competitive). It is funny how sports bridge the political gap. Somalia showed a highly propagandistic movie about the OAU, many references to imperialism. One gets immune to those around here and certainly at the UN. Went to lunch with the Ambassador of Ghana, Akwei; a very nice but tremendously heavy luncheon of great Ghanaian and African food. Corn meal - many dishes etc.

On Sunday we went to church - a little church service with about 10 people in the audience plus three or four Chinese. Communion service every day. They seem genuinely glad to see us back. It is good that we are permitted this worship here.



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Weather continued good through the weekend. The 17th was George Washington's Birthday. I went downtown and did some shopping. Amazing theater shop down there has amazing antiques all mixed in with a bunch of junk but nevertheless there are some marvelous old copper things, bronzes, some porcelains and one just wishes he had limitless resources in order to purchase things. They had dresses on display for the Chinese to look at, various models, all rather pristine, frocked looking dresses with numbers on them. The Chinese were allowed to look at the dresses and then they could record which they thought was best. It looks like they are going to have some summer fashions here in Peking. They were not striking, they showed the figure a little bit, and they were rather prime and pristine but nevertheless different colors and rather attractive. It will be interesting to see whether they really blossom out in these dresses come summer. I then cycled over to the tailor shop where Ambassador Bruce had bought some suits. I picked out some excellent fabric. Prices very reasonable. The }

best fabric in the store was \$15 or 30 k'uai per yard. It was excellent stuff. A suit out of that will cost \$65 tailor-made to my specification. I bought two suits and a white coat. I left them a hundred k'uai (\$50) and the man said, "You can pay the rest when we finish." I am going to take down a model - one of my own jackets - and they will tailor the suit exactly that way, as to pleats and everything else. Sounds like a marvelous arrangement. I was impressed as I cycled along about the cleanliness of the streets. The street cleaners go by whirling up dust all the time but when they leave it, there are very few sticks, no wrappers, no papers lying around for the most part. Peking is kept clean in terms of human litter.

People universally stare of course everywhere one goes. I am wearing my PLA army hat, my marborough country wool jacket, sometimes my Chinese overcoat. The diplomats look askance at this informality or at least some do. But on the other hand I get the feeling that the Chinese like the feeling that the U.S. ambassador is not some stuffy guy above everyone else. In fact I am quite confident of this though not absolutely positive. We prefer not to use our car when we go to the International Club three blocks away but I notice our African neighbors all driving up in Mercedes with the flags flying. I like to see the American flag flying here in China both on the flag pole and on the car going around town. But I think it is a little inconsiderate to the driver to have him come all the way in, wait three hours to take us home three blocks.

The staff is doing very well. Mr. Wong continuing to be the supervisor, a marvelous fellow. I showed him the moon landing, he and Sun and Chen the other day on the VTR. They were absolutely amazed. They stayed

glued to their chairs throughout the whole performance. I asked Mr. Wong if the staff would all like to bring their children to watch cartoons if we ever got them and they said they certainly would like to do that. He is the politest guy and the best fellow. On Monday George Washington's birthday I had the Kuwait chargé Al-Yagout and his wife Madria. She is going back to Kuwait to have a baby and then had the Boustanys, the Lebanese ambassador and his wife for lunch. Mr. Sun put on a beautiful Chinese lunch, a very relaxed informal way to entertain. The round table set downstairs in the bright, cheery living room. They seemed to enjoy it.

After lunch I worked at the desk both morning and afternoon, then went to the Yugoslavian film which was a Richard Burton story of how Tito and his troops broke through the German wall during World War II. The Nazis came out real bad and we were sitting next to Gurd Ruga (?), the German correspondent. The British as a matter of fact did not do too well either. They just sat around and didn't bring aid to Tito and Tito said, "Well we won't owe anybody anything after this is over, since you haven't brought us the planes." I tried to see Teddy Youde, the British ambassador to see how he took all that. I am sure he takes it in stride just as we do when we are referred to as imperialists all the time. My health is getting better but oddly enough another cold is coming on. People get sick alot in Peking. The weather is not that bad but there is something that causes a lot of flu, a lot of common colds, a lot of dragging down. I don't think it is diet because when I am well here I feel really well. I am beginning to put back on some weight and I believe the amoeba is officially dead.

This week I am starting on a new offensive to have more of the

Chinese back. I am going down my protocol call list with the Minister of Sports, the Minister of Information, etc. and am going to invite them back. In addition, I am supposed to call on Chiao Kuan Hua. We must find ways to increase our contacts with the Chinese. It is a really frustrating part of this job that we cannot see more of them informally, socially etc. But I believe they will come. And I am determined to make more of an effort in this. The diplomatic calls are going very well. The main thing is to get more of the Chinese contact.

Side light. The Voice of America is good but I have never heard of so much news that I would rather have replaced by some real domestic news from home. You just don't get the depth or the feel of the news out here, either from the wireless file or from the Voice of America. Hard as they try and valuable as both services are. I am amazed when I went back to the States at the malaise, the tearing down of institutions, the discouragement there and none of this one can really pick up from news broadcasts this far away. I have more confidence in our country than the mood that was prevailing back home would have one believe one should have. But nevertheless I assume that it is because of the way the Congress has started and of course the tremendous problems of inflation and recession at the same time, particularly with high unemployment.

Since for

It is a tough situation we are in but I am confident that this country can and will prevail. We just must not lose sight of our own perspective and of our own *raison d'etra* as a nation. So much of the world depends on the United States, so much depends on our own self-confidence in our own ability to cope. If we project this confusion and failure and

discouragement it will show up all around the world. People wonder anyway when they see commitments unkept. I think of Cambodia and I think of Vietnam and I think of what that means to the Chinese government and others as they see us unable to fulfill commitments made. I happen to be concerned about Cambodia and Vietnam and think the American people don't care about them anymore. But that isn't the point. The point is that if we make a commitment we ought to keep it. We must deal straight forward so we can have trust. I hope that the Chinese continue to trust the United States. It is important to our relationship that they believe what we say and that we deal truthfully and openly and honestly with them. In spite of the fact that they in history did not always deal direct, much of their dealings have traditionally been through nuances and in great subtleties. I don't think we must adopt the same method in dealing with them. We must be Americans. We must be what we are. We must be sure they understand what we are. And that we not be devious or be indirect in dealing with them. I think they would appreciate it if we are more frank. End of George Washington's Birthday, Monday, February 17, 1975.

Tuesday, February 18 - relaxed day at the office. Some friction in the office between Jennifer and the other girls. They seem to be against political people in the system and she feels they are too much for regulations and unhelpful, gossipy etc. I hate these kinds of problems. I talked to Blackburn about it and asked him to try to resolve it. Spent some of the day talking to Don Anderson about the Hong Kong situation. Hong Kong has their noses, many of them, pressed up against into the PRC and there seems to be some competition between Hong Kong and the USLO. There shouldn't be.

Both are necessary. Both perform necessary functions. I am amazed at how much analysis goes on on so much limited data. The earthquake in Liaoning two weeks ago was reported by the Chinese at 7.3 on the Richter Scale. The ambassador from Canada told me that they reported there because if it had been 7.5 they would have had to call in the Red Cross by international law. They are also predicting an earthquake for Peking.

late 1950's

The Chinese pride themselves on their ability to predict earthquakes by reading water silt levels in wells and all kinds of mysterious techniques. It will be interesting to see if this develops. At the New Zealand embassy there was a reception for C. H. Moyle, the Minister of Agriculture. There I met the Minister of Agriculture of China, a very jovial guy. I introduced myself and two times he asked who I was and what I was doing. I also told him I would like to come see him and he readily agreed to that. I was surprised, not because of me but because of the USLO, that he was as unclear of my role here as he seemed to be, particularly with agriculture being such a big deal. The agricultural sales have fallen off. They cancelled out a tremendous contract with Cook, both corn and grain sales will be way down, reducing our trade rate almost in half. It is not political.

Had a great men's doubles game. I have learned how to keep score in Chinese and how to talk about playing tennis - Da Wang Jiu. In fact I made my first phone call to Mr. Wong to ask him to play tennis. Men's doubles with the young Chinese is really the best form of competitive sport here by far. The kids love it. They are great competitors. Always polite but clearly they like to win. In spite of the dictate prevalent here that the game is the thing. Mother called from the States and I heard her just as clearly as if she were next door. End of February 18.

friendship

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FILE LOCATION		OA/ID Number		
Peking Diary Volume II		Date Closed	10/19/99	

RESTRICTION CODES

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[REDACTED]

In the afternoon Ambassador

Alvie of Pakistan came here. The Paks have a special relationship with the Chinese but at this particular visit I didn't feel that he was far better informed than anyone else around here. The wind and the dust are blowing mightily now - not quite as cold but reminding me of West Texas.

Thursday, the 20th - the ambassador of Gabon, a neighbor, simply returned a call. The Africans here feel somewhat more isolated than the rest I think. They have reasonable contact but little things which are very important to them, such as being able to use the U.S. commissary in Tokyo, seem to be major disappointments here. Many of the ambassadors seem concerned about their lack of contact. In talking to Ambassador Salomies of Finland that afternoon he pointed this out. He made the point that he was impressed with the quality of the diplomatic corps here. He had served in Bern and in Bonn. Although Bonn was terribly active, Bern was more a place where many of the Europeans go for their last assignment - civilized, cultured but not too much activity. He felt that this was the toughest post in the foreign service in one way and yet one of the most interesting. Discussed air routes and said that the Fins had negotiated an air route or are in the process of negotiating with the Chinese. But there was some doubt that the Soviets would let them

fly over Soviet territory and thus nothing would come of it. So many of the airplanes come in here - Air Iran, Pakistan, Ethiopia, etc. with practically no load on them at all. It is amazing to see how they can operate economically. In fact they can't. They probably are looking to a more open future.

Fascinating visit with the Vice Foreign Minister, Wang Hai Jung, who is thought to be the niece of Chairman Mao. Indeed she has had interviews with Mao. We had a far-ranging discussion. She has been a shy little rabbit in many of the meetings, never opening her mouth, but she was in command of this one, along with Nancy Tang and two others from the foreign ministry. She received us in place of the Foreign Minister who was off greeting the frelimmo(?) leaders. She apologized for him and then we had a far-ranging discussion. She seemed to be relaxed, smiling, some jokes, reiterating Chairman Mao's line on self-reliance as far as agricultural goods go and Mao's line about students being able to criticize teachers etc. It was an hour and fifteen minutes interview - far-ranging. I told her what I had been up to in the States. They seemed to feel Mansfield's report was "objective." Indeed in the papers they have been commending the report. Though it is better to have contacts with the Foreign Minister level, I was very pleased with this visit. Some here feel that the report will be sure to go to Chairman Mao because of her special relationship. Good visit with the Ambassador of Finland and then that afternoon Ambassador Tolstikov and wife and Chargeé : Brezhnev and wife plus one interpreter came to our residence to see a screening of the TV tape on Stalingrad. It was a very relaxed visit. Tolstikov

very outgoing - feeling the U.S. came out ahead in the National People's Congress. Tolstikov sits up there in splendid isolation but because of his treatment here by the Chinese he seems to be much more outgoing to Westerners than others. We are developing a good relationship at least in terms of frankness. We exchanged war tales. He is telling me how he met a crew, a man on the Finnish Russian border who had his soldiers walk across a mine field in order to find the mines. He is jovial, friendly, possessed of a good sense of humor. The wives seemed very pleased as Barbara showed them our house. The movie, put together by the British, clips of old German and Russian footage, was very good. It was about 30 minutes. Day ended with dinner at Jim and Sally Lilly's since they were preparing to leave. They had with them a sister from Andover and a brother-in-law and sister of Sally's. They will be missed here - outgoing, very knowledgeable on China, a lot of quality. We had arranged for Mr. Kuo to take us since the wind was blowing and it was colder than hell but I cancelled that and we rode pleasantly over for the six blocks on the bikes. Clear stars and wind down. A rather good way to work off a meal.

Friday we had a big day. We invited Mr. Hsu Huang, the head of the Domestic Service Bureau, over to the USLO for lunch. He came accompanied by two interpreters, one very attractive lady and two functionaries. Hsu Huang has a very difficult job; all ambassadors and embassy types who need apartments, maids, servants, have complaints over anything talk to him. He also is in charge of the International Club. He is a very interesting fellow and seemed to enjoy the lavish eight course meal that Mr. Sun put on for him. We also had a chance to show him on our new VTR machine Nixon's trip. This machine

is great for entertainment and demonstrations to the Chinese. Our problem is the films we've got are not particularly good.

That afternoon Ruggiero of Italy called on me - very pleasant guy who'd been at the UN. Ruggiero is married to an American wife of Hungarian extraction. She has an American child. They want to put him in the American school. I think we can work it out. Peter Stroh, Detroit brewing company, a friend of Tom Devine's, came by with two other guys and we talked business. They had been out to see the breweries and they were most impressed not with the mechanization but with the beer itself. They are living in a belts and shaft age - old breweries that would be well pre-World War II.

Their packaging is terrible. The Japanese on the other hand have the most modern packaging and brewing facilities in the world. But China goes about it in the same old way with excess labor and nevertheless their beer is considered very very good. We enjoy it. It seems lower in carbonation. It's more like a draft beer here and it's excellent. That evening we had dinner with Ambassador Vixseboxse of the Netherlands. Some of the diplomatic evenings are so kind of formal and boring. You sit around afterward and religiously have to wait until 11 o'clock. I wish we could get away from that here. The dinner was good - European style. They had the same help in their house for twenty years. But it just went on and on.

I had an excellent visit with Wang Hai Jung, Chairman Mao's niece, the day before. Saturday my amoeba after effects came back and right in the middle of my meeting with the Bulgarian ambassador. I was seized. I rather diplomatically explained to him to wait, flipped on the VTR machine so he

could see Nixon's coming to China three years ago almost to the day, and whipped into the downstairs men's room, returned weak. Stayed flattened out most of the day but in the afternoon got up and bicycled to the Friendship Store and around. There is so much to see and look at here.

Carpets are real interesting. They are very expensive. We looked at one old one for \$3500 yuan (about \$1700-1800) at the Friendship Store. Prices are going up rapidly right in front of our eyes. The exchange rate when I came here was 1.85 k'uai to the dollar. Yesterday it was about 1.74. Prices in the Friendship Store are going up fast although the staples like food remain pretty much the same. Leather pants for example have almost doubled since looking at the prices and so have some of the porcelains gone up tremendously fast. It is very hard to get any real figures on the Chinese economy. Teng Hsiao Ping greeted the new leaders of Mozambique and keeps escalating the thesis abroad now that the two Super Powers will be at war, that the Super Powers are in chaos, that the world needs revolution. Here is a sample of his writings:

"At present the international situation is excellent. The people of the world are striving forward in this situation characterized by great disorder under heaven. Countries want independence, nations want liberation, the people want revolution. This historical torrent is surging forward irresistably. The two Super Powers which are contending for world hegemony are condemned and opposed ever more strongly by the people of the world, particularly the countries and the people of the Third World, and are having a very tough time in an attempt to extricate themselves from their crises at home and abroad. They are intensifying their contention for world hegemony and stepping up their expansion abroad. Every day they are talking about peace but actually preparing for war. The danger of a new world war is increasing

sub 5/2/72

and the people of all countries must get prepared against this. But looking into the world's future we are full of confidence the people of the world are forging ahead and the factors for revolution are increasing. Whether war gives rise to revolution or revolution prevents war, in either case the future of the world will be bright."

This thesis continues all the time. They always keep talking about the dictatorship of the proletariat. There is some feeling that that is Chairman Mao's push, as opposed to the line of other leaders, but nevertheless there is constant talk about the two Super Powers seeking hegemony. When we have meetings with them these subjects never come up unless we raise them, but there is constant reference to this ideological struggle and they are obviously doing it to get Third World attention and to be champions of the Third World as opposed to the Super Powers. I must say it gets somewhat annoying however at times when we know and they know that they want the United States to remain strong.

cont'd

Saturday was a pleasant day. The Bulgarian ambassador came to call and right in the middle of our conversation I had a slight return to my amoeba problem. Excusing myself rapidly with no embarrassment whatsoever. It's funny how if this had happened to me several years ago I probably would have been blushing and embarrassed and in great agony. But I simply flicked on the VTR set and showed him Nixon coming to China and said, "please excuse me." He seemed to be fully understanding as do experienced people from around this part of the world. I took it easy in the afternoon sleeping. I had been feeling very good and suddenly this thing seemed to catch up with me again. My health is good here, the weather is clear -

beginning to warm a little now, although there has been an awful lot of dust running around in the air.

Sunday, a very relaxed day. Church which we wouldn't miss - 9:30 - and then browsing around the stops at Liulichen, its beautiful porcelain, beautiful paintings and beautiful jade and other historical items. We also went to the carpet shops - carpets in Peking and Tientsin are very good. They are expensive, nothing cheap about them. I am amazed at some of the differences in prices. We bought a little hand-warmer at the Theater Shop the other day for around \$4 and saw the same one for around \$15 today. The rate of exchange is changing. There doesn't seem to be any particular similarity between these prices. The Friendship Store is more expensive than the other stores. We saw these basket ware materials of little animals made out of straw or reed or whatever they are. They are almost twice as much at the Friendship Store as at the little Theater Shop downtown. This afternoon we stopped by for lunch at the International Club. We had juice, noodles, sweet and sour pork, for two and the price was 2 k'uai 80 or about \$1.60 for two. Not bad at all. Language goes slow. Mrs. Tang is the world's politest woman. She has written out all the expressions for tennis. I want to say to Mr. Wong, "You have a good forehand." She is very polite always. In putting it down she put, "You win" and telling me how to say that and then she put "He loses" because it would be impolite I guess to point out "You loose."

9:00

Personal contacts with the Chinese are marvelous. They are always courteous. They are very friendly. Extremely polite. In reading in

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FILE LOCATION Peking Diary Volume II	OA/ID Number Date Closed 10/19/99

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history you see even when they visit people they've put in jail they are that way, or during some of the wars, they have this extreme politeness. But they are certainly tough and strong. They always emphasize principle. "These are on principles." "These are principled."

Dinner with the Lillys on Sunday at the Cheng Du Restaurant. It used to be an old home of the First Republic of China, many courtyards running from one end to the other. Now rather bleak, clean as it can be, with little off the courtyards, many private dining rooms. Food is excellent. We had a dinner for twelve for 137 yuan which included a hot shao shing wine and beer, juice plus many courses. The "standard" was 10 yuan per person. The rest was for the extras. No tipping of course. You don't tip for anything in China. The food was marvelous. Different hot szechuan style dishes - fish, chicken, szechuan noodles, glutinous rice with sesame seeds and on and on. Many many different dishes. Party was a going-away party for Jim Lilly. He had some of his family with him.

The line goes on in the papers about the dictatorship of the proletariat. The diplomatic corps is trying like mad to figure out what the thrust is on this new campaign. You hear much more about it than you do about the anti-Lin or anti-Confucius campaigns since the National Peoples Congress.

Monday, February 24 - the amoeba threatened again, leaving me awfully weak in the morning. I went to the office though and made a call on the [REDACTED] ambassador of Turkey.

[REDACTED]

Withdrawal/Redaction Sheet

(George Bush Library)

DOCUMENT NO. AND TYPE	SUBJECT/TITLE	DATE	RESTRICTION	CLASS.
07. Redaction	Redaction of half a sentence from Peking Diary (REDACTED PAGE FOLLOWS) (1 pp.)	2/24/75	C	
COLLECTION George Bush Personal Papers China File				
FILE LOCATION Peking Diary Volume II		OA/ID Number		
		Date Closed	10/19/99	

RESTRICTION CODES

Presidential Records Act - [44 U.S.C. 2204(a)]

P-1 National Security Classified Information [(a)(1) of the PRA]
 P-2 Relating to the appointment to Federal office [(a)(2) of the PRA]
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C. Closed in accordance with restrictions contained in donor's deed of gift.

PRM. Closed as a personal record misfile.

Freedom of Information Act - [5 U.S.C. 552(b)]

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After that I went for a fitting at Hong Du Tailors where I am having two vests, two suits and a sports coat made. The prices as I mentioned earlier are very reasonable. The people are so interested and helpful. They study everything and go over the fittings very carefully. They had already cut out one of the suits and I had a chance to try it on, carefully fitting and discussing things. They have some beautiful cashmere material in and also a nice wool for a sports coat. I may end up with a whole new wardrobe here after I see how the first ones work out because it's extremely reasonable. Lunch quietly at home with the great Mr. Wong, his enormous courtesy, his laugh, his politeness, his thoughtfulness, his crisp white jacket and his wonderful smile. He told us that he took his child to the movies but that the child became scared in the dark after a period of time. He loves his family and talks about them quite a bit. Afternoon was rather relaxed. Caught up on a tremendous amount of reading of cables. Our xerox machine is out and one wonders what ever went on in offices before the xerox.

Ambassador Small of Canada came to call and then at 5 o'clock we attended a National Day reception for Nepal. These receptions are a little deadly but you do have a chance to move around the room and see all the ambassadors. The Cuban ambassador shook hands today. As a matter of fact we shook once before but he seemed very uncomfortable (At the beauty shop after some small talk, Bar asked his wife where she was from. She said, "Cuba." She asked Bar where she was from. Bar said, "The United States," and she quickly turned away, and would have left the shop if her hair hadn't been wringing wet.)

The North Korean Dean of the Diplomatic Corps did shake hands. Most do seem glad to see us at these receptions. Pakistan was happy for today it sounds like they are getting their arms embargo lifted. Most people, even the Russians and others, are very friendly to us here. The diplomatic community is fairly concise, closely knit and reasonably friendly. Home that night for writing letters.

Pick up dinner, trying to cut down on some of the exotic foods until the tummy gets in shape. Early to bed. I sleep very well here in China, cold at night but for some reason I find as well here as I have any place else. Lots of birds, sparrows, are appearing now in our vines outside of the house. They are the same kind of sparrows that we see in the States and also the same kind that we ate in Shanghai! The facilities in our USLO house are good. The bathtubs are tremendous, shower that I had them put into our room pretty good, water is hot most of the time, toilets in all the bathrooms appropriately named victory.^W That will go with the pliers. *Victory* I think the wallpaper in the hall makes the house look much cheerier now. We still need a bunch more pictures and color around but it is coming along well. Downstairs living room with the bright Chinese yellow that Mrs. Bruce put in is very stylish and bright. A lot of bright cushions around with Tai silk. My little office-den is much brighter now with pictures of astronauts etc. on the wall. I meet the ambassadors there rather than the office which is still a little chilly looking. We are looking around for rugs none of which seem cheap, all of which seem pretty nice however.

February 25 - quiet day. Lunch at home. Interview with George Witwer, Lilly's brother-in-law from Indiana. General Indiana with pictures.

4:30 - courtesy call on Ambassador Klibi of Tunisia. Six to seven Kuwait National Day reception. Driving along the street it is so interesting here. One gets the feeling among other things of strong family ties. One of the misconceptions I had before coming here was that family was no longer important. Yet on the holidays and on any day one gets the strong feeling of family. Grown girls looking after their grandparents. Grown parents looking after their mothers. Children together with parents. The Chinghia (?) holiday was the best for this - seeing all the families with several generations together. Respect for family. Talking about family. Talking about visiting family. All very important. Ambassador Klibi, when he first came here called on the Dean of the Diplomatic Corps, the ambassador of Nepal, who had been here for 10 years. The Nepalese ambassador said, "I have been here for 10 years and I think I know less about the Chinese than when I came." There is this feeling that we are close to the forest but somehow are not seeing the trees. And yet the other side of it is that you do get much more flavor for China being here. You don't know exactly what's going on in the government. They are secretive. The preparations for the National Peoples Congress were done in total secrecy. They are not outgoing. You can't go into their homes and yet you get a general impression of China that you can't get from outside. You see kids slugging it out on the streets, playing, fighting, just as you do in the States. You see little girls doing that funny jump rope game with kind of elastic looking jump-ropes in parallel, low to the ground where their feet weave almost like weaving on a loom. You see young teenagers kind of hanging in together smoking. Men smoke a lot.

You get used to people spitting on the street although I am told that they are working against this. The grayness is beginning to give way a little bit as warm weather approaches. The padding doesn't look quite as great on the clothes, both women's and men's. I am anxious to see summer and spring here. Interesting lunch today. Chicken, a great soup and one of the ingredients was chicken blood. Flesh blood of chicken made into a jelly, almost like a bean curd which was then cut into squares and served. Barbara told me what it was after we finished. I must say it tasted delicious, but I am glad she didn't let me know ahead of time what I was eating.

not fresh
New discovery to go with the orange juice that is served absolutely everywhere in China. A lemon juice. I have got to find out where we get it. Pretty good. Marvelous letter from Marvin, saying things are great. Bar sat and cried as she read it. The kid has had a tough go until the last couple of years when he has really done a first-rate job. He was admitted to the University of Texas, still waiting to hear from North Carolina and Colorado. Basketball going great. His great sentence was, "Johnny Bush is coming down to see a basketball game. You can't help but love a guy that would do a thing like that." I miss the children a lot every day and yet they seem to be holding together. They seem to be getting strength from each other. They spell out their love for their parents. We are very lucky.

I am finding a little more time to study China's history, read about Chairman Mao. There are great inconsistencies in Mao, what he says now and what he used to believe. Nothing too fundamental but time and again one can find them. But come to think of it who shouldn't "change his mind." Off to Tientsin tomorrow to the carpet fair.

February 26 - visit to Tientsin. Left in the car with Mr. Kuo and Jennifer, Bar, Bob Blackburn going to Tientsin. A beautiful drive, a much better drive than we had in the fall. The weather was clear but cold. Much going on in the fields, beginning to see some traces of green there. I am continually impressed by the primitive nature of some of the transport - women, children and men all mixed in with these uniwheel barrels with the wheel in the middle of the barrel - a design I am told is more efficient than ours but they really look weird and they are going off endlessly across the fields with great loads.

One time we came to a place where they were cutting down trees on the road. The manuever was being handled in such a way as to cause a massive traffic block both ways. One major problem appeared to be a horse whose cart was weighted down so tremendously with these great heavy logs that the horse's back legs had buckled. Two lead horses were prancing around, jumping high on their hine legs and this immediately got a massive consultation going. We all jumped out and tried to life the lumber to rid the load off the horse, public service types in Shanghai in front of us were out consulting, many passers-by were consulting, trucks and buses were honking, way out in the middle of nowhere. Finally the horse moved off the road and traffic crept through the block.

The kids all looked so healthy as we go along and the people look well fed. You just don't see malnourishment in Tientsin for example. You see a lot of people. They crowd around your car unbelievably in no time at all. There are staring mobs touching the car, right up against it. A couple of young kids recognized us as American and so stated. Before you could even

get out of the car there would be 40 or 50 people gathered around. Polite but staring with eyeballs almost popping out of the head. Kids grabbing their friends and pointing. Parents grabbing their kids and pointing. It caused great concern. Went to the Canton Carpet Factory No. 1 and I was delighted we did it. We saw the masterful craftsmen at work. The endless personal labor that goes into one of these Tientsin carpets is amazing. I am dying to have one. The prices are pretty high. Around \$1800 k'uai I believe for a 9 x 12. We also went to the Carpet Fair where we saw carpets displayed from all over China - Tientsin, Peking, Shanghai and then northeast China - Dairen as well. We bought a couple of oriental type Chinese carpets which turns out to have been made in Peking but they were out of stock.

We discussed the trade with the United States and Mr. Chu from Tientsin and Mr. Hsu from Peking reviewed carpet trade. They pointed out that many older Americans knew the value of Chinese carpet but since trade had been cut off for so long the younger people in the United States didn't know. They did not discuss most favored nations. They did talk about price differential between what they pay in Peking and what the carpets are actually sold for in the United States. I told them that we wanted to encourage trade between China and the United States in carpets.

I had a very good lunch at a good Tientsin restaurant - four or five dishes but the price was little higher than those we have been paying in Peking, 37 k'uai (roughly \$20 for four) although it was an excellent lunch. Ride [?] service for the day cost 10 k'uai (a little more than \$5) and the car for the day in Shanghai cost 18 k'uai (roughly \$10 or \$11). Not bad. All along the

Tientsin road you see endless lines of carts with one horse or donkey with a little tiny one running in front. Or with two or three horses with a little tiny one in front. The little one is always alone either tethered with the others or just sitting there.

The thing that is impressive in the Tientsin - Peking run is the number of livestock going by - a whole bunch of chickens on the back of the guy's bike, or pigs. Today seemed to be pig day. They were tethered on the back of these wheel-barrels, or tricycle operated bike type machines. Many of the carts looked overloaded with hemp. Here is a pig tied on the back of a bicycle - two big baskets underneath him with the pig stretched out. It looks like he's been sedated across the back of the bike. Still some ice in the ditches along the side of the highway. When the horse manure or donkey manure hits the streets its only a few minutes before somebody coming along behind them scoops it up, puts it into a basket and hauls it off probably for their own plots in communes or for the fields themselves. The streets are unusually clean in the cities and outside. Very little litter, very little trash. These things are great successes of this society. I am continually amazed by these carts. As soon as people pile on the back of them, they immediately fall asleep. It seems to me that that is part of the ingredient of riding the Chinese cart - no matter what the load is and how many animals, what condition, how much honking, how much traffic, they promptly fall asleep on the back of the truck, feet sticking out oblivious to the world, in padded coats in cold weather or warm.

A site between these two cities is these separate adobe brown colored

looking villages that look like they haven't changed in a couple of thousand years. Baked brick and then smoothed over by a brown mud on the outside. Set back from the street. People working away at them. One dusk there was a whole group of neighbors up putting on a straw thatched roof on one house. It looked like a big communal project - all helping out. Groups of older wrinkled Chinese men sitting around playing some kind of Chinese checker game. On the way down we saw a rifle practice by PLA units and in the distance an air field with tails of jet airplanes far away. We seldom see airplanes in the air. We did see one old biplane that looked like one of the old Beechcraft biplanes flying around. At our house in Washington we hear the roar of the jets all the time but in China you never hear a plane except at the airport itself. Then seldom see one flying overhead. At one point they were widening the street, tearing up trees. When we came down in the morning there were many trees around the surface and when we came back at night they were cut up, hauled away on carts and all that was left was groups of people in each hole digging out the stumps and making remarkable progress at that. Amazing at how people are mobilized to do these chores. They really seem to be working. The chips were flying and progress was visible.

February 27 - Ambassador Boustony of Lebanon came over - very disturbed about the earthquakes. There was an earthquake up at Liaoning and it is hard to find out what the damage was, what really happened. It is the darnest society in terms of information. All kinds of rumors, very little fact. Now there are predictions of earthquakes in Peking. The diplomatic community is abuzz with rumors. The Chinese have methods of prediction. They tell the masses as Mr. Lin Ping told me on the 28th "the masses" help

in this. Masses watch to see the snakes leaving their layers, rats leaving the buildings, the levels of water in the well and report all that data. Our scientists say that Peking does not have a good prediction service - our seismologists. But the rumors are rife. Boustany was telling me that the Chinese Army, PLA, was making arrangements to evaluate the wounded, giving instructions to people about leaving the buildings and pitching tents etc. The diplomatic corps now has something to discuss since the National Peoples Congress has finished. Richard Akwei of Ghana, a very European ex-UN, came to see me about helping an American friend of his do business with China at the Canton Fair. Had a good lunch with Godor Ferenc, the Hungarian ambassador; Sri Lanka, Turkey, USLO and Hungary with a stylish Hungarian interpreter. A very nice thing for him to do. It worked out really well.

Friday, February 28 - lot of office work. Language lesson. Some progress. Fitting at Hong Du Tailors. They were most apologetic since things weren't going to be ready for thirty minutes. Go back Tuesday. Lunch with Lin Ping, American and Oceanic Department from the Foreign Ministry. Former ambassador in Chile. Considered not particularly friendly to the U.S. but very relaxed lunch. One of Mr. Sun's nine course specials - fungus and all. Lin Ping informed us that Rhodes and the Speaker were coming here at the end of March - something we had confirmed by telegram the minute we walked back into the office. These luncheons are very helpful. No sooner had we shown them out of the door at 3:15 then we had to get ready to go to the Peru going-away reception for Ambassador Valdez at 4 o'clock.

Got back to find that we had been invited to the Great Hall of the People diplomatic reception by the Prime Minister of the Congo. Am going to have to turn that down due to policy but they were nice to ask. A full day - Peter Stroh, the brewery man from Detroit and others are coming for drinks at 6 o'clock and a big dinner at 7:00. I'll be ready for that sack tonight. The Stroh dinner was excellent. We had a smoked duck as opposed to the more greasy Peking duck, but served with the pancakes and the plum sauce and light scallions. It was the Chin Yang Restaurant. Duck was smoked but then served with pancakes and stuff Peking style. Very good.

General comments. I am concerned about some of the business types that come here. They seem to be the pushy middle-man kind of approach. I hope they play it straight and honest and open with the Chinese. There are some hard sell artists that reminded me of some of the brokers that poured into Midland when money was flowing around pretty freely in the '50s. I worry about the lack of sensitivity towards the Chinese and some of these traders. The "fast buck" approach. The Chinese are so difficult about letting in people to talk business. El Paso wants to work a tremendous deal for liquified natural gas, but they show no interest in inviting them at all. I can understand that because there may be some politics involved but it is one that really needs maturing and I guess more confidence.

The carpets we saw in Tientsin that we could buy \$1,500 retail, we could get in the States for \$5,000 I am told. We are determined to get one made.

Miscellaneous note. Visitor from Philadelphia. Mrs. Grace, former daughter-in-law of the late Eugene Grace, friend of dad's, recommended by a Washington lady, came for lunch with Bar. She was with one of these

friendship groups. She said they are very strange people. Keeping in mind that many of them are Maoists and real revolutionary people, I said to her, "Why are they Maoists." She said, "Oh no, that's not the problem. That wouldn't be bad at all." I said, "Well I don't like people tearing down our country." She said, "Well they have southern accents. I just don't feel close to them." Marvelous look at Philadelphia!

Style of diplomacy. I get the feeling that some of our top China watching people in Washington feel the style of diplomatic representation here is unimportant. I disagree with that. I think the Chinese know a great deal about what we do here. I think they can get an impression from the way the USLO people conduct themselves. And if we do nothing else perhaps we can convey the fact that people from the U.S. are not imperialists, not dominating imperialists, not superior, not super formal and super rich. With the market the way it is, the last is not hard to demonstrate.

Saturday - relaxed. Staff meeting always in the morning. Few cables. Tennis at 2 with Finocchi and the Chinese. Dinner at 7:00 with Ambassador Karannagoda of Sri Lanka. I love these Saturdays. Time to read, write and think and travel around outside.

Sunday, March 2 - a very relaxed and wonderful kind of day. Sack out, doing a fair amount of reading in the morning. Go to church and after that went to a marvelous kind of a country-type store although it was in the city. Up clean but old, old streets and we bought some roughly glazed earthenware pots - great, big standing kinds of barrel type seats that sell for around 40 to 80 k'uai for the new ones, and many hundred k'uai for the old ones. The pottery selling - one for 8 k'uai with rabbits and birds on it, the other for 9.6, the equivalent of \$5. We also bought some

glazed bean pots. They are beautiful things. They are very new, roughly glazed - most attractive in their kind of humble primitive style. We went to the rug store, stood and stared and stared. Following that I cycled over to the International Club. It puts on great food. We had this marvelous szechuan, which is hot, kind of beef, nice chicken and shredded chicken noodle and a great big bottle of beer. It's a relaxed way to do it. Bar and I get very close as we do these kinds of things together. It is kind of sad at the International Club to see the Africans around there, the young ones. They have difficulty fitting in and they drift around, drinking too much beer, not doing too well. That afternoon I came back to play tennis with the Chinese but since the courts were taken I played ping pong with the young Chinese pro. Then he and Te showed me how a real match goes, the Chinese having dusted me off easily. Then we played men's doubles - some guy from Malaysia sitting around there. Then I went off and played four sets of tennis with the three Chinese. We cut around. Chiao Te, named "little stone," is the worst. He is too wild, but he occasionally makes a good shot. Wong and Te are good. We had marvelous tennis. Then went home and had about 20 diplomats, DCMs mostly, in to see ^{Kane} a movie, "Citizens Caine." We all wear old clothes. It is one of the best things we can do for entertainment and for representation.

Monday we got caught up on reading cables, and a pouch came in. Bar and I went to the Fur Fair. I don't believe their Chinese furs are going to be too competitive in the American market. There are beautifully soft designed lambs rugs which feel silken to the touch. Must be priced here in China at around \$3000 k'uai, more than \$1,500. Their furs are nice -

Withdrawal/Redaction Sheet (George Bush Library)

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08. Redaction	Redaction of three sentences from Peking Diary	3/3/75	C	
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George Bush Personal Papers				
China File				
FILE LOCATION				
Peking Diary Volume II		OA/ID Number		
		Date Closed	10/19/99	

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mink, sable, fox etc. but their styling is not too great and with the duty and the MFN I am not too optimistic about their being able to sell more. A Mr. Ren showed us around the Fair - the Number 1 person. He was very polite. He seemed interested in talking to us about expanding the trade. He spoke good English, had a good interpreter and all in all it was a good visit to the Fur Fair.

Quiet lunch at home. Reading in the afternoon. And then a big dinner given by the Yugoslavian ambassador with many ambassadors, most of whom are getting ready to go on a diplomatic trip. They have two diplomatic trips a year to interesting places in China, all of them payed for by the Chinese government. I am not included on these trips for understandable reasons. The room was abuzz with the trip. I sat on the right of Mrs. Drulovic, the Yugoslavian hostess. I was disturbed with the diplomatic conservation. Everyone out here is so down on our policy in Cambodia and Southeast Asia in general. The news is covered with U.S. loosing and U.S. dissident opinion at home about Cambodia and Vietnam. We are just besieged by it.

[REDACTED]

And most people

should know this, but they are super critical of the U.S. on both Vietnam and Cambodia and it gets a little tiresome to have to listen. I now sit majestically without getting into too much argument as everybody asks "What's happening?" and "Don't you think it would be better if you would withdraw?" and "Did you see the corruption about how your rice is being hoared, converted into dollars, and being put into Swiss banks?" and on and on it goes. Last night I did ask them that if Cambodia changed would the standards that some

people in the U.S. are demanding -- such as totally free elections, totally free journalistic ability to come and go, total freedom to criticize one's own government -- would these standards be met. There was deathly silence from the Yugoslav. He goes back to the fact that, "It is very much like your revolution." He is a very good guy, good values and convinced that there is a great parallel between these revolutions out here and the U.S. revolution.

I am not making too much headway in getting the Chinese officials on whom I called back to the house. Two have accepted "in principle" leaving the time open. We have had two and now I am going back to try. If one gets frustrated by these attempts to get more contact with the Chinese, by refusing to ask or giving up, it will not be productive. I recognize that they are holding everybody at arms length, maybe us less than some right now, but it is still worth, in my opinion, continuing to try to get to increase our contacts. It is not easy but it is worth the try.

Personal note - Telegram from T. Devine, coming in from London on Air France tomorrow. We are very excited about this. Marvin, Neil, George will have a great time hitting with the Chinese in both ping pong and tennis. The philosophy of the Chinese government is not competition itself, the friendship developed from those sports is what counts, not the victory. I believe this somewhat though I am a little bit more like Bear Bryant - frankly the Chinese guys I am playing tennis with are a lot like Bear Bryant. They are stoic in that they don't show their emotion and they don't get mad. They

don't get sore when they loose but I am absolutely convinced from playing that they like to win. In fact Mr. Wong turned to me as he and I were taking on Te and Stone and said "6-1" and I conceded that we ought to make it "6-love." Beginning to feel that the informal style, riding on the bike, the informal dress, the openness with the diplomats and the Chinese may pay off. At first I wondered but Mr. Lo at the store said, "You are getting to be a legend in your dress." He wasn't ridiculing me I don't think. In fact I am sure he was not. And they all talk about our riding our bikes, Barbara and me. One mission man from Italy told me, "I can't imagine my ambassador riding a bike." And I am convinced the Chinese like it. They are not themselves as open and outgoing but they are warm and friendly, and I remain convinced that we should convince them, even through the limited contacts we have, that Americans are not stuffy, rich and formal. End of March 3.

March 4, 1975 - the diplomatic tour is underway so most of the diplomats have gone on the jaunt. The U.S. does not get to go on these because of our diplomatic status. We had lunch with the Rumanian Ambassador, Gavrilescu - Holdridge, Anderson and I, Gavrilescu and his interpreter. Gavrilescu has a good entry with the Chinese and we indeed had a good discussion about the Yao Wen Yuan document. This is a major document. Yao, a former Shanghai identified guy, has come out with a large article talking about discipline, talking about restricting the difference between the wage scales from the top to the bottom, and all in all there is a great deal of flurry in the diplomatic community about interpreting this.

That evening we had dinner -- Holdridge, Horowitz and I -- at Tolstikov's,

given at the Russian Embassy for me. The Russian Embassy is a massive compound - 40 acres - their own school, their own services, completely furnished - and there they sit in almost spendid isolation. Tolstikov was very jovial, plenty of Russian vodka and caviar, many toasts and a lot of good conversation. Tolstikov is much more pessimistic about ~~Russia's~~ ^{China's} economy. He discussed the fact that they really don't have much of a per capita income. I told them if their oil developed, and indeed they plowed some of that into mechanization of agriculture, they could increase their gross national product. But he keeps pointing the picture of a rapidly increasing population, agriculture which is admittedly increasing but not as fast proportionately as population -- so he draws a graph with his hands showing this gap ever widening and smiling noticeably all the time.

He didn't really have anything good to say about the Chinese at all. The feeling is bitter. He is hit all the time by these toasts at the Great Hall of the People, insults not just from the Chinese, but also from the other visiting dignitaries. I point out to him that the U.S. comes in for its share of criticism but his theory is that it's much less than they themselves get.

Wednesday, May 5 - T. Devine arrived. We had a very relaxed day with him. Hit a few tennis balls, showed him around and all in all got caught up with him and visited. Dinner at the International Club - still the cheapest place in town. Food pretty good. Lunch at the Bush place.

Thursday, the 6th - Devines still here. The big thing was we took a delegation of about 40 from the U.S. for our first subway ride. The subway is clean. It doesn't appear to have near the use as in the U.S. Indeed there is 22 or 25 kilometers of tracks compared to 270 miles of tracks in New York

alone. I will say that the cars and platforms and all are beautiful and clean. No tickets taken yet but they will be in the future. The outside appearances are great. There are two tracks only and it doesn't have all the hustle and bustle of the New York subway train. The train is open now. Foreigners of course cannot go without permission. They are building a peripheral subway system around Peking that should be finished in 1978. I asked Mr. Li, the leading person, when it would be finished. He said "78" and it would be automated with computers and would have no people in the cabs. I sure think they're in for trouble on that. The English system, the one we were on, is not as fully automated. I was glad they say the switches are totally automated but we did see a man out turning one of the switches.

That day Bar looked like she was coming down with jaundice. She was pale and brownish-yellow. The British had a case of jaundice and we had a case at our embassy of hepatitis. Mr. Li and I were very worried about her but she went home to bed and stayed flat all day and recovered. This place is the darnest place for traveling bugs. They sweep through buildings - they are usually bronchial or have to do with dust in the air. She has had two cases of this flu but gets over them in twenty-four hours. We had a ^{Food} ^(FMC) luncheon on Wednesday for Bob Malott, chairman of Fruit Machinery. Also Bob McLelland, the vice president, Walter Chan and his wife Juni. Malott thinks the machinery group is a very good one.

Thursday afternoon we had a reception - Bob and Ibby Malott came and also Steve Allen. Jane was sick alot. Steve seemed like a pretty good guy. He rode his bike around. In fact the next day he brought us a nice book delivered from Jane. He was here with Jane who was born here in China. They had come

in rather circuituously. They tried and tried to get to China. They finally came in as interested in the rug business because Jane has a decorating shop of some sort in Santa Barbara or Los Angeles. They did have some attractive people with them; Pollocks and Fishers and some others. And so we had a reception at the USLO. I enjoy bringing U.S. citizens to the USLO, as they drop in.

We've had all the rug dealers in town this week, interviewed them, and I am now very interested in getting a rug purchased or maybe more so we can have it for the various generations. The rug dealers tell me these rugs, particularly the 90 count 5/8 in. pile, are as good as any rugs made in the world today, if not better than the others. The only problem is that some of the designs are not competitive for the U.S. market. We have had Mr. Hakimian, Mr. Rustaff and Mr. Muu Gee all on separate visits, all respectable and good rug men from the United States. Iran's costs are going up and therefore Iran is not going to be as competitive. India is the main competition but China does a different kind of work and in some ways I am told much better.

Thursday night - receptions usually last from 5:30 to 6:30 because the Peking restaurants don't like you to come any time after 7:00. It is one of the beautiful things about this. You go to a restaurant at 7 and you are always out well before 9. We took the Devines and the Peritos to the Kang Le Restaurant where we had this marvelous 8 course dinner - total price for the six of us, including a lot of hot wine and beer, was 63 k'uai, 93 mao, equivalent of \$35. Excellent dinner. Their specialty is emerald soup. Good sharks fin dish. Delicious food in every way. That afternoon the

Devines and I went out to the Summer Palace and it is certainly a beautiful thing to behold. Spring was coming. Chinese do not like to have their pictures taken. I worried that Tom might swing that photoscopic lense a little too much but there were no complications and we did get a few good shots for the Devines scrapbook. End of March 6.

There are great inconsistencies in all the Chinese philosophy. Chairman Mao wrote a lot of articles encouraging students to speak up against the teachers and to encourage debate and criticism, the whole Cultural Revolution thesis. But then you keep getting reports that the Chairman is adamant against certain kinds of art, certain kinds of books. Interesting contrast.

Friday, March 7 - quiet lunch at home - worked in the afternoon and then a last dinner with the Devines at the Kao Rou Wan Restaurant - that's a Mongolian place where you all cook your own food on a massive grill. Steve Allen came along with a Lily Chan. She is a little wild. She'd been here before to see her mother, pushed to get her visa extended. She's a little frantic, talked about the Revolution etc. Steve seemed a little calmer. Indeed their delegation seemed to have fallen apart at this time and they were mumbling about others on the delegation. Jane regrettably was still sick.

Saturday, March 8 - hit by the bug again in the morning. And thus stayed at the house. I just have rather violent flare ups from time to time, one of which occurred out at the airport that I will not put on this tape. Unbelievable! Saturday afternoon and Sunday delightful. Saturday afternoon hit in both tennis and ping pong. Totally relaxed. Early dinner.

Sunday - church, shopping at the Theater Shop, bought a rug at the Friendship Store, lunch at the International Club. Ate some hot food that sent me for a loop again. Rested most of the afternoon and that night showed the movie "Bananas." Had a bunch of diplomats. Most of the ambassadors are gone on the diplomatic tour to the South, but it's fun to do this informal thing. We also had some people from Houston. Pat O'Leary of Kellogg Company and a man named Doby of Kellogg. Also Mr. and Mrs. Costello of Peking, she an Argentinian, both going to be stationed here a year - now in the hotel hoping to get an apartment. Time will tell on that. John Burns is writing a cover piece for People on life-style in Peking. It will be interesting to see how it works out. The house is looking prettier now. Barbara got the two panels from mandarin coats back. They are framed ala Chinese scroll and they look very handsome with their beautiful lasting gold threads.

Debate still raging on among the diplomats about Chairman Mao. Last night three reporters were all talking about whether there was really something wrong with the Chairman, this time for keeps. John Burns of Canada told me that Lananhoffen(?) and Arouga(?) both felt that the Chairman was out of it now since he hadn't received the last two visitors; the last one being the head of the Congo, Mr. Lopis. I have been reading a fair amount of books: Centennial, Dogs of War, a mystery story, and now Before the Fall by Safire. On the Chinese side I have read Pearl Buck's Good Earth, I read the story of Empress Hsu, The Dowager Empress, Barnett's book After Mao, Teddy White's book Thunder Out of China. I am reading a book by Hans Suyn. *May 10, 1966*

I am also reading a collection of articles by Milton David. I am trying to mix one book on China with some fiction or current book at home. Weight still down to about 177 which is rather comfortable. In fact I feel almost euphoric in my happiness and health. Then I get stricken by this damn bug. I am adjusted to the time situation where I can control my own time. There is a luxury in being able to do a certain amount of reading that I haven't had at any time in the last twenty-five years.

Note on the diplomatic corps. Many of the diplomats in Peking are politicians. At a dinner the other night Sri Lanka and Hungary were commenting that they thought diplomats should have political experience. It turns out both of them were politicians. I'd say the diplomatic corps is almost equally divided on that point. End of March 9.

March 10 - primarily in the office. Did attend from 6 - 7 the Zambian reception for Vernon Mwanga, an old UN friend. The reception at the Zambian embassy was still rather deadly. Chinese on one side, black women on one side, white women on one side, white ambassadors on one side, black women on another side and then Chiao Kuan Hua and Mwanga and the DCM for Zambia and a couple of Chinese in still another grouping. It seems almost impossible to break through this pattern of segregation that emerges. The diplomats were back from the diplomatic trip. They had a marvelous time in Kweiyang(?) and though they lived in some rustic surroundings -- out-houses, bowls to wash in carried in from outside -- they enjoyed it immensely. We do not participate in these diplomatic trips. Language lesson went well. Beginning to talk about studying and Mrs. Tang, ever patient, asked certain questions.

The Dillon Ripleys and the Paul Austins arrived from Canton. Ripley had had his 16-millimeter film impounded at the border. He carried it with him, but it was all sealed up. He was not permitted to utilize his 16-millimeter camera. We are requesting through protocol to see if he can get an exemption. Apparently 16-millimeter cameras are associated with commercial movies and therefore not permitted. We had not encountered this rule before.

Tuesday, March 11 - we started a new policy of getting political briefings. We discussed today the so-called "Shanghai clique." There is a broad theory amongst ROC and USSR that the PRC is divided into two major groups: the Shanghai clique, which is the radicals, against the others. We do not hold to this. A good background briefing on all of this with Don Anderson, Lynn Pascal and John Holdridge. We are trying to arrange some receptions for the Ripleys. It is very difficult. We invite Chinese to come and they accept "in principle" but don't accept for the day you invite them. You ask dignitaries to come to a reception and there is no reply. We have asked a group of leading academics to come for Wednesday to meet Dillon Ripley and Paul Austin and here it is Tuesday noon and have not heard from any of them. It was the same way in trying to make arrangements in New York that time to get the Chinese to come to our home. They are very different than the U.S. on that. The Hsihua had a scathing attack on March 10 on U.S. women being downtrodden and the decadence of the capitalist system. I get tired of reading all of this propaganda and being surrounded with it, and I sometimes think that we should react to these things but it is ever thus. China insists on hammering away at the decadence of our society and labeling

us as imperialists etc. I would think that if you want better relations you would lower one's voice on that kind of thing, but it doesn't work that way. Sophisticated China watchers say, "Don't worry, it's less than it used to be." And I am sure there is some validity to this. On March 10 it was a terribly cold storm that charged down from the North. We worried what it would be; but here it is on the 11th warm and clear. Good day for the Wall. Dillon, Austins and Bar went, taking C. Fred to run at the Ming Tombs.

Bar had a picnic out at the Wall in the Tombs and I had a quiet lunch at home. That night we had a going away reception for the Chinese Solid Physics Investigation Group and three from the Chinese Performing Arts Delegation. These receptions are very sticky. I did show some flashes of pictures of Washington on the VTR which seemed to interest them but it is very hard to engage in conversation. One of the Chinese physicists had studies at Cal Tech and another one at another west coast institution. One spoke excellent English. Dillon and Paul milled around and added considerably to the group. That evening with the Harlands, the Balouks from Tunesia and Rolf Pauls and Mrs. Paludan we had dinner at the Kang Le, a very pleasant Chinese evening.

Next day, March 12, Bar went to the Summer Palace. I had another one of those ghastly attacks, felt lousy but limped on out for lunch with them at the Summer Palace. Dillon is fun to go there with. He spotted some birds, pointed out some of the paintings along the long archway, the lesser panda and other Chinese animals. He saw two birds that he had never seen,

one of which was indigenous to Spain and the United States oddly enough, and a duck that sounds like "smoo." He is a delightful guy and so is Paul Austin, both of them are broad gauged, appreciative and wonderful. Sometimes the wives are not quite as sympathetic and understanding. Some people come to China and they don't seem to understand that we have different things here, that we must be very careful with our help, we must be very careful about overburdening the household staff and making excessive demands on USLO. Both Paul Austin and Ripley understand this well.

We had a reception for distinguished scientists and academicians to meet Ripley and Austin. We tried something new. We went from 5 to 6:30 instead of 5 to 6 or 6 to 6:30. And we had Dillon give a few comments about what the Smithsonian Institution does. We didn't press it but it worked very well. I asked one question of a ranking member, a Professor Wong who had signed the archaeological things. We had this very small discussion out of that question and then broke up the meeting; but we were all ecstatic that we seemed to get much more out of this reception than others. I am determined to find new ways. Indeed Paul Austin has been talking with me about what we can do to have an old fashioned Fourth of July National Day this year, and he is talking about helping us with some of the ingredients.

That night, the 12th, I rested and the others went to the International Club. It was then that Fred made his break after Bar took him for his walk. Instead of running into the USLO as he does, he charged off into the Gabon Embassy across the street, past the PLA guard, in through the outer hall, into a tremendous living room filled with formally clad Africans all the way

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COLLECTION George Bush Personal Papers China File				
FILE LOCATION Peking Diary Volume II		OA/ID Number		
		Date Closed	10/19/99	

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through the living room back into the dining room - Bar in hot pursuit.

Fred heard music and excitement and just wanted to check in. Bar was humiliated but the Africans were laughing like mad and very pleasant about it.

Thursday a.m. we went to the Marco Polo Rumanian Friendship Commune while the ladies went to the Forbidden City with Martha Holdridge. The Commune was most interesting and notes kept on that separately. We had lunch (six of us) with the British Ambassador Youde, a delightful guy and well informed on China. That afternoon Bar took them to the Temple of Heaven when I worked. We had drinks at the USLO for Ambassadors Ogawa, Akwei, and Hiriart of Chile. And then off to the Chin Yang restaurant where the specialty is a marvelous duck served not in pancakes this time but in very light, hollowed-out rolls with plum sauce and onions. Delightful. The whole day was a good one. Bar is knocking herself out for these guests and I do hope they appreciate it. She is marvelous at showing people around and all of that.

On the substantive front there is much more debate about Yao Wen-yuen and what is going on here in China. Some, including the Russians, see much more turmoil in the situation than we now think exists. I continue to get depressed by the news on VOA and in the Red and Blue News out of Cambodia. It is enormously difficult to have a strong foreign policy when it is being hacked away at in the Congress. [REDACTED]

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Frustrations. We have requested the zoo tour for Ripley as head of the National Zoo in Washington and have had no reply at all in the last three days. And we requested two or three business people for Paul Austin to see and we have had no reply at all. You ask Chinese to the house and they accept "in principle," setting a date at their own convenience. It is unbelievable. Nice thing this week. Vernon Mwanga, the Foreign Minister of Zambia, and an old friend of mine from the UN, came to call; a most unusual step in the protocol field, given the big shot nature of foreign ministers generally. He was relaxed, down to earth, gave us some interesting information about his visit with Chou En Lai and all in all couldn't have been nicer. I cabled asking that someone at home acknowledge this and thank him for it. That was on Tuesday March 11.

Here we are Friday, March 14. Ripleys and Bar are off to the Forbidden City again. We are going to have a quiet lunch at home.

Just a quick run-through of the events from March 14 on. The Iranian Ambassador, speaking only French, came to see me. My French comes back fairly well in practice and I long since have gotten over the embarrassment of trying in French. I can see a silent chortle or so but the other side of it is that he feels the same way about his English, though it's better

than my French. In Chinese I still feel a certain frustration. When I just sit and chat with Mrs. Tang I loose my embarrassment factor and I can do it, but my problem is practice, practice, practice. I don't practice enough. I don't take the time for the practice. But I love the Chinese lessons and I hate it when I have to miss them. Mrs. Tang has enormous dignity and a kind of serenity and I wish I could find out what is really in her heart. Our whole Chinese staff is that way. Mr. Liu, the marvelous fellow who has a reputation for being able to do anything or find his way through any bureaucratic maze - he is unbelievable. Mr. Sun has been most helpful also. Mr. Wren, the little interpreter, seems really good. He went to the rug factory with us and the communes and he is patient and very good. That evening, Friday the 14th, we went to the reception for the prime minister of Guyana, Burnam; departure from the normal state return banquet function. They asked me and I went because it was a reception and not official. Teng Hsiao Ping was there and worked his way rather uncomfortably through the crowd as did the model peasant Chen Yung Kui, a vice premier also. He normally has a towel wrapped around his head but he sure looked like a peasant. His hand feeling less peasant-like however. The Guyanan Prime Minister had a booming kind of Ch. 13 voice and was most gregarious and outgoing. The Vice Premier did not seem too comfortable but everybody at the diplomatic reception appreciated his doing this. It will be interesting to see whether the Chinese are interested in this approach as the Guyanans were. The reception lasted from 6 to 7:30. Chinese always appear right on the dot and leave right on the dot, you can set your watch

by the arrival and set your watch by the departure. Mr. Kuo, my driver, is the same way. He will circle the block a time or two in order to arrive punctually and if we are late departing he will speed it up a little. Side light - we almost got wiped out the other day when a PLA jeep driver with his head way up in the sky crossed the center line and almost hit Kuo. Kuo had to veer to the right. Fortunately there were no bicyclists in the right. This is a very heavily traveled place between downtown Peking and our house. Almost a wipe out. Scared the hell out of the Ripleys or the Austins, whichever were with us. After the Guyana reception we went to a beautiful Japanese dinner with the Ogawas. Mrs. Ogawa has a charming grasp of flowers and delicacy and it was quite a contrast to a Chinese meal. The food was excellent but it was served with this great dignity and delicacy.

Saturday, the 15th - I had to work. Bar went off sightseeing with the guests. Paul Austin and I took a walk to the Friendship Store, Austin not having heard from the three Chinese we requested he see on business. But Friday the 14th we went to the zoo. Dillon Ripley was disappointed in the zoo and he also thought the zoo was well below standards of any other international zoo. He asked about the musk ox. There were supposed to be two of them and there was only one there. We had requested to see three zoo people. None were available. I mentioned to Mr. Liu I thought it was a little unusual because when the Chinese zoo people had come they had been given the run of Washington, and I thought it was a little peculiar that we had never heard from them. Saturday noon I get a note from Mr. Liu saying that all three zoo people were out of Peking. We are speculating

that the main reason for the failure to go to the zoo was either the condition of the zoo or possibly the dead musk ox. Probably the latter.

In any event, on Saturday Paul Austin did get to call on a person who is interested in boilers. Coca Cola has a boiler company. I had a nice lunch at the residence on the 15th, just as on the 14th, with the guests concluding that Mr. Sun was just as good a cook as any other in Peking. That afternoon we went to the Peking Carpet factory, saw their amazing carpet work, handmade. Now I am torn as to whether to get a Peking model or a Tientsin model for the family. I am determined to buy a carpet, have our chop woven into it, and keep them; hand them down from generation to generation - "Don't you remember your old, old grandfather when he used to be over in Peking way back in 1975." Finished off the last night of the big visit with dinner at the Sick Duck, named because it is near the Hospital Restaurant. We had marvelous Peking duck. We started off at home with some marvelous Chinese caviar, excellent, and some Chinese vodka, excellent. I don't know the exact trade name but it is very, very good.

Sunday morning off to church. Ripleys and Austins busily packing and getting ready. Guests flock to the Friendship Store for one last item. The Ripleys and the Austins are supposed to have been intrigued with the Street of the Antiquities, Liu be Chen (?). There is so much for guests to see. I hope they have enjoyed their stay. Week coming up is quiet and I am ready for a rest. I have received cabled instructions from the State Department about looking after my stomach. Tonight we will show "Carnal Knowledge." Bar doesn't want a big one. Last week we showed

"Bananas" and it was funny as hell, but fortunately there were no South American ambassadors there. "Carnal Knowledge" they say is depressing, and I am not sure that is what we need out here.

Pouch - we are missing mail all the time, and it is hard to explain to people in the States what this means. I remember in the Navy wondering where is our mail, where is our mail, but it is the same kind of feeling. But here we are thirty years later. You think it could be done better. But it simply reminds me of our isolation here. As far as creature comforts go we are really not isolated. There are some things we can't have and might say at a given moment that I wish I had, but in terms of things we need, we have them. I have just got my clothes back from Hong Du Tailers. Beautifully done. Take down a model. They copy it and you have one fitting of one suit and then one coat and then one pants and then all come back without alteration. I also bought some brocade and had two vests made. The prices are very reasonable. The suits are around \$60, with material being the biggest part of the cost. I have ordered a cashmere overcoat which will cost perhaps \$100. But it is just lovely. And the tailoring seems to be excellent.

Middle of March 16 - dictated.

Saw the Ripleys and the Austins off at the airport at noon. Now have new passes so we can go through the customs and head on out. We ended up with a good noodle, beer, shrimp luncheon - \$6 - the Austins and the Ripleys. I believe they had a good time. We discovered the following day that the musk ox, Milton, had died. We were officially notified by the Chinese. The mystery is solved. The Chinese did not want us to go to the zoo, Ripley was not received, Mr. Liu said the three Chinese we requested to see

were out of town. But they didn't attend the reception either, and at the zoo they knew exactly when we got there because we were clocked in. The Canadian correspondent John Burns looked for us and they said, "Oh yes, they have come through." On Monday, March 17, just in passing Don Anderson was notified that Milton the musk ox had died. They even gave him the name of the disease. He had had mange before he arrived in China. And the Chinese said, "and perhaps you already knew he was dead since some Americans had been at the zoo." The Foreign Office knowing very well that it was me, and probably Dillon Ripley and Austin, that attended the zoo.

Tennis in the afternoon and ping pong. Taking ping pong lessons. Great interest in all of that. Mr. Liu tells me that Newcombe and three other men and one other woman player from Australia will be here on April 10. The Australian ambassador still vague on this. They will play at the International Club or in the workers stadium. They sure operate in very mysterious ways.

"Carnal Knowledge" - we showed it and fortunately only Louis Ruga and John Burns were there. Pretty raunchy for diplomatic entertainment.

Monday, the 17th - lunch with Foreign Minister Rajoratnum of Singapore at Harland's New Zealand Embassy along with the UK, Canada, Malaysia and Australian ambassadors and four others in the Singapore party. Singapore is in an interesting position. They will not establish diplomatic relations before Indonesia but they are moving in China's direction. As Cambodia weakens, as North Vietnam makes gains, many of our allies are compelled to move toward the PRC. The domino theory is alive and well, whether some

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in our country want to recognize it or not. Three pouches came in on March 17. We have had hell with these pouches. Some mail was dated February 5, some as late as March 5. We have a small post and a tough area and yet we seem to be on the tail end of things. We get the worn out films, it is hard to keep maintenance on old stuff around here and I get the feeling that because it is a small outfit, this wheel seems to get less grease. I have got to do something about this. Ambassador Klibi of Tunisia came to call. The conversation was entirely in French. I am glad Mr. Humphrey, the French teacher, wasn't around.

4:30 p.m. - the California agriculture education group of about 20 led by Dean Brown - impressive farmers, all hard-working; all have the appearance of hard working, successful people, who have done it themselves in the fields. They were an excellent group and appreciative of the briefing we gave at the USLO. So different than some of the blasé friendship types. At night a St. Patrick's Day party at the Lamberts. A touch of Erin right here in Peking.



I feel embattled here on Cambodia and Vietnam.

Our case is right but even our allies seem kind of embarrassed about our position. I am continually amazed on the political side, on the Chinese news side, the FBI's tape, and others about the amount of criticism that goes on - big character posters and this whole thing of criticize, criticize. It is a fundamental part of this China.



Today in front of USLO on March 18 the whole school down the street was out for drilling - marching to command etc., getting ready, I guess, for the May 1 big day. We keep getting avarious reports of struggles in provinces around China. There are fewer here apparently. When people are caught, they are publicly humiliated etc., led around with signs around their necks. I have still seen no crime first-hand. I did see a couple of Chinese who looked like they were getting pretty crocked at a reception but good god that can happen any place. They have some marvelous expressions to describe things. "Capitalist roader." And they always talk about the spirit of Tachi where the model peasant is from. They now have a new campaign which seems to replace the anti-Lin, anti-Confucius campaign. It has to do with the dictatorship of the proletariat and it is repeated over and over again all across this tremendous land. Spring is here. It is warm. You can bicycle with no top coat. Simply beautiful. Trees are beginning to come out. The dust has not been great so far. I hope it doesn't descend on us.

We are now having a political meeting every Tuesday to discuss some current events with my own staff briefing me. Today was on the PLA and the history of the army. To some degree its relationship with the Center. The last week we talked about the Shanghai group, the right and left influences. Fitzgerald of Australia came for a courtesy call, then a quiet lunch with Mr. Wong sick. He came in politely and said he had to go to the hospital. He looked awful. I hope there is nothing wrong with him. Afternoon getting caught up - digesting the mail from the three pouches. Our children are doing great. The letters from all of them are mature, sensitive - they are doing well in their work, no drugs, no dope, no crime, no troubles.

We should knock on wood. I think it would be awful to be way over here and have family problems where you'd want to be home helping out.

On the Fitzgerald call - it is others watching us, other countries studying the relationship between the United States and China. This is still the name of the biggest game in town. Tonight, dinner at 8 with the Groothaerts of Belgium - very European, but she is rather critical of serving Chinese food in one's home for example. They were the ones who complained about their cook. The Chinese took the cook away to satisfy them but never, never replaced the cook for a long, long time to teach a lesson. It is extremely important in China how you treat people. The idea of being willing to do a little work oneself, to carry bags, to bicycle, to get with it and with the people in that sense, though you'll never be able to mingle with them. This, in my view, is important. Style to some degree is important in my view. When Holdridge and company went out to the technical university he told them Ambassador Bush would like to come by. The leader of the university said, "Fine, just have him bicycle out." Rather humorous reference, but it showed how word travels in this city. Nancy Tang mentioned, "You're having many guests." Why would she, a rather high official, know this. Chiao Kuan Hua, the Foreign Minister, mentions, "I hear you won a prize in tennis." Hsu Huang, head of the DSB, mentioned, "I understand you gave some books to our people on tennis." The zoo logs us in. Barbara spots the same guy watching twice when she's at the Ming Tombs. In a way it is comforting. In a way it is rather eerie. End almost, March 18. Steve Fitzgerald, a very aggressive, young ambassador

from Australia came to see me. Fitzgerald digs very hard and gets good information. Went over and played tennis with Mr. Wong on March 18. Just hitting. It is great fun. It's funny how ones legs give out on him. You always think of that happening when your little baseball players talked about it, but now it's true. Actually I am not hitting the ball too bad. On March 19 a very relaxed day - getting my health back, catching up on the pouches. The pouches are a terrible thing here. Three of them arrived at once. Mail arrived on about the 18th of March with mail post-marked February 5 through March 5. I get the feeling sometimes that there is no urgency about this post. It is isolated. It is tough. It is separated. And yet we always seem to be on the tail end of things. Send the old projectors up from Hong Kong, send the mail via Hong Kong. I would like to do something about it. It does demoralize morale for families here and I would like to get the bureaucracy moving on the thing.

March 19 - Ambassador Ogawa and his wife of Japan had the Ford movie - his visit to Japan. It was a beautifully done film. Tremendous photography - used the zoom lense. Tastefully edited. Japanese accented voice speaking very good English. It was very thoughtful of Mrs. Ogawa to do that. Their daughter Cassy, admitted to Johns Hopkins that very day and won the day before in Japan for her use of English. The Japanese are marvelous. They are all over the place. They are polite, able and they do a first-class job.

Thursday, March 20 - Ambassador Natural of Switzerland called. He is living in a downtown old house owned by John Shoemaker, filled with beautiful relics that can't be taken out of China. They are all American owned, but

the Swiss are building a new embassy to their own design, and he is negotiating currently - trying to get those relics and pottery etc. to be put into the embassy. Quiet lunch with Bar. These lunches are very nice, this one very light in preparation for the dinner. Got briefed by Frank Scotten on Vietnam and Cambodia - discouraging sounding. I was amazed at his report. It looks like both countries have had it. And yet I am wondering whether the President was not permitted to get too far out on requesting aid if the situation is like it is. He told me that it had deteriorated recently in Vietnam something awful. That night for dinner Mr. Chuang Tse Tung came who is the Minister of Sports. Just made a minister at the last Peoples Congress. Along with Kuo Lei who is the head of the International Affairs Division, a very jovial, large man, Sun Lan, division head, and Liu Chueh, an interpreter. Jennifer, John Holdridge, Don Anderson and Lynn Pasco joined us. Chuang has been made Minister. He is a former ping pong champion. He is well known through all of China, a real celebrity you might say. The waiters and cooks were excited that he was coming and Sun put on an excellent dinner. We talked international affairs. I am told that Chuang had been disciplined during the Cultural Revolution but here he is now as a young man, in his 30s, as a minister. Still athletic, big, but put on a little weight and smokes an awful lot. We discussed the concept of sports and friendship. Really I have concluded that friendship means sportsmanship. He gave us an example of a championship match with the score 20-19. He thought his ball hit the net, the Japanese player thought the ball hit the net, the referee didn't see it. The referee awarded the ball to the Japanese who promptly served the next one on purpose

Withdrawal/Redaction Sheet (George Bush Library)

DOCUMENT NO. AND TYPE	SUBJECT/TITLE	DATE	RESTRICTION	CLASS.
12. Redaction	Redaction of four sentences from Peking Diary	3/20/75	C	
REDACTED PAGE FOLLOWS				

RESTRICTION CODES

Presidential Records Act - [44 U.S.C. 2204(a)]

Freedom of Information Act - [5 U.S.C. 552(b)]

- P-1 National Security Classified Information [(a)(1) of the PRA]
- P-2 Relating to the appointment to Federal office [(a)(2) of the PRA]
- P-3 Release would violate a Federal statute [(a)(3) of the PRA]
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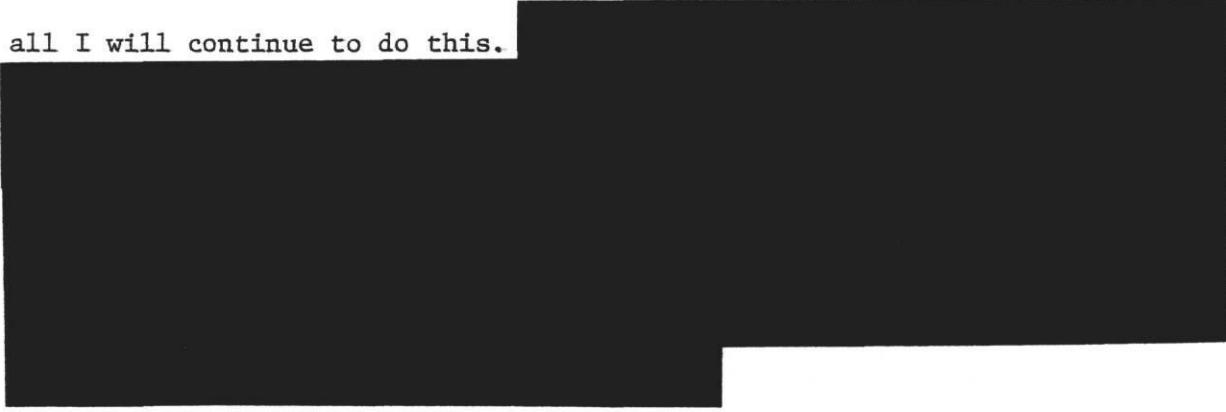
PRM. Closed as a personal record misfile.

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into the net, reciprocating friendship. Friendship sounds to me what mother drove into us as sportsmanship. There is no question that the Chinese like to win.

The campaign is on. Dictatorship of the proletariat and eliminating bourgeois tendencies. It is gradually replacing the anti-Lin, anti-Confucius campaign. There is a lot of drilling now out on the streets. The other day there were a lot of commands shouted out when I was talking to Steve Fitzgerald. I jumped up, spun around and there was the whole middle school from down the road being drilled and disciplined out on military drill. In the last few days we have seen many such schools including the very little ones marching by in cadence. Perhaps getting ready for a big parade on May first.

Word that Bemis and Bryants have their visas. Am awaiting Jake Hamons' arrival on the guest front. I get some feeling that the highest level in the State Department thinks I may be having too many guests but I think it is important. I think it is in keeping with what we are trying to do. It finds ways for us to do things with the diplomats and the Chinese and all in all I will continue to do this.



Weather improving beautifully now. Warm, just right for bicycles, and dust storms, reminiscent of Midland, are here but not nearly as bad as some of those that we have seen in West Texas.

Ambassador of Poland on March 20 - a very savvy guy. Stricken with encephalitis when swimming. He said it went in through the ears, something I didn't understand, but he got this terrible disease that caused him to be paralyzed from the waist down, caused him to loose his balance. There are also other cases of bad diseases here. Within the last two weeks an Australian embassy member got meningitis. He was delirious. They had to have shifts holding him down in the hospital. But miraculously he is going to live. The disease is endemic to China for March, April and May, and the Chinese according to Ambassador Fitzgerald are good at treating it. We don't have a doctor here. The State Department is sending a Dr. Watson out, Things like routine medical care, although we have a chestful of medicine over here, are not good. Schools and doctors are not part of the hardships but part of some of the things that we take for granted in our life, not only in the U.S. but at most posts. Same with good entertainment and that kind of thing.

I mix my reading between Chinese - books on China - and light reading. Am now reading Bill Safire's story of the downfall of the Nixon people. It is discouraging and I have mixed emotions as I read it. I noted a picture of the helicopter with the Kennedy children by the house Bill Clements had bought in McLean. This was a clipping Jane had sent me from the Washington paper. I wondered whether the reporters were swarming around in those days to see who was paying for the helicopter ride.

Giving a little thought now to possibly running for governor of Texas. I have time to think these out. The plan might be to go home after the elections in '76, settle down in Houston in a rather flexible business thing, shoot for the governorship in '78, though it might be extremely difficult

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13. Redaction	Redaction of three sentences from Peking Diary (REDACTED PAGE FOLLOWS) (1 pp.)	3/20/75	C	
COLLECTION				
George Bush Personal Papers China File				
FILE LOCATION		OA/ID Number		
Peking Diary Volume II		Date Closed 10/19/99		

RESTRICTION CODES

Presidential Records Act - [44 U.S.C. 2204(a)]

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 PRM. Closed as a personal record misfile.

Freedom of Information Act - [5 U.S.C. 552(b)]

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to win. Should I win it, it would be an excellent position again for national politics, and should I loose, it would be a nice way to get state wide politics out of my system once and for all. I hate to undertake yet another loosing campaign, and I am a little out of touch with what it all means down there, but I can get a little quiet work done on the situation. Tower will be up that year which complicates things.

New politics doesn't seem to have affected Bentsen who is going to run for both Senate and President as Lyndon Johnson did, unlike Barry Goldwater's approach.



Fred may be prejudice along racial lines. He seems to jump up on the Chinese. Actually he comes in friendship but at times it is hard to tell that, particularly a guy with a mop or a broom outside. He is good with Mr. Wong and Kuo likes him enormously. Bar took Fred downtown, went into the store yesterday, came out and there were a hundred people surrounding the car staring at the Kuo-driven Chrysler. Really staring at Fred. I told her not to do that anymore. It put Kuo in a funny position. Fred can go to the Ming Tombs and run around out there, but I don't want to have the image of chauffeur driven dog kind of thing.

March 21 - the Austrian ambassador and his wife, a Mr. Tschop, came to call. Our first his-and-hers diplomatic all - very formal but very friendly and relaxed and pleasant and smiling. He told me that Litner, his predecessor, was telling everyone at home that he wished that he had stayed longer. That was not the same Litner that was bitching here at the end in China at all. A call on Al-Atrash, ambassador of Syria -- Middle East,

Middle East, Middle East. These Middle East ambassadors, whenever they talk to the U.S. wherever they are, I am convinced, want to talk about that one situation. Al-Atrash emphasized people to people friendship in the United States, how Arabs like the United States etc. but was critical of our policy. I in turn told him that the guerrilla type activities are counter productive in the United States. Frank Scotten, USIA, came for lunch. He is helping us with our VTR tapes. I had written Paley three months ago. Paley apparently passed it on to the President of CBS news who in turn asked their Washington office to contact someone who in turn talked to the fourth guy in Oscar Armstrong's office who in turn talked to USIS. I have heard nothing from Paley but the matter is floundering around at some low level in the bureaucracy. I am now going back to Paley direct. I have never seen such a monstrous bureaucracy and sometimes I can understand Kissinger's indignation at it. The guy in Oscar Armstrong's office never even told me he had heard from CBS. The only way we are going to get it done is to get it back on the high level.

Ambassador Bulak of Turkey came to call. Then we went down - Harry, Liu, Jennifer and I did - to look for a birthday present for Bar in the China Store. Liu is marvelous, great English and most helpful. Dinner that night at the Canadian Embassy with the Sports Minister and Spain's ambassador to Japan, former OECD colleague of John Small's. The Chinese were lecturing the sports minister on throwing Taiwan out of the Olympic games in Canada. Something the sports minister impressed on them was that neither his organization, the Canadian sports federation nor the government was in a position to do anything. China harped away on it. He is also trying

to get Canada to come to their international meeting of sports federation. He thinks they will do it in '76 if Taiwan doesn't come. The Chinese are rigid on their principles. We are having a hassle about what songs will be sung by the traveling troop in the United States. Liberation of Taiwan by force.

Saturday, dusty day. Put on our skiing goggles and masks and bicycled to downtown, stopping at Hang Du Tailors, getting a laugh out of the entire crowd in our "Man from Mars" outfit. There was the beautiful cashmere overcoat ready to be fitted. The people are so pleasant. The workmanship excellent. Cycled to the theater shop, then by the international post office and then back. It is a lot of work riding against the dust storm, but great exercise. Played tennis in the afternoon, hitting with Mr. Wong. Almost through Bill Safire's book. He captured the Kissinger problem very well and does a good job on Nixon, the enormous arrogance, the pressures that I only began to see when I first got into the National Committee job are well handled. Early dinner Saturday night.

Sunday the church service. We don't know quite how to handle the money gift to Jane Meadows Allen's father. I am putting the money in a little at a time, having been advised that it would not be appropriate to give a large sum of money. John Small and I were talking and we don't know whether the money goes to the church or is turned over to the state or what. It is hard to tell. Telephoned home. Talked to Doro and Mum. Very clear connection. It is exactly 9:30 at night Peking and 9:30 morning Florida time. Note. The Chinese can be tough. They talk about principle. Their principles. And when it is a matter of principle it really means do it their way. How do we get them to understand what our principles are, particularly as you see

the demise of Cambodia and Vietnam. This is a difficult period. All the news, red news and blue news, radio etc., talks about Cambodia and Vietnam. Cambodia, less Vietnam, but still both of them - imperialists. We are hit less than the Russians but we are hit. They talk about the decay of the West and the decay of our society. Things like the security of diplomats is excellent. You ride around totally unfettered and I think back to my host country ambassadorship at the UN when all the rapes, robberies and shootings, dynamitings, protests, and one has to give good credit for security. But what is the price? It is nice to be able to go and have a picnic at the Ming Tombs or wander around downtown Peking and not worry about your security at all. There is robbery and petty thievery but we have not been exposed to it in any way, not have I ever heard of an example of it in the diplomatic community. A French mission girl was attacked the other day by a guy with a sickle. Hit her over the head, jumped into the Mali embassy and in a minute troops surrounded the place and they hauled him off. The French called him a "fou" meaning he was out of his mind. They hauled him out. Three or six years ago this happened and the guy was shot and the government person who was attacked was so informed. We don't know what happened to this "fou." The PLA guards are beginning to smile and almost recognize Fred's existence as he chases balls, runs after the kite etc.

Sunday, March 23 - a beautiful picnic at the Ming Tombs following church. Ben Blackburn gave it with all kinds of soup and fancy things. Beautiful hillsides, totally isolated. Spring in the air. It was perfection, surrounded by the great beauty itself. There was a Chinese family cooking on a little

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14. Redaction	Redaction of two sentences from Peking Diary (REDACTED PAGE FOLLOWS) (1 pp.)	3/24/75	C	
COLLECTION George Bush Personal Papers China File				
FILE LOCATION Peking Diary Volume II		OA/ID Number		
		Date Closed	10/19/99	

RESTRICTION CODES

Presidential Records Act - [44 U.S.C. 2204(a)]

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PRM. Closed as a personal record misfile.

Freedom of Information Act - [5 U.S.C. 552(b)]

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gas burner when we came in and having their own picnic. But we went off in the back of the main entrance and had the entire hillside to ourselves except for one couple that wondered out, obviously having enjoyed the quietude of the hills where we arrived. After the doubles game went to see the Nigeria v. Peking women's basketball match. They packed the stadium for a lousy, mediocre basketball game. Unbelievable. Girls marched out - Chinese in the red suits, Nigerian in the green. Holding each other's hand on high. Then when one girl would foul another, there would be a great display of "friendship." They overdid the friendship aspect of it and underdid the basketball aspect. We left after the first twenty minutes. I just can't imagine 10 or 15 thousand people, and the place was packed, sitting watching that kind of a performance-they them seemed to love it. The sports minister was there and the place for the guests was regal. We had gone in the wrong entrance and were ushered into that place over my protest pointing to a seat. The guide said "you and your spouses can seat anywhere." We finally acquiesced. Then a rather serious functionary appeared and said, "You will have to leave. You will have to sit in your own seats." I said, "Look we want to sit in the other seats." Instead of seeming apologetic about it, he was rather imperious. The first time I have seen this kind of behavior towards us. Not unfriendly but slightly arrogant and a little bit demanding. The African girls had that marvelous walk and strut but the Chinese girls were much more athletic looking, trim and tall and much better passing and handling the basketball. China was leading at half. End March 23.



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15. Redaction	Redaction of one paragraph from Peking Diary (REDACTED PAGE FOLLOWS) (1 pp.)	3/24/75	C	
COLLECTION George Bush Personal Papers China File				
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Monday, the 24th - lunch at the residence with Ambassadors Ogawa and Fitzgerald and Holdridge. Normally Harland would be there but he is in New Zealand. These little regional lunches are informal and very nice. Wong and Sun continue to do a very good job on them. The Hamons arrived that afternoon and we had a little light dinner at the International Club. Jake and Nancy seem to be enjoying everything very much.

Tuesday, March 25 - Lunch, Hamons went sightseeing with Bar. I had lunch with them. At five o'clock the French Ambassador and Mrs. Arnaud came on a courtesy call and on business, discussing Cambodia and Sihanouk. Six to seven, the Greek Independence Day reception next door. Tons of diplomats crammed in there. Chinese representation pretty good - minister of education, couple of vice ministers.

Dinner at Kang Le with the Hamons. News consists of further deterioration in Cambodia and Vietnam. Kissinger's trip to the Middle East aborted and it worries me about our foreign policy, this effort to destroy Kissinger -- criticizing him enormously at home, and the feud between him and the Congress concerns me. Newspaper reports make it sound at this juncture like he is going to leave and be succeeded by Elliot Richardson. At home I would have some insight into this. Here we simply do not.

Spring is here. Walked through the park on Tuesday the 25th and watched them do the shadowboxing. Watched the kids assemble. Fighting and struggling and dancing and teacher blowing a whistle. Men with their legs stuck up in the trees stretching their muscles for their shadow boxing. Going through these weird and wonderful motions, oblivious to people around them. Of course they ~~restarring~~ staring at the Hamons and me even more than we are staring at them in action. One man standing under an arch singing in a glorious tenor voice oblivious to our coming or going. The juggling of house guests' schedules is very complicated from out here. End March 25.

March 26 - the head of the Consular Group from PRC and three others came for lunch. A man asked why do we make people who want a visa come to Peking. It is very expensive for them to come all the way across China. We replied that maybe the answer would be to have consulates in other places. Also once they get a visa they are free to travel all over, unlike China. The last one was my offering and it was fairly weak. The point, however, is well taken. I am not sure we try to do enough to help reunite families and help on the consular work. It is very complicated and I just

can't get over how unresponsive the Chinese are to these requests. Perfectly normal requests. There seems to be a great caution or a great reserve or a great isolation from things foreign in responses. The tennis courts are being fixed now. I have furnished them all kinds of information and yet they never discuss it. After I get it and talk about it in the beginning, they never will discuss it. I think they want to be totally self-sufficient. I saw Mr. Wong and about 30 people out sifting lime through screens. Apparently that will now be mixed with red clayish stuff and the courts will be resurfaced hopefully to make them better. But they simply will not ask for help and really don't want advice, although they are very polite about receiving the information. Magnificent dinner at the Chin Yong restaurant with the Hamons, the Stegers and the Tawliks of Egypt. Too much food though - on and on and on came the food. I believe Mr. Sun puts on the best kind of dinner for my stomach. Less pepper, more bland, but still delightful and subtle fragrances. Stamp collecting is my new thing. You can get the history of post-liberation China from the stamps. They are beautiful and tremendously interesting looking. Jake Hamon at 72 is a great sport. He will do anything. Great stamina. Goes to the Wall, to the Ming Tombs yesterday with Bar. Always game to walk. After dinner he and Fred and I took a good long walk. He is just as sharp as he can be. I'd like to be that way at 72.

I don't know why they use the term Chinese Fire Drill. The Chinese seem to be pretty organized. You see them unloading trucks etc. and there's pretty darn good organization. There seems to be an under-utilization of labor in places. Lots of people leaning on the hose in the field, standing

(100)

around during the work gangs, but still the work gets done. They rebuilt the Norwegian embassy in a week by just putting hundreds of bodies to work on it after the fire. I noticed them unloading a truck in front of our house this morning. Pretty good, pretty good. Pretty well organized. Much marching around now by students, drilling, trumpets, bands. I am wondering if there is going to be a great big parade one of these days - something China hasn't had in a long time.

Tennis last night. Akwei and I losing to Te and Wong in one set. They both played well, serving better than I've ever seen them, and you talk about really happy to win. They deserved to win and they clearly were pleased, though they were very polite about their victory. Reading Shirley MacLaine's book. The naivete and the emotional kind of acceptance of things (her salute, fist held on high and wink to Chairman Mao), her kind of acceptance of everything Chinese as well organized and perfect, except not for her, leaves me feeling a little strange about her work. End of March 26. I am almost through Safire's book.

Note - two great Chinese expressions. First, Hsiu Shou P'an Kuan. That equals "standing on sidelines with hand in sleeves." As campaigns come and go people do this, watching to see what develops. A great expression. They also write about the "rust-proof screw" (clean screw) as a thing to be emulated.

Called on Ambassador Naimbaye Lassimian of Chad. Spoke French on the call. The Africans need more attention. They sit in an embassy with little communication and yet occasionally, because of China's interest in the Third World ~~Was~~, they do get excellent contacts. We need to do more, more,

more in making these people feel at home, and on demonstrating that we are not "imperialists." It is an effort, it is hard to communicate, it is hard to get phone calls returned, hard to keep up with when they are in and out of town; but each contact in my view is worth making and even if it is not productive they are nice and warm and friendly people.

Lunch with the Odgens and Henrietta Morris (and the Hamons), welcoming them to the USLO. Bar had the 24-hour flu. She has had it two or three times and it is prevalent right now, as is encephalitis this time of year, and meningitis. Both much more serious than what she had. She staged a great recovery and we had a big dinner at the Peking Duck.

Walking in the park is fun before breakfast. You see the tai chi chuan you see the other form of Chinese boxing which is more vigorous, you see people with their legs in trees, you see one on one pressing muscles going slowly through tai chi chuan but it is two people. You hear people singing. Today we heard a tenor and a baritone in harmony in a little pagoda on top of the one hill in the park. The other day a baritone singing under the arches in the middle of the park. You see families. You see "heing and sheing" in the park which surprised me, not aggressive petting but sitting close against each other. And quite clearly in love. You see a lot of old people visiting there. You see propaganda all around. This morning school was being lectured. Everyone had a book with Mao on the cover and a teacher had them all sitting in a very disciplined way, giving them a lecture with other teachers standing around. The park is beginning to be beautiful. There is no grass but it is beautiful. The trees and the buds and the hedges. Propaganda billboards. Sihanouk, Sihanouk, Sihanouk. (Look up confidential cables

on this subject for this date.) News still full of Cambodia and Vietnam, decline in U.S. position. Red and blue news carrying the break off of the trips and the defeats for the Americans in all these areas. Obviously China wants us strong and wants us involved in many places and yet publicly they must be on us as imperialists. A dilemma. Studied the most highly classified cables from the time USLO opened. Interesting how history seems to be repeating itself as far as Southeast Asia goes. Feeling better each day. Bar decided to go back for Marvin's graduation. I am very, very happy about this. He's done a good job that boy.

Peking Duck dinner. Ambassadors from Tunisia, Burma, Pakistan, Serg Romensky of Agence France Presse and Pilgrim (?) of Guinea. A very good duck dinner at the best duck restaurant. Beer, chou ch'ang (?) wine, thirteen people, price tag 186 k'uai, 186 yuan which is about \$105-6. The Hamons are great house guests. End March 27.

The 28th was the Hamons wedding anniversary. We celebrated it at the International Club that night. That morning Jake and I went down and bought some Cuban cigars. They cost 1.60 k'uai which is about 90 cents, which is about 4 or 5 times cheaper than a comparable cigar, the Churchill variety, I was told, in Paris or in other markets. I played a little tennis and the rest of the day was mostly around the office.

Saturday the 29th - the Hamons left. We ended the visit with seeing the cultural relics in a special showing. It was the other half of the Washington Museum at the Forbidden City. Beautifully done. Walks in the parks with the Hamons were fun.

The Hamons left on Air France on the 29th and I went out before then to

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DOCUMENT NO. AND TYPE	SUBJECT/TITLE	DATE	RESTRICTION	CLASS.
16. Redaction	Redaction of five sentences from Peking Diary (REDACTED PAGE FOLLOWS) (1 pp.)	3/29/75	C	
COLLECTION George Bush Personal Papers China File				
FILE LOCATION Peking Diary Volume II		OA/ID Number		
		Date Closed	10/19/99	

RESTRICTION CODES

Presidential Records Act - [44 U.S.C. 2204(a)]

- P-1 National Security Classified Information [(a)(1) of the PRA]
- P-2 Relating to the appointment to Federal office [(a)(2) of the PRA]
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C. Closed in accordance with restrictions contained in donor's deed of gift.

PRM. Closed as a personal record misfile.

Freedom of Information Act - [5 U.S.C. 552(b)]

- F-1 National security classified information [(b)(1) of the FOIA]
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[REDACTED] The Hamons were great house guests and

seemed to appreciate everything. They are very, very rich and yet both of them are down to earth, thoughtful to Kuo and thoughtful to Wong, Sun and all the rest. In fact they gave tiny little presents to all the help and fortunately the help accepted them. Mr. Wong looking a little apprehensive, but all in all the Hamons handled it with great taste and tact. The Congressmen appeared and on Good Friday evening we went to Good Friday service. There were only about ten people in our whole little church. On Sunday the 30th it was a different story. The Church was packed. The Catholic Church had two hundred. Our church was overflowing, largely because of an African christening that went on with two little babies - the church mainly filled with Africans. The Rhodes, Poseys (?) and Dr. Carey joined us for Easter service which was very nice. Then they all went off to the Great Wall and Bar and I cycled down with John Burns to the Great Square for some picture taking. The dust was really bad. We used our goggles and it made a hell of a difference. The people stare at us like mad with the goggles and masks on, but it is necessary. Some places the wind almost made the bike stand on end, you almost felt you were going to be blown over. The weather was warmish. I had a good tennis game in the

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DOCUMENT NO. AND TYPE	SUBJECT/TITLE	DATE	RESTRICTION	CLASS.
17. Redaction	Redaction of one paragraph from Peking Diary (REDACTED PAGE FOLLOWS) (1 pp.)	3/31/75	C	
COLLECTION George Bush Personal Papers China File				
FILE LOCATION Peking Diary Volume II		OA/ID Number		
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afternoon playing with old Mr. Chi who suited up for the first time. I played with Finocchi of Italy who doesn't know the doubles game at all. Mr. Chi couldn't hit the ball but knew the game well. Always in proper position, careful, thoughtful, marvelous old fellow. Wong and Te beat Finocchi and me 6-love. Finnoki and I beat Wong and Chi in two straight sets.

On Easter Sunday evening we went to the Sick Duck where Wang Hai Jung and Nancy Tang gave the Congressmen a very good verbal exercise. The Chinese are wed on this subject of principle. They cancelled out the cultural performance because of refusing to give way on the song about Taiwan liberation. The Philadelphia orchestra came here, yielding totally with what they thought would be a proper program. But when we asked them to change the song on liberation of Taiwan which hadn't even been submitted in the first place as part of the program, they balked and cited principle. They are amazing. They are polite, they are strong, but they always talk about principle. And when they don't want to give an answer they just obfuscate and sit there. It's the most frustrating thing in the world.



It was a great exercise for Albert and Rhodes to see first-hand some of the frustrations that we experience here. Quiet lunch on the 31st here at the house downstairs with just Bar and I eating these delightful foods. My weight is beginning to creep up. I feel a lot better. Weather is good. Called on the ambassador of Somalia on Monday the 31st, trying to get these African calls going. The Africans are of good value here. We have got to do more with them.

Quiet dinner on the 31st at the house. Relaxed, early evenings. These are marvelous fun events - almost euphoric in the happiness. Great letters from the kids. I don't know what we'd ever do if the kids weren't happy when we are way out here. I miss them. And I miss Don and Jane Kenny and Tom Lias and Pete and Rose and Mary Lou and Aleene and all the people who have just given so much of their lives to me over the years. Great loyalties mean an awful lot. Now I am troubled by the news at home and the seeming weakness of the President - the challenge. It looks to me like, without predicting who will win, I should be planning a private life starting in '76. In fact, it has an enormous appeal in a lot of ways. Though I expect having been in the public arena, going back to private will be somewhat complicated. Oh well, I don't fear the future. I look forward to it. Marvin wrote me that death worried him. I sent him an article from the paper about a column Bill Buckley wrote about the courage of Charles Luckheed (?) in death, a guy who couldn't take his own life because of his great faith. Also I wrote him about some men who had died and had been brought back to life, all of whom were almost euphoric in their comments on how great death really was. I don't fear it now. In fact, I can't say

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that I welcome it, because I want desperately to live longer and do something and to accomplish things, and to see my kids grown and happy, but I must say that scary teenage feeling is no longer around me.

End of March 31.

The congressmen are staying in the guest house next door to Hong Du Tailors. Apparently it was a former Austrian Embassy, very high ceilings, overstuffed chairs, very convenient. The Foreign Minister met them in the Foreign Ministry Guest House which is right diagonally across from the Peking Hotel but behind big walls. I have driven by there a million times on my bike and never realized it was there. I am always amazed about being on time in China. You're never late. We orbit around, circling, waiting to make sure we are on time.



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DOCUMENT NO. AND TYPE	SUBJECT/TITLE	DATE	RESTRICTION	CLASS.
19. Redaction	Redaction of two paragraphs from Peking Diary (REDACTED PAGE FOLLOWS) (1 pp.)	4/1/75	C	
COLLECTION George Bush Personal Papers China File				
FILE LOCATION Peking Diary Volume II		OA/ID Number		
		Date Closed	10/19/99	

RESTRICTION CODES

Presidential Records Act - [44 U.S.C. 2204(a)]

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Afternoon spent in the office. We were concerned about the press conference and whether they would want to go too much into the policy statements of the Congress but they didn't. The Speaker and Rhodes handled it very well indeed. We had a large reception for the Chinese, friends, the press, American business people, UOP and others in Peking. Sun knocked himself out. In a reception like this waiters and food are sometimes brought in from the Peking Hotel and the International Club. This time the Peking Hotel. Everyone seemed to enjoy it.

Dinner at the International Club, for just John Rhodes, Bushes, Holdridges, Alberts and Gleysteens. Nine for dinner with beer and a bottle of wine - 1907 k'uai yuan which is about \$10 and I thought the food was darn good. Mr. Fay (?) and Mr. Lo (?) came over to chat, both of them very Western, both of them very pleased to meet our CODELs, had read about them in the

paper. Apparently there has been some coverage of this visit. They are being treated pretty well indeed which is somewhat reassuring given the flap we had on the art troop going to the States. Guest house that they are staying in used to be the Indian Embassy. High ceilings, very pleasant. The Foreign Ministry Guest House was the Austria-Hungary Embassy - great big beautiful thing. It must have been some life in Peking in those days. I mentioned to Nancy Tong that I would like to see Chang Chung-chiao, No. 2 Vice Premier. She said it might be possible, but it might take a while, which means that I won't see him, indicating the idea that everybody would have to. I am going to request it anyway through protocol and see what happens. End of April 1.

April 2 - last day of Rhodes and Albert visit here. They went off to a commune in the countryside - a very good one, two hours drive out and back, were a little tired when they returned. I received a Mrs. Ellison from the Cleveland Plain Dealer who was on a forty-man tour sponsored by one of the Friendship groups. Showed our Apollo 8 movie to the Chinese staff. It had a Chinese language track on it. They loved it. Took my language lesson. Quiet lunch. Received the Director General of the Bureau of Asian and Pacific Affairs from Ottawa, Mr. R. L. Rogers and Mr. Small for a discussion of errors in Southeast Asia. Went to the carpet showroom in the Animal By-products Corporation. Amazed at the lack of marketing. The guy couldn't have cared less. "We can't sell this to you." "That one is not for sale." No selling techniques that are used in the United States. It was almost like you had to pull teeth to buy anything or to place orders. They have a long, long way to go in marketing to the West. Because of the balance of payments they want to sell more now but can't do it.

Six thirty, the whole CODEL group met with Chu Te, 90 years old. Nancy

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20. Redaction	Redaction of nine sentences from Peking Diary (REDACTED PAGE FOLLOWS) (1 pp.)	4/2/75	C	
COLLECTION George Bush Personal Papers China File				
FILE LOCATION Peking Diary Volume II		OA/ID Number		
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RESTRICTION CODES

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Tang interpreted. Here was one of Mao's earliest comrades at arms. He seemed fairly sharp but very, very old and tired easily. We were with him for a few minutes. The speaker did pretty darn well. We had a return banquet at the Chung Du Restaurant, far too much to eat and by the time it was over everybody was ready to shutter down and move on. A visit of two or three days is plenty.



I told him these congressman and cabinet people are my guests. I understand about the Cabinet people and clearly that might take on significance beyond what would be intended by a private visit, but on the Congress I said, "I'll abide by your decision but I think it is a big mistake to have a policy where congressmen can't come unless the Secretary of State approves it. These are my friends. They are close personal friends, someone like Rog Morton, and I just want you to know that I disagree with the policy." I also had a feeling we are not being informed on policy. There was much happening on Cambodia

that involved Peking and we should have known about it. I think that the State Department makes a big mistake on not keeping ambassadors informed. End of April 2.

April 3 - Ted Youde came around to see whether the Chinese during the Congressional talks had expressed great concern about the fall of Southeast Asia, Cambodia, etc., and also to find out about the art troop, how that was going to work out, whether they would recriminate. The Chinese did blast us in the NCNA but it wasn't too much at all. I told Youde that Cambodia and Vietnam were not mentioned. One wonders exactly how the Chinese feel about the rapid fall down there and about Cambodia particularly given their commitment to Sihanouk and the question mark about his future. I do worry about the rapid disintegration of our policy in the Middle East. We shouldn't be expected to bring it peace, or to bring peace to that area alone, but people do expect that of us. Portugal is falling apart. The Cyprus and Greece situation still is difficult. Pressure on troops to come out of NATO, which is not an imminent or immediate thing, but NATO itself is under great pressure.

And then you shift over to Southeast Asia and you see the Cambodia-Vietnamese situations and you have a rather vivid unraveling, that causes us a lot of heartburn. Everybody kind of looks at me more in sorrow than in anger about Vietnam. And I bite back a little bit, about our commitments, need to guarantee some kind of self-determination, and wondering when the free elections will come after these people are overthrown. It is amazing how certain ambassadors couldn't care less about those kinds of things. They want peace and harmony and maybe they have got a point.

Quiet lunch then a Canadian showing of a wolf movie and a travel movie

Wolney Schenck

at the International Club. The International Club has a big theater. You stand around and drink juice and beer and then go in to see it. Actually it is a very nice facility. They are poor marketers though. They could have entertainment. They could have a little bar set-up. They could put this thing on a money-making basis, but instead they subsidize it at a very low cost. A nice thing - the operation runs rather haltingly but in a friendly fashion. We are lucky to have it.

Dinner at the Greek Embassy. The European approach to diplomacy is much like the UN. Dinner at 8, not leave until 11, rather formal settings, serving Western food in all the embassies, none of which is as good as our Chinese food but nonetheless you do have a little bit of Greece or Belgium or France here in China. It is a nice change. The evenings somehow seem boring here to me, where they didn't at the UN so much. That kind of evening seems boring.

We are in the midst of a major staff turn-over at USLO. It will be nice to have our own new staff, my own new imprint on things for better or for worse. As people get ready to leave they become hardened, particularly after a couple of years, to the inconveniences and to the frustrations of this life. John Holdridge reflects a very hard line approach now and I think it is an accumulation of frustration as well as a very realistic look. Lucian Pye (?) just wrote an article that calls for a realistic appraisal, and I firmly believe that when we stand up for our principles, the Chinese understand. So many China' lovers in the United States want to do it exactly their way. There is a double standard on their China policy. The Russians get the kind of criticism that the Chinese avoid, and I am sure it drives the Russians right up the wall because the discipline, and the closeness of

this society, and the unpredictable ways of doing things, and the stiff arming approaches is bad, if not worse, here than anything like this in the Soviet Union now or in the past. Compared with other embassies we get as much done as they do, have as much access as they do, but compared with what the Chinese do in the United States, we get nothing and nothing comparable in terms of contacts etc. The State Department is worrying about my house guests -- congressmen and cabinet people. They are uptight, uptight. It is this clutched-in policy, in the whole experience, to one's chest that worries me. Secretiveness instead of secrecy as Marshall Green called it.

Flew the Tientsin kite the other day. Great silk kites. Crowds gather outside the wall. Kids look in until they are shooed away by the guard. Kite gets as good a crowd as C. Fred, and that's saying something! Got a new bicycle from the Marines (Dave Standard(?)) to us. \$40. A big sturdy black thing. I waxed it up and it looks pretty good, ready for the kids.

Health. The doctor situation here - you get mixed reviews. Some think they do a great job, but the Polish Ambassador had a very serious infection and they couldn't figure out what it was. The German was wasting away, almost died, until we got him to a Tokyo hospital. Jerry Ogden had his Chinese wife go down and get some herbs to fix his gut and sure enough it worked. You worry if anything real serious would come up but you can get to Tokyo in four or five hours - we could - to the hospital there. We do not have a doctor here although there is a regional man that is supposed to come in. People get a lot of colds and flu out here. You can go from feeling really awful to feeling almost euphorically well. Great highs and lows. I don't know whether it is the climate or the society. There is a lot of dust in the air and it is dry. I turn on one of those water vaporizers. a lot. Your nose gets dried out and there is a lot of coughing. Of course

the Chinese are great spitters and coughers right on the street, Teng Hsiao Ping making liberal use of the spitoon in our meeting. People appear healthy but there is a fair amount of absenteeism due to colds and flu and things of that nature. It hasn't rained here in weeks. Dust gets up in the air a lot and into the house. It is like West Texas, only so far it hasn't been quite as bad as some of the dust storms there. Our goggles and face masks get a laugh out of the crowd as we cycle along. End of April 3.

April 4 - I went to the Animal By-products Import and Export Company to negotiate for carpets. It is unbelievable. Bar and I were there with Mr. Liu who had had the most venerable and respected chop maker in Peking make us chops - beautiful art work. We wanted to have them sewed into some rugs. We sat down opposite a formidable array of Chinese including the responsible person, the designer, the man who handles the Tientsin carpet factory in Peking and several others. They all drank tea. They discussed the weather and finally we got down to business. We order five 9 x 6 rugs and one 10 x 14. Our chop to be woven in. The design changed. We agreed on the colors. It was a wonderful negotiation. Light, respectful, not too difficult. The price a little over 8000 yuan for five rugs. A 9 x 6 rug at the Friendship Store cost between 1200 and 1900 yuan so I think we made a pretty good deal. They will be ready - one in October-November, the other five in January-February. They did not want any money down. There will be a contract. Traditional design. They asked that we not advertise the price. I think he gave us a pretty good price.

Went to Hungarian National Day from 11 to 12. A massive array. Chinese off on one side with Ambassador Ferenc. Much discussion of rumor going around that I had contacted Sihanouk. It was all over the place. Rumors fly through

thid diplomatic community. Four o'clock Mr. Horie, former head of the Bank of Toyko, came to call. Discussed the international economic situation. A most attractive fellow who had been here with a high level Japanese delegation.

April 4 - had some diplomatic types over to see the "Great Northfield Minnesota Raid." The film cratered and it was all very embarrassing. The film was all worn out. We get in on the tail end of things here - films, etc. End of April 4.

April 5 - relaxed weekend. Tennis - Akwei and I beat Te and Wong three straight. Very easy. It's funny. Sometimes these guys are tough and sometimes not so much. Got a message from the White House and had to send a currier on down to give a message from the President to Carl Albert. Rode bikes way downtown and got back very, very tired. Spring has come. It is fun to browse through the shops. There is absolutely no effort to see anything at all. No marketing. You have to dig and look, and tons of people. Oversupply of people. The law of diminishing returns must have set in. At the airlines counter there are 20 to do the job of 3. Counters at the stores - there are always people standing there. Some must be training but some must be just a surplus of people. We are wearing out goggles downtown. People stare more but they are sure great for the weather, keeping the dust out. Watch science shorts on our cassetts TV and hit the sack early. End of April 5.

April 6 - Lias had all the ex-staff over. Got a good clear phone call from the states including word from Marvin that he got into the University of Texas and had chosen that by "process of elimination." Chinese are status conscious. Discussing the car Mr. Kuo was afraid we might be getting

a station wagon when we get a new car. He wants a Cadillac. He told Mr. Liu to tell me he thought that was the only car fitting for my position. The protocol is as stringent and strict here as in any place I know about. Took a ping pong lesson, got royally beaten by Ho's assistant; a young kid, who put friendship first and toyed along with me. Lunch at the International Club. Prices cheap, food good. Sundays it's always full over there. Africans and a hodge podge of nationalities. Some are rude to the management. Some of the students, particularly Africans, sit over there and drink too much beer, and I think it causes the Chinese some heartburn.

In the afternoon we went to the funeral of Tung Pi Wu (?), the only survivor, other than Mao, and founder of the Communist Party. He was 90 years old. It was most impressive. It was in the Forbidden City, in the Workers' Palace end of it. Vast space, literally tens of thousands of people lined up with white carnations, four abreast, waiting to file through. Diplomatic community was led through open parks inside the walls of the Forbidden City up to this most impressive spot inside what had once been a palace I am sure. Ranking dignitaries of his government on the right, family standing near the urn and a large picture on the left. They shook hands with all the diplomatic community and then I am told did the same with all the masses. Black crepe around, floral wreaths, funeral music, perhaps the most impressive and symbolic thing we have done since we have been in China. It was amazingly tasteful and dignified and you wonder whether a man's family thinks there is a god. It was a warm day. I wondered as I shook hands with the widow whether her mind wastes back to the Korean war or some other hostility, or whether she thought back longer to times when Americans had helped the

Chinese enormously. A young girl in the line was crying, obviously a niece or grandchild. There must have been fifteen members of the family there. Holdridge, Bar and I walked across the courtyards representing the United States. I am very, very glad that we went. It is the first one of these that Holdridge has been to also.

In the afternoon Bar and I bicycled downtown. I was wearing blue checked pants and a red tee shirt, and the crowds stared and stared. That was all that I needed. It is warm now. It is fun just to go into plain stores. A glass store or a basket store or a hardware store. They are all the same. Not attractive for marketing, but probing around in the cases and pointing and talking with the little Chinese - you really get the atmosphere of Peking. Ken Jamieson and Ethel arrived on Iran Air. Easy to get through customs. Both very pleasant. End of April 6.

Monday, April 7 - determined to increase our contacts with Africans. Today I called on Shibura Albert of Burundi and Langue-Tsobgny of Cameroon. Both conducted in French, both seemed pleased that I called. We have got to find ways to do more with them. And hope that we get a lead or two. Called on Tolstikov at the Soviet Union. Talked for an hour out in his mausoleum. He loves to chat. Always has great theories on China. Feels that their relationship and ours is about the same. Says that Sihanouk showed him and others a letter from me. No comment from me of course. Lunch at home with the Jamiesons, then shopping downtown. Tons of dust. Some of the bicycles looked like they were going backwards. Sand in the air. Most miserable day we have had since we have been in China in terms of weather. A busy day though. Plenty of action. Enjoyable. Dinner at the

Min Zu Gan Zhuang with the Jamiesons, Bushes, Pascoes and Holdridges.

One of the Mongolian Pot deals. End April 7.

April 8 - lots of wondering about the death of Chiang Kai-shek. Nobody expects that this will facilitate the solution of our problems in as much as Chiang Kai-shek has not been running things over there anyway. But there is something significant of the fact that Tung Pi Wu (?) and Chiang Kai-shek died at roughly the same time. Old old men. Then I think of Chu Teh and Chairman Mao and even Chou En Lai and I wonder what the line-up is going to look like a year from now. Jack Service (?) is coming in to see Holdridge, and I will meet with him this afternoon.

Went to the opening of the Belgium exhibit. Technical, pretty fair display, nothing like the U.S. companies would do however. I'll be interested to see if China sells anything through this exhibit. It is quite nicely done, with a gathering in the big exhibit hall - Moscow-Russian built years ago - where the ambassador and the minister of trade from Belgium plus a representative of the ministry from China spoke. Then we went through the fair. Long lunch at the Rumanians. These Eastern Europeans, though flexible and though needing the U.S. to counterbalance the Soviets, are tough when it comes to the solutions of problems in Southeast Asia. They will not go for free elections or any of the things that we consider fundamental. Hot tennis game to work off the lunch.

Dinner at the house. News agency people cancelled because of the death of Tung Pi Wu (?). Andersons, Bushes, Horowitz' and Jamiesons. Mrs. Jamieson was not attractive at dinner. Too bad. Arguing with the State Department people. Why do you all pay attention to Shirley MacLaine etc. when Shirley's book had just come out. It was widely reviewed in the U.S. and of course was

the main subject in China. What Mrs. Jamieson doesn't know is that Shirley has disproportionate influence in the United States. People read about her, she gets wide publicity. I am very worried about the whole American policy in Southeast Asia and am awaiting anxiously to see what the President has to say about it. There may not be a domino theory but clearly as the United States has reneged on commitments and pulled back and is unwilling to support recommendations of the President, the free countries, the Asian countries and others in Southeast Asia are concerned. A good speech by Lee Kuan Yew of Singapore on April 7 spells it out very well. These countries cannot depend on the U.S. any longer and thus they have to look toward Russia or more likely China. There could be a conflict between China and North Vietnam over all this. Of course there is a domino theory, but it should not be called that because now it is a code word and all those who opposed it are rationalizing and thinking of other explanations.

April 9 - visit from East German Ambassador, Wittik. He is an interesting guy, justifying East Germany's position, talking mainly about land redistribution and how they formed cooperatives. Wittik's father worked in the German underground, spent time in a concentration camp prison. Wittik told me that he himself deserted from the German Army during the war. Very pleasant, very anxious to present their side of the FRGDDR dispute. Lunch with the Jamiesons. The worst day in terms of weather that we have had in Peking. Tremendously high West Texas type wind storm. Dust all over the place. We went to the Hungarian movie show at the International Club. Two travelogs and one ghastly propaganda piece glorifying the Soviet Union. Two excellent travelogs with no voice, done to classical music. Great sights. On the way back, we walked and it was unbelievable - the dust. Dinner at the

Big Duck with the Arnauds, Smitters of Canada, and Ballews, Bushes and Jamiesons. Note: the people who work at USLO residents are really warm and friendly. The girls have warmed up appreciably. Mr. Wong is doing a great job and Chu who has had a bad back is a good young guy. He showed me a smelly plaster that the Chinese put on back injuries. I think I will have to try some when my back gives me grief.

Jerry Ogden had diarrhea problems and he got his wife to go to one of the herb doctors and it cured him instantly. Herb Horowitz had a broken tooth. They wanted to put a great big shiny aluminium cap on it. Herb resisted same. We may get another musk ox to replace Milton. I think it would be good. It is funny how little tiny things like this matter here. The cultural artistic troop was cancelled going from China to the United States, because of a Taiwan song. Now it seems to me to get a musk ox would be helpful. We'll analyze it to death before the ox appears, I am sure. Albert and Rhodes are back in the States. On the VOA I heard them talking about Taiwan taking time, Chinese being the main subject - they are interested, very little comment on Vietnam. They did a good job and it was in keeping with the high level talks we had here. As soon as Albert and Rhodes left, the diplomats were abuzz with what the talks were about etc. I am sure a jillion cables were fired after each one of them asked me how the talks went. End of April 9.

President Marcos and Prime Minister Lee both are talking about reassessment of U.S. role in Southeast Asia. Both see PRC and the Soviet Union on the increase and the U.S. on the decrease. Both continue to feel probably that the U.S. is important but both feel that the non-communist countries will probably hang loose and certainly will not depend on the U.S. The domino

theory is a valid one. I am wondering what I would have recommended if I had been in a position of major authority as far as funds for Cambodia and Vietnam. First, I don't know all the facts but from here it appears to be a loosing cause. I think we are going to have to take a real hard look at Southeast Asia. The President presumably will be discussing this tomorrow night. Certainly we have got to reassure Japan and in every way possible. I don't quite see what is going to take the pressure off Thailand, Malaysia, Indonesia, Singapore, Philippines as time goes by. A lot depends on Vietnam. A lot depends on the relationship between North Vietnam and China - not always a happy one. If North Vietnam has its hands full in taking care of its own problems in Vietnam, maybe it won't be fooling around so much in Laos and Thailand. Laos appears to me to have some real problems.

April 10 - discovery that through stamps in China you can really get a great feel for the entire society. Workers - valient struggles against..., to liberate so and so, support of Albania, return of the glorious fighters from Korea, support of the people of Vietnam in their quest for freedom. Stamp book spells out the entire philosophy and entire pride in art of this society. Relaxed free day. Another match in tennis with Wong and Te for relaxation. Welcoming Levesques, a party at the Morans, lunch at home. More Cambodian work in the office. Reading the news, the continuing feeling that Vietnam and Cambodia are totally falling apart, desperately feeling the need for a realignment, restatement of foreign policy. The President coming on tomorrow and that will be interesting to see what he has to say on that. Somewhere between isolation and overinvolvement lies a reasonable end, but then, at the same time I am saying this, you hear Thailand talking about Thailand has just

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DOCUMENT NO. AND TYPE	SUBJECT/TITLE	DATE	RESTRICTION	CLASS.
21. Redaction	Redaction of one paragraph from Peking Diary (REDACTED PAGE FOLLOWS) (1 pp.)	4/11/75	C	
COLLECTION				
George Bush Personal Papers China File				
FILE LOCATION		OA/ID Number		
Peking Diary Volume II		Date Closed	10/19/99	

RESTRICTION CODES

Presidential Records Act - [44 U.S.C. 2204(a)]

P-1 National Security Classified Information [(a)(1) of the PRA]
 P-2 Relating to the appointment to Federal office [(a)(2) of the PRA]
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lost 17 people fighting in the North against communist insurgence. The domino theory? Mr. Wong presented Barbara with all the menus that we have eaten since October. They really work in wonderful ways. He is the most polite fellow. Always available, always willing to try. End of April 10.

April 11 - Jerry Lavesque, Bob Blackburn's replacement, is around. Had a meeting with him. We will soon be reshaping the whole staff. The night of the 11th we had a group for buffet and movies. The buffet was a combination Chinese food and American food. Went quickly. One wine. Very informal. Showed "Nite at the Opera." Had a good mix. Italian correspondent Prince Sagali (?), Mrs. Katapodis of Greece, the Czechoslovakian ambassador, the Australians, the Egyptians, the French, the Yugoslavs, Sudan and Somalia - all ambassadors, all seemed to enjoy the evening. It was an early evening.



We listened to the President's speech and I wonder how it will be received. He called for \$722 million of aid and here I sit with the distinct feeling, having talked to Carl Albert and Rhodes, that he won't get any military aid for Vietnam. We are going through a very difficult time for U.S. foreign policy. We talk strong, the President's voice was firm, made all the right sounds, and yet people, I am sure, are wondering what in the world we can really do, what can we deliver. The American people do not see us threatened at all by Southeast Asia - our security, or our well-being. And you add to this the enormous financial problems at home and it makes declarations of actions almost impossible. Time will tell but my prediction is that the Congress will not approve the military aid. In the meantime in a separate file I am keeping the "contact with Sihanouk" story and it should be woven in here.

Saturday, April 12 - we had the Cameroon children, the Ambassador from Gabon, wife of the Ambassador from Burundi all over to see the movie "Big Horn." We invited the USI.O children too. It was a good showing. We threw the frisbee around, played horseshoes, played the game with the things that hook onto your hand outside (pastic ones), then went in and had cokes and the movie. Lunch at the Club with Chris Bellow(?), a new officer here, a very attractive fellow, born in China. Jerry Odgen and his Chinese wife are here - attractive. We are putting together a whole new crew. I hate to see some of the others go, but again change is good. People should not be here more than two years - I am convinced of that.

We had a health care and Schistosomiasis Study Group come here, led by Dr. Jung of George Washington University. They came for a quick reception,

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seemed to be pleased to be on U.S. soil so to speak, have a drink of whiskey. They were an attractive group, mainly doctors, very serious about their work. Some of the doctors in the health care group would come at their own expense. The Schistosomiasis Group was one of the exchanges, and Jay Taylor accompanied them. The Chinese hosts for one group came. That was 5 to 6:30 and then at 9 we went to a dance at the Cameroon Embassy where I was bearded by Agence France Presse, Reuters, and the Italian news agency asking about the Sihanouk comment. Sihanouk made a statement saying that he had told us to get out of Phnom Penh etc. etc. I'll put this in the file. I gave it a "no comment." We got home very late. I think the Africans were pleased we were there. It is impossible for me dancing. The big highlight was a Canadian girl doing the twist or something. She was fantastic. More action than we had seen around here since that girl that used to work in Finance of the RNC who got fired by Odell, (Barbara?). End of April 12. Winds came up - dafor^g Tremendous wind and dust in the air. It was really a lousy night's sleep.

Sunday, April 13 - Went to our church service. Henrietta Morris joins us. We pick her up at the Peking Hotel and then shoot up to the service. A relaxed day. Friendship Store. Shopping around. Interview with John Burns that he is doing for People Magazine - on his way out of China soon, to work for the New York Times. A ping pong lesson by a Chinese kid who put friendship first, who isn't as good as Ho (?) but a very nice fellow.

Counselor case of Reed Gardner who was here with a British tour group

headed by Dr. Brown. Reed Stokes Gardner freaked out, threatened to kill Mao, threatened to blow up the Forbidden City, threatened the life of Dr. Brown and also the life of our counselor officer, struck a Chinese in the hotel room, locked himself in, said he needed the seventh key, cast a spell on Jerry Ogden, the counselor officer, by holding his hand in the air and calling him Satan. The China Travel Service would at first not negotiate with the United States Liaison Office, the Brits were leaving early Monday morning for Moscow and they threatened to tell the Moscow airline people if Gardner tried to go along. The British tour director, though he behaved well, was trying to get his trip on its way and shake leave of this guy. Great calling back and forth. Good State Department support. They sedated the man late, late Sunday night and kept him in custody Monday in a hospital, and delivered him to the airport, sedated him again, and we sent a marshal, trained security guy, with him to Tokyo where he was delivered to the boy's father who got out of bed in the middle of the night in Utah and started arranging to go to Tokyo. Good ~~counselor~~ work and good support by Department and Embassy-Tokyo. Kept us up at night.

Main topic of conversation is still Sihanouk and the Sihanouk-distorted story of what we tried to do. Monday, April 14, the ambassador Cesar Romero of Peru and his beautiful German speaking wife, whom we had met in Zambia, paid a courtesy call. They should be a good addition to the diplomatic community. Going away luncheon - very special and Chinese, at our house for Bob Blackburn. Going away reception for Ambassador Stachowiak of Poland. 5:00 p.m. A great big affair, less deadly because we were outdoors and in the Polish

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gardens diametrically across from us looked beautiful. They have this tremendous embassy with apartments, massive swimming pool, good tennis court. Our place looks miniscule in comparison. Showed the movie "40 Carats" that night with the Gurd Rugas. Getting ready to go on the trip to Hong Kong and Canton. People are still wearing their padded clothes. I am told that on some mysterious signal from somewhere everyone changes to summer garb. Took a long walk Sunday after trying unsuccessfully to fly a couple of my Tientsin kites. Everyone stared at Fred. We had to tell them that he was a dog, "xiaogo." Some didn't know what he was. Some of the kids did. High school kids kind of barking at him as he went along. Little kids kind of run alongside him. Others scared to death, jumped out of the way. Old people seemed to smile a lot. Some old cancer victims from the hospital next door were sitting outside near the park with their pajamas and bathrobes on, smiled warmly as we went by. Kids were following along behind us. Spring was in the air and it is very pleasant. We walked past the park, past the big, multi-story apartment buildings that are up past the British Embassy and all around the block. Saw the soldiers lining up for their diplomatic guard duty, being lectured by some officer. They went on past and watched lots of action in the park. Then walked along the streets where the cyclists stared like made at Fred. Cycling we are using our goggles alot with the dust in the air. They help.

Note: My heart aches for the people in Cambodia who have battled for what they thought was right down there. It is going to be a lot of misery. Sihanouk's position is not clear but he doesn't appear to have too much flexibility from the Khmer Rouge. [redacted] called. He used to be so pushy at the UN and than at the National Committee, always asking some special favor, mainly want-

ing to be appointed ambassador. He wrote saying he was here representing an important furniture company. It turns out to be some small outfit. I told him he could not get a visa. He wrote back saying he figured out some way to get in and he now found out about the house guest visit visas. I told him we can't do it. He called today and asked if he could stay with Holdridge whom he has never met or heard of. I heard him on the phone when the line was dead saying, "Who was that fellow I saw yesterday - was it Cross?" and then when I got on the phone he said, "My good friend Chuck Cross told me to give you a call on this." Life goes on just the same.

April 15 - lunch at the New Zealand Embassy. Morning in the office with the briefings by our political people for me - this one on Sino-U.S. relations, tracing the troubled history since liberation until now. Very interesting. Call from the Ambassador of Mauritius and dinner at the Egyptian Embassy. The Ambassador from Mauritius is based in Pakistan but he is also accredited to Peking. Very nice guy - friend of Byroade's. Interested in being sure the U.S. keeps its position in the Indian Ocean, thinks we need to do a better PR job showing the number of ship days, how many Russian ships there are there compared to ours. He seems very friendly to the United States. Dinner at French. Topic was the subject of Vietnam and Cambodia. Paladin, the Danish Ambassador, and the French tut tutting. I always get the feeling at these talks that there the other side's position is clearly that all the violations and corruption and the lack of elections by South Vietnam is disgust. And nothing comparable for the North. It does seem we are betting on the wrong people in some places.

Wednesday the 16th - leave for Canton (Kuon Hso?). The plane is a two hour and thirty minute flight - non-stop, Boeing 707, leaving at 9:00 a.m., getting in around 11:30 a.m. I noticed out at the airport again that people recognized me and I am amazed at that. There is no way that they should know, but some way they do. And you hear them discussing and pointing "Busher! Busher!" which is my Chinese name. The airport has a new board, and people stare at it, which flips the destinations, arrival times etc. It is made by the Japanese and is the subject of tremendous interest. It would go unnoticed in other airports except for people bitching that their flights were not on it. They had us in first-class. The flight was full in the back.

April 16, 1975 - Mr. Lee of the China Travel Service met us at Canton Airport, escorted us all around Canton in the afternoon. He asked about the cancellation of the cultural performance for Washington. Asked whether there was a chance they would go in the future, etc. I told him that there was principle on both sides. We understood their principle; but our principle was that you ought not to politicize cultural performances. Indeed when we had been asked to make certain changes in the program for the Philadelphia Orchestra when they came to China, we did. And we thought it was only right that China make it in ours. I am absolutely convinced on these kinds of incidents that we need to make our position known to the Chinese in a friendly and frank fashion. We do have principles and it is time we stood up for them without being contentious. Everybody in our mission knows what I am talking about when I say that China talks about their principles, and when they want to turn something down, they can turn it down on principle. But they do not

accord others the same courtesy when it comes to understanding their principles.

Bar and I were immediately struck by the difference in Canton - tropical, humid almost like the Gulf Coast, very, very different. The water is soft compared to Peking's rock hard water. There are more pedi-cabs. There are as many bicycles, I guess, but they didn't seem as noticeable. The streets are more narrow than the wide streets in Peking. The costumes are more varied, but maybe it's because it's warm weather. In Peking it's been cold and there's been great similarity. The food was similar. The Cantonese of course, most of them, speak Canton dialect, but Manduran does seem to get by. Stayed in the hotel right across from the fair grounds.

Went to the fair, looked around. On the first floor of the fair there are exhibits of Chinese goods and then upstairs there are more exhibits and consultation rooms. You always sit down and have tea and consult when you buy something. The American contingent at the fair so far is quite small. China is still way back in the background as far as really pressing their sales to the United States. They just don't go about it correctly. Indeed many of the people they get to the fair are promoters. I am convinced they could attract much higher quality people to the fair if they really went about it working hard. ^{Rope} Lunch with Horowitz and Bill Rop(?) both of whom share a suite down here to help advise American business people. Gene ~~Shirow~~ Shirow(?) from the National Council and U.S. China Trade, a very decent fellow, was there. Had dinner with him, Horowitz, Rop^e and Schweitzers, a couple with Hanover Manufacturers out of Hong Kong, and a Mrs. Ploudman (?) whose husband used to be a professor at Berkeley.

It is warm and tiring. We slept under mosquito nettings in the bed. The bed was like a center-fold, went right into a big crevice. I didn't sleep at all. Just this trip re-emphasizes what I felt when I went to ^{Tientsin} Shanghai and Hengyang (?) and those trips -- and that is that you must get out of Peking to begin to get the feeling for all of China. It is oh so different here.

On the train there is music in the background - propaganda all around. Trip from Canton to the border - one continual agricultural operation, terraced fields, every inch of ground used. In fact I wonder whether some of this isn't for the benefit of people coming in, although it is certainly farming for real. Lot of water buffalo, lot of geese, lot of ducks, some very, very young children in the fields, old men with poles (double-pole carrying) and it looks like the same methods used two thousand years ago. There are no tractors to be seen, and I have not seen a truck yet; but there is plenty of manual labor and plenty of action on the fields that are so green that your eyes ache almost. Man washing his water buffalo using rather dirty water to do it. Cows standing up with his front feet peering into a yard. Gaggle of geese with green rings around their necks, bright green. Bunch of ducks and geese being led by a tender, knee deep in water across a mirky looking pond. Green, green, green, Man casting a net in the water for shrimp or fish of some sort.

Good reasonable food on the dining car. Car trains look like something out of 1910 in the U.S., but they are clean as they can be and a very smooth roadbed. As far as the eye can see there are bright green fields and

cultivation. Some irrigation going on with a fair amount of pumping of water, raising it to a higher level. Crops mainly look like rice. I wonder about the disease and mosquitos with all this standing water around here.

April 21, 1975 - back into China after four fantastic days in Hong Kong. I am dictating this at night in the Tang Fung Hotel across from the fair grounds. We had a marvelous visit in Hong Kong including a tennis game with a fantastic girl player, Greta Ho and Robert Ho, her rich husband. Then a beautiful lunch at C. Y. Tong's (?) house, one of the largest ship owners in the world. Then the following day an all-day picnic with Kenneth Hue(?). The contrast between the way these Chinese live and the way we see the Chinese in Peking or Shanghai is just unbelievable, all of them extremely rich, all of them extremely gracious, extremely Western. Wives stylishly dressed, pleasant, enjoying the freedom to the fullest, capitalism to its maximum. Amazing contrasts when compared to what we have been used to over the last six months in China. Indeed some of the things in Hong Kong seem garish. The fashion shows seem decadent, I've got to watch to see that I don't get overly "Peking-ised" by time there. The creature comforts seemed somehow lavish, but the hustle and bustle, and the competitiveness, and the energy of the people in Hong Kong, couldn't help but impress after the drabness and the sameness of Peking.

Bemises arrived late but met us at the Hilton. We had a couple of really good relaxed days before taking the 10:00 train for the border on April 21, the Queen's birthday. Some of the Chinese came to Chuck Cross' house, the first time they have ever done it. But it was because I was there, head of the U.S. Liaison Office. The trip up the border was not and humid, but it

worked very well and everything was in order as we crossed back into China after four days of liberty in Hong Kong. Met by Mr. Lee of the Travel Service. Came to the Tang Fung Hotel where we went to the fair and looked around. Then had a reception for all American businessmen. I am not impressed with the quality of businessmen for the most part that come to the fair, although some are high class. Sears Roebuck, Union Carbide, RCA and others, but there are a lot of promoters in this sphere of business. Had a beautiful Chinese dinner with ~~Rog~~ Horowitz and Blackburn who is on his way out. And here we are again back where we belong - on our way to Shanghai and Peking.

*contrast
unworn*

Telegram about Rog Morton wanting to come here. The Department seems uptight about it, but I think they just don't want to take the chance of saying "no" to some of these people. The telegram referred to a visit by Russell Train who had called me a while back to say he had been granted permission by the Secretary to come. I wired back and told them if they didn't want him to come, just tell him and he would understand. But apparently they don't want to do that. I still feel that we hold the China thing too close on certain things. And yet I understand you can't have everybody running loose as a free spirit in a society that is complicated. Ten - here we are in our old mosquito nettings about to go to sleep for the second time in the Tang Fung Hotel. What a contrast between this place -- with its kind of worn linoleum floors, filthy bathroom floors (although the water is hot) -- and the Hilton Bangkok Suite where we lived for several days. It's unbelievable. There is no air conditioning. The paint looks all dry and dirty and there's really a kind of run down look to the whole place. End of April 21.

April 22, 1975 - another day at the fair. I met with the former No. 3 man, Mr. Huang, at the fair. We are wondering what his position really is. White haired and very friendly. We chatted about the UN and then about trade. He recited the Shanghai communique and how both sides should live up to that. I tried to drag him out on "Most Favored Nations" to see how badly that was bothering them. I discussed the fact that the fall-off in agricultural trade was not political but was a result of their harvest, to which he agreed. We talked about the need to understand U.S. markets and comply with some of our special regulations like canned foods etc. The talk was a good one. Held in a hot and somewhat odorous meeting room on the first floor of the Canton Fair Building. The Fair Building is actually two or three buildings, attractively done with displays on the first two floors, and on the third and fourth floors consultation rooms. The consultation rooms also had many beautiful things to show. I took Bar back up there this afternoon to see the baskets. There are many, many more on the display than we ever see in the stores.

It is hot and humid in Canton. The mosquito netting keeps any air from getting through. I kicked the netting off at night only to be chewed up by bugs. Not a pleasant night at all. So many of the Chinese goods are just not good. Their cameras, most of their machinery, their typewriters, their sewing machines are just not really the kind of articles that have any appeal. A lot of their cabinet design stuff looks like it was designed in the U.S. back in the twenties or thirties. I think, on the other hand, some of their handicraft and other imitation porcelain etc., are superbly done. Their basketware, closely knit baskets, are just beautiful. Large and small, shapes of animals (deers, doe, monkeys), all of these things -- attractively done. They display their silks well. They have many things

that have no appeal such as thermoses and wind-up clocks. I am wondering what countries buy any of these things.

The party for American businessmen attending the fair was successful. There must have been a 100 or so who attended. Some are kind of promoters and not particularly attractive people. It is unclear how people get invited to the fair. They should not be dealing through so many middlemen. They should be dealing with higher quality. Herb Horowitz, an excellent economic officer, feels that some of these promoters sell arrangements for others to come to the fair as their agents at rather high prices. There are several rather unsavory characters who might be doing this. It would be bad if it were true. The Tang Fung Hotel was built in the early sixties and looks like it has been really run down. The bathroom floors are really filthy. The plumbing leaks and really is disgraceful, although the rooms are rather large. The linoleum is all cracked up.

They have a lot of young kids who are learning languages at the fair. They are there to help out foreign guests. They serve as waiters, interpreters, busboys. It is a pretty good idea. We heard today that President Thieu left office, resigned. The decline in Southeast Asia is all around us.

We were supposed to take a plane to Shanghai and see a Shanghai acrobatic troop tonight. We got to the airport at four o'clock for a plane that was leaving at 4:35. There was a confrontation between China Travel Service, Mr. Lee, and a stalwart looking group of people at the CAAC counter in Canton who told us that the flight had just left. The CAAC crowd took the offense by showing a telegram that indicated they had just learned we were on the flight. China Travel man Mr. Lee argued back and told me later that they would all criticize China Travel about this. We stood around for a few minutes

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COLLECTION				
George Bush Personal Papers				
China File				
FILE LOCATION				
Peking Diary Volume III			OA/ID Number	
			Date Closed	10/19/99

RESTRICTION CODES

Presidential Records Act - [44 U.S.C. 2204(a)]

-- Freedom of Information Act - [5 U.S.C. 552(b)]

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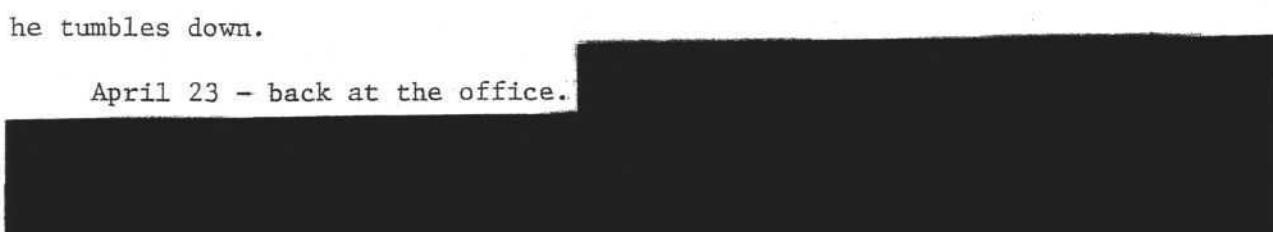
PRM. Closed as a personal record misfile.

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wondering what to do and we discovered there was a plane into Peking, so we cancelled out our Shanghai plans and climbed on a plane that left about 5 for Peking. I am not unhappy but the Bemises and others were trying to get to Shanghai so I hope they can do it later on - the Bemises and Bryants. The foul-up was rather massive but I am not sure we don't have many such foul-ups in the States to compete. Many is the time that I have been around when flights have been cancelled. Flying on a Soviet ~~Flyer~~ ⁷ ~~Allusion~~ 62 (?), non-stop Canton to Peking - about a three-hour run. About the same as Houston to New York. They served a rather nice looking cold-cut plate on the flight, tea and juice. We will wait to eat later on. Almost the end of April 22. Arrived April 22 - late at night. The house had been all torn up, being cleaned and stuff. Our message got in about 5 or 5:30 and there was Mr. Wong and Mr. Chung with the dinner all prepared by Mr. Chung - Sun having gone home. Kuo to meet us. The rug still up, but great to be home.

I worry about the fall of Thieu - no personal attachment whatsoever. I have complete conviction that there is such a thing as a domino theory. Thailand, the Philippines and others rushing towards new alignment. Kim Il Sung of Korea talking much tougher now about the South in Peking. Obviously trying to capitalize on the decline of the free countries in the southeast. A new report that Laos is engaged in heavier fighting there. Tremendous attacks on Kissinger and Ford. Isn't it amazing how a guy can rise to the top of the heap, and then be pushed off, and there seems great rejoicing as he tumbles down.

April 23 - back at the office.



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Weather beautiful. Peking instantly greener. Bryants, Bemises and Bar off sightseeing. She is getting to be an expert in that, knowing her way around all these nooks and crannies. Lunch at home. Dinner at ^{Howell} ~~Meredith~~ the Chin Yang Restaurant joined by the Clevelands and Jane Blair who are here on the Mayors Welcoming Group from Washington. One of the Lexinshe (?) (China Travel) guides started arguing with Jane Blair about the system and how their system is better than ours. I told her she ought to have lowered the boom on him. They also brought up the performing arts troop. Mr. Lee brought it up to me and I lectured him rather severely. I am wondering if a central directive didn't go out on these from China Travel. Sihanouk is still in Peking. His mother apparently dying. Now some talk that he won't go back at all. At least we tried. Early to bed. Nice change.

Visitors, when you have an awful lot of them, do become an effort. Life changes a lot. The Bemises and the Bryants are exceptionally easy. It is a strain on Bar I think. She feels she has to go to do all the things with them. Bemis and I played tennis on the 23rd - Te and Little Stone. End of 23rd.

April 24 - office work. Reception for Mayors Committee, a group of people that take care of foreign visitors in Washington. They have been nice to PRC and they have gotten a very good tour. They talked to the Bank of China people and they visit around. We were only able to have half the group because we didn't think the resident would be finished. Nordlingers(?), Norberg, Adams, McNottens - very good group. Nice quiet dinner at the residence. Bar took the Bemises and Bryants to the Summer Palace and I had lunch with John Burns, Ballow and Perito (?) at the International Club. Just digging out

from under paperwork. Assessing Kim Il Sung's visit. Kim Il Sung's talking militantly about Korea, China apparently down-playing this. //

Went to bed early, about 9. Fell asleep at 10. Had one of the best sleeps of my life. It is beginning to get warm in Peking. Kicked off all the covers.

April 25 - It rained a little bit. We had a quiet lunch at the residence with Bemises and Bryants. Staff meetings being held in our office now at 9:15 every morning. Go around the room. Big turn-over in USLO staff. Almost a total turn-over. From five to six we had the Molecular Biology Group and the Investigation Group going to the United States. These group receptions are deadly, but at least they are good for having the Chinese in. End April 25.

April 26 - a long day, going to the Ming Tombs and the Wall. Use of Polaroid camera, first you ask to take the pictures. They they don't want it. Then I took the picture of someone else. Showed the others the instant picture, and then they all wanted it taken. What good the little gestures of friendship do in diplomacy! We are witnessing the unraveling of Kissinger's personal diplomacy. There was an article that someone showed me in Time Magazine today where I was mentioned, along with Laird, Richardson, Rumsfeld and Scranton as a possible Secretary of State; ranked as No. 3 I think. And if somebody asked me what would I do in that, it's hard to know exactly how I'd answer, although I concede it's most unlikely.

Southeast Asia - total reassessment of policy, summing up with China - probing in more depth to determine what they mean about hegemony. Convincing them that we are not hegemonic; insisting to them, more than we do, that the rhetoric of the Third World, which is causing an unraveling at the United

National (what Pat Moynihan's article I just read said) is no good for world peace; continuance of the policy with the Soviet Union; trying to redraw the lines, perhaps in the Pacific, so we are not committed in wars we shouldn't be involved in, where we'd have no support from the American people -- not a withdrawal, but a re-examination, along with allies, and coming out in six months with a new Asian policy; continuing along in the Middle East but less spectacular personal diplomacy; attempting to get negotiations between the parties-extremely difficult-and using public opinion more in the United States, if possible, to understand the Arab point of view (if I am correct in my assessment that Israel has been more recalcitrant). We are a little bit out of this out here. These are just very general thoughts. I would use the UN more and multilateral aid, but I would do it only with the insistence of credit. ^{Some} We have got to be realistic. We have to have our eyes open. We have to insist from the Secretary General and others that the United States be credited for the enormous support that we might elect to give in these channels.

The 26th was a delightful day. Many kids working and you see the enormous energy of China. I think of the contrast between India with its democracy and China with its totalitarian set-up, and I just am appalled at what I understand to be the difference. True, the price has been high, there is little freedom, there is a kind of peculiar way of doing things and yet in fundamentals China has done an enormously good job. A way has got to be found to take the goodwill that exists for the American people and get it over under the American government. Not easy, given the climate of tearing down, the disruption at home. We had a lovely, peaceful six person picnic, light, at the Ming Tombs. And then a delightful dinner served by Wong and Chung at home.

Following a matched doubles tennis game. The Canadian tennis tournament is on. Spring is here. The security people are in town. The ^{curriers} are here. All in all I feel very happy here.

We must convince China that we are not their stereotyped blasphemous charges of imperialists and of those who seek hegemony. The Taiwan issue, if we solved it by giving away Taiwan, in my opinion would not take care of the problem, because then China would wonder what next, where could we be counted on. Some compromise must be found on that problem. End of the 26th.

Morning of the 27th - cool, fresh, gray and foggy, breezy out, a very pleasant day for a Sunday. Church at the Bible study place. Then a good tennis game with Bemis, Wong and Akwei. Then a visit to the track meet with the Algerians. The Algerians were outmanned. Sitting across from us at the track meet was a sea of Chinese faces. It looked like half the People's Liberation Army was there. And a neat square covering what, used in Yale Bowl was Portal 15-16, was the Navy and some Air Force along. The whole sea, in what they claim is a 100,000 seat stadium, of khaki on one side. There were a few empty seats in the place, but it was pretty near full. Women athletes in the shot put, high jump - men in all kinds of events, hammer throwing guy out-throwing the Algerian guy by 10 yards at least. I can't wait to see the great American track team come here. The stadium is pretty with a kind of synthetic carpeting on the outside of the track. Grass infield and a good looking track itself. Pole vaulters and high jumpers landing on great fluffy, spongy pillows. The wind was blowing and the pole vaulters had some difficulty. The event started just like the basketball game with the teams marching, holding each other's hands on high to stimulate

friendship. Tsing ^{Wen} Hse Dung and others were in the grandstands. We had lunch at the International Club - nice pick-up lunch - you get to see all levels of the diplomatic corps there. And then a big Peking Duck dinner with a standard of 8 yuan per person. There were twelve of us - the total bill was a 119 yuan including two wines, Mao Ti, and shouishing (?) and plenty of beer. Not bad for Peking Duck.

Monday the 28th - at 8:30 the phone rang. It said they are expecting you at the Double Bridge Commune at 9:00. We had put in to go to a commune on either Monday or Tuesday. We went to the commune. That was amazingly short notice. Bemises and Bryants and representatives were still in the sack. We just ran out there and it was a worthwhile event. 40,000 people in the commune.

The country is green now. In fact today we sat outside in wicker furniture at noon. It was just plain hot. I worked hard in the office on mail. The pouch is lousy at times, and the mail itself not too great. Bemises and Bryants getting ready to ^{do} _Q. Applied to go to Nanking, Suchow and Shanghai, and today, departure less than 24 hours away, clearances have been made. Lot of preparations going on downtown for May Day. There are four main parks, including the Temple of Heaven and the Workers Palace Park, which is where Tung Wu had his memorial service, that are going to be all dressed up for May Day. They have performances - dancing, opera, all these different kinds of things - for the people in the parks. I can't wait to see it. It should be interesting. Dealing with the Chinese on airlines etc. is extremely complicated. Not much else to report. Close, April 28 - dinner in the park at the ^{Jouds} Restaurant. A kind of seedy looking group of people around there and the food awful. The first lousy meal we've had in China.

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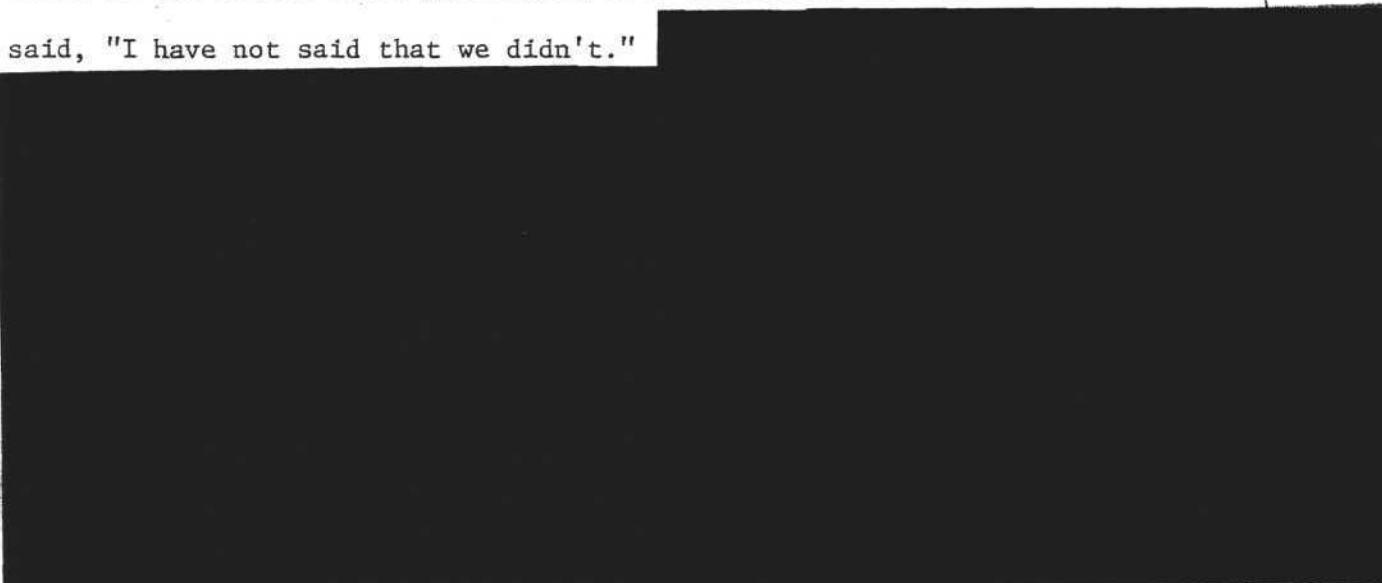
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It looked kind of like lower echelon African and East Europeans gathered there.

The Kim Il Sung communique with the Chinese came out. It took up ten pages, blasts against the United States, glorification of revolution in Africa, strong anti-Israel position, strong anti-imperialistic language. China degrades themselves in paying homage to Kim Il Sung, the glorious and noble leader. There was a frenetic, orgiastic greeting for Kim Il Sung with Chinese and Koreans breaking through the lines and weeping. He is a self-annointed leader and all over North Korea they keep building the man up. Basically rather unattractive, and the thing that gets me is that we continue to criticize Park in South Korea. And the civil libertarian groups continue to point out the imperfections of his regime. Yet nobody focuses in on the ridiculous leadership role of Kim Il Sung, with its self adulation and its totalitarianism. A communique like this makes us realize how far we have got to go in our work with China. The communique did talk about the independent and peaceful reunification of the fatherland but that was the Chinese side talking about that. In the blue news of April 28 Bob McCloskey was asked whether the United States had intensified diplomatic efforts with China or the Soviet Union pertaining to a settlement in South Vietnam. He said, "I have not said that we didn't." 

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April 29 - Holt Atherton called from Tokyo saying that he is going to pick up his visa on Tuesday morning - all set to come. A few hours later he called back. Instead of giving him the visa on May 1 they gave him a visa for May 3. No explanation. No airplane til May 4. This probably has something to do with May Day, but it is so inconsiderate and it is so difficult to get things done. The Bemises wanted to ship a rug out and they go through all kinds of rigamarole; finally are told they can't ship the rug because it was bought after April 1. They went to the Friendship Store and down to the railroad station.

The Bemises and Bryants get to leave and go to negotiate for another compartment on the train. They went through for twenty minutes discussing with various officials what it would take to get another train compartment. Finally some big woman came up and the price was all set for an empty compartment next door. Then they are told there is no room. Now, of course, somebody could have been getting on the train down the line, but there is a great bureaucratic screw up on a lot of the dealings.

It is frustrating to try to get the people to visit, for example, at our house. You send in a list and then you never hear anything for a time. The tendency is to get discouraged, but we cannot do that. Today we get a message that all Vietnam is being evacuated. The Japanese diplomatic reception for the emperor's birthday -- people said, "Well it's good the chapter is closed, we're pleased it's over." The Bryants left. Visit with Ralph Pauls. Then

the diplomatic reception to say goodbye to the Stegers. The Lucases, also a great family, left. Then a language lesson. End April 29.

A long talk with the Syrian Ambassador who is very militant against the U.S. He is absolutely wild. With the fall of Vietnam he says that Israel is next. He was just gloating as much as he could. He didn't tell me this, but he told the Canadians. There is a great euphoria sweeping Peking about Southeast Asia. Distinguished group from the Chamber of Commerce from San Francisco including Tom Clausen, head of the Bank of America, and many other attractive people. It is fun having groups like this here. Bar and I played in the mixed doubles of Canada. They have a scorekeeper and it's their big event internationally.

Went to the National Day Reception for the Netherlands and there I heard, not through the State Department telegrams but through gossip at a reception, that the big, big men in Vietnam had surrendered. The Vietcong were there, three little guys about four feet high that rushed happily out of the room. The Vietcong and the North Vietnamese embassies are bedecked in flags and having understandable celebrations. Firecrackers are heard. It is a rather sad thing and you can sense the hostility and certainly the tension when I walk by certain groups at these receptions. John Small of Canada made an interesting comment. It is important that the U.S. stand firm in Korea, and it is important that this slide and decline be halted. It is important that these people stand for something. Where is our ideology. Where is our principle? What indeed do we stand for? These things must be made clear, and the American people must understand that, as soon as America doesn't stand for something in the world, there is

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going to be a tremendous erosion of freedom. It is true. It is very true. And yet it is awful hard to convince people of it at home, I am sure. I am a little annoyed about getting nothing from the State Department, hearing about the surrender of Binh Dinh from a drinking party. Canada apparently today also announced that they threw a second secretary, press attache, out of Canada for involving himself in subversive activities. Will there be a retaliation?

May First today, but April 30 I guess ends up as a gloomy day. A lot of dust in the air. And all in all not a happy time, but we are big enough and strong enough so we can regroup, redefine and move forward. A lot of human tragedy there. A lot of loss of life. Off to the Pakistan Embassy for dinner. End April 30.

May 1 - unbelievable. Extremely difficult to describe. Six parks were all made over into playgrounds, all kinds of cultural performances, singing, children in the brightest colors of greens and reds and yellows and blues you've ever seen. Banners all over. The night before the buildings were all lit up including the railroad station, hotels, the Square, the Hall of People etc. All the lights in the streets were on. Then the next day the festive air continued on what turned out to be a beautiful day. With Jerry Lavesque, Bar and I drove with Kuo out to the Summer Palace. There we were enchanted by the literally hundreds of thousands of people milling with great happiness through the park. There were all kinds of performances - singing, dancing, flowers, games - it was unbelievably spectacular. Something that I couldn't quite visualize. I had always thought of May Day as tanks and Mao standing in the Square with people running on by him. But that wasn't it. The Square was crowded but they were all crowds going into the

parks. We came home for lunch and then bicycled down to two fairs - the Workers Palace Park and the Sun Yat-sen Park on either side of the Great Gate at Tien An Men Square. These parks again were like the Summer Palace, full of activities, full of dances, full of games. Kids could drive little cars, they had all these industrial exhibits, derricks lifting, boats running, one warship firing its rockets into the air. There was a sign. We saw Chu Teh being carried down and then being propped up and walking to great applause to a crowded square as he came to watch a comedy and some singing. They had a choir. It looked like they were ex-factory workers, older women, and it was spectacular. The only thing was that there was a sign in there talking about supporting the people of Cambodia, Laos and Vietnam against U.S. imperialists. People were extremely friendly. I used the old give away Polaroid gambit and they were absolutely thrilled, particularly the children. The whole day was perfect.

*Stand up
Cambodia*

We were supposed to go either to a soccer game in the afternoon at 2 o'clock or an acrobatic performance at 7:30, but we stayed at the park all afternoon. And then I felt a little tired at six so we didn't go to the 7:30 performance, although I am sorry we missed it. I have seen one of those. I saw lots of South Vietnam tourists - PRG - with their little signs. The whole aftermath of Vietnam making me slightly sick, but anyway there was no animosity towards us anywhere that you could feel. I think the people are not sure at all that we are Americans, but it was a spectacular holiday, and I am told that October 1 is very much the same. I don't want to miss it. End of May 1. Add to May 1 Ricardo Castanedo, Deputy Foreign Minister of El Salvador, came to see me. He was here talking to the Chinese on a round-the-world trip to get El Salvador in as head of FAO. He is a delightful

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young man and it is always a pleasure to see him.

May 2 - the Sri Lanka Ambassador, Karannogada, came to see me. He was convinced that we should move in and give much, much more aid to South Vietnam and North Vietnam. I told him that there would be too much heartache, too much concern in our country about the things that had gone wrong, and that we were not able to do this. One of the heart-breaking things is the way our position in Vietnam is totally misunderstood. You have to be here in Peking with its dominating continuing theme every day in the red news and in the blue news. It makes an impact on the diplomats and they in turn reflect it to us.

Visit from my old ailment from Pakistan. Ailments here seem to be worse than elsewhere. They seem to hit harder. Even a common cold is more severe. CBS series on Benjamin Franklin has come here and is a marvelous thing to have. It is a wonderful series and I am grateful to Paley for arranging this. Saturday, took it easy. Laid up most of the day. Went out to play in the tennis tournament with Akwei, Bennaceur of Tunisia, and Ratanavong of Laos. Beat them 6-1, 6-love. Canadian tennis tournament. It is a very good event. All the ranks and the embassies mixed together, also all ages. It's a really nice thing. I wish we were in a position to reply. Soon the outdoor courts will be open at the International Club.

Sunday, May 4 - I was laid low with the bug. Bar went to church and I stayed flat on my back. We did have lunch with the Harlands and then I cycled up to the Club in the afternoon, but generally speaking I was cramped up and suffering from the darn bug. Peregrine Worsthorne of London came by with Claire Hollingworth to see us Sunday night. We had a good visit

with him. He had been to call on the Foreign Minister along with some other distinguished London journalists and then they were taking the tour. He reported that he had had a long couple of visits with Kissinger. Kissinger was rather gloomy at the time. All in all it was rather a sad report. He is a conservative fellow and wonders what will happen if the U.S. really does turn isolationist. I tried to convince him that the U.S. wouldn't do it, although I do think this is a period where we will pull back somewhat. Celebrations continue over at the Vietcong and Vietnam embassy - parties and happiness, understandable but sad. The weekend was a lost one as far as I'm concerned due to health, but the weather in Peking continues to be beautiful. We are awaiting our new house guests. All in all it was a rather restful way, while sick, to recover. End of May 4.

Monday, May 5 - health problems, beautiful young German doctor came over. But my gut condition wasn't bad enough that I didn't mind discussing these intimate details with her. I stayed home - Bar and I went out and met Holt and Flo Atherton and we had dinner at the house. I just didn't feel like moving. I lost six pounds with this new bout, captured from eating some food at the Pakistan Embassy again.

Tuesday, May 6 - was another wipe out. We did have lunch with the Athertons, and at dinner walked up to the International Club. But no events - quiet in the office. The digestion of Cambodia and Vietnam taking place. After some confused statements at home, it sounds like the right tone is being hit - in other words we will look ahead, that we will not have ~~recriminations~~ ^{recriminations}. There is no question that the Vietnam thing has hurt us in the eyes of the Third World, and certainly in the eyes of most of the diplomats around here. And as I say, there is a total misunderstanding as to why we

are involved. It is so easy to classify us as imperialists when a war is half reported. The corruption and cruelty on one side only reported - others get a distorted opinion and they can throw up your own sources to you.

Listened on May 6 to the President's press conference on the Voice of America. I thought he did pretty well. He was pressed on cruelty and cited cases of 80 Cambodians and wives being killed - a little less vague, and almost predicting slaughter in Vietnam with the fleeing of the refugees, saying that means slaughter will follow. He will probably get clobbered on that answer. May 6 - Ismet Kittani called. He is leaving the U.N., on his way back to Iraq. I am anxious to visit with him. He is coming for lunch Friday. It is amazing how the U.N. keeps touching our lives out here.

Sent a letter to the Foreign Minister saying we hadn't seen him in a while and wanted to visit. It will be interesting to see what comes of this, if anything. There is great frustration about getting appointments with Chinese officials. We submitted one protocol list, got some of the calls granted when I first came here, and then nothing else. We resubmitted a list of protocol calls and have had nothing. Have sent a letter to request to see Chang Chun-chiao and have received nothing. Have received no answer back on that. Have asked several people for dinner. Some have come. Others have not. There is a tremendous difference between the people that Ambassador Huang Chen can see in Washington and the people we get to see or don't get to see here in China. We get to see as many as, if not more than, other embassies, but not nearly as many as we would like. The result is a great deal of scurrying around, comparing rumors and notes in the diplomatic community.

And yet I will readily concede that the Foreign Minister is extremely busy with calls. The problem is you don't get to see the political people, you don't get to see the Army people, you don't get to see the collateral officials as their people do in Washington. yo

Got the word that all water will be turned off from May 10 to June 5, just in time to encompass the Roger Mortons, Kendalls and others. In a way it will be good. They will see how things of this nature work in China, but I will miss the good hot baths we get around here. They turn the water off by entire districts to run some gigantic Roto-Rooter through. The water is very hard in China so it needs that kind of attention I guess. People Magazine article came out - not bad. May 6 - Bar is off to the Wall and the Ming Tombs yet again, with the Athertons. I must play in the tournament and I am dragged down, by this tummy condition. You get hit hard by things here. There is a lot of pneumonia and bronchial stuff but we have been spared a good deal of that. When you feel good, you feel very, very good. After exercise you feel terrific. I don't know how I'll fare though, because I have lost six pounds now in the last six days. color

Troubled again by Southeast Asia. China continues to support revolutions in all these countries and yet many of the countries like the Philippines, Malaysia and others keep trying to get closer to China. They have to because they don't see in the U.S. the firm kind of interventionistic support that they have been able to count on in the past. I can't honestly feel that Southeast Asia is vital to the security of the United States. We must make some new kinds of declarations, but if somebody said to me today what would you declare, I'd be damned if I know how I'd define it. With Congress unwilling || *

to give any leeway to the Executive, and making clear that they really won't support any substantial spending, certainly for arms, it's extremely difficult for the U.S. to pledge anything. Economic recovery, private investment, aid to refugees - these things we can do. Others we can't do. Some of our treaty obligations seem to be outdated. Perhaps we need a bold new look at all of them -- all of the treaties -- and then a restatement of what kind of support we will give to Southeast Asia, free countries and the socialist and communist countries. China is in the horns of a dilemma. They talk against hegemony and yet they support revolutions. Chiao Kuan Hua is quoted by some Britishers as having said that there is a difference between support and export. They support revolution, but they don't export it. It is a very fine line of distinction, and not overly convincing an argument.

Mr. and Mrs. Berman of Hess's Department Store came by. Realistic view of China it seemed to me. Not the euphoric Shirley MacLaine, "you're right, we're wrong" approach. Tonight, the 7th, the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce delegation - high-level business types - interesting to see their reactions. Mid-way through May 7. Won in the men's doubles. Then dinner at the Peace Hotel in a beautiful room that nobody at USLO had dined in. Off in a courtyard, the Peace Hotel, kind of stark and Russian looking - turn an abrupt right and you go into a lovely courtyard where one of the Ching emperor bigshots had lived. Food was excellent. Very high standard, with swallows nest soup and sweet fungus soup, dessert and a marvelous meal. San Francisco Chamber guys all got up and made a lot of toasts - most of which the Chinese didn't understand. The Chinese high-level trade delegation,

headed by Mr. Wong of the Organization to Promote Trade, were in good spirits, competitive in the drinking department, encouraging the people from San Francisco on. They are very relaxed in dealing with private groups. I made a small toast, told the Chinese that they were fortunate to have a high level delegation of principals here, and told the Americans that they were honored by the presence of so many high level Chinese. There were about 60 people there. The mood was excellent. The San Franciscans, which included the head of the foremost dairies, the head of the Bank of America, and one of the top people in Federated Stores and others, all were very, very pleased. It is the kind of experience that can really help. There does seem to be a genuine friendship, genuine good feeling at that kind of a meeting.

May 8 - back thrown out playing on Canadian court. Bad physical condition. Agonized our way through the mixed doubles match. Stomach cured. It is hard to describe state of health in Peking. The climate is harsh on things. When you get a bronchial thing it hurts more, it's more active. When you get a stomach thing it seems to be more acute; but on the other hand when you feel good there is a certain euphoric feeling of it. There are great highs and lows. Some of it must be psychological because of the isolation we incur here. We had a quiet lunch at the USLO with the Athertons. Reception for a New Zealand doctors group at their embassy. The Russians and other Eastern Europeans are concentrating on numerous invitations for the 30th anniversary of the crushing defeat of Hitlerite Fascism. There is no credit given to the United States' role, or anybody else's role, in ending the war against Germany. Indeed, the Chinese came out in recognition of the crush of fascism and gave credit to the Eastern Europeans -- Russians, Bulgarians,

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and others including Stalin -- but no mention of the U.S. role. I think this is gross. The Russian Ambassador sent around a calling card in honor of this thirtieth anniversary. I talked to the West German Ambassador and decided not to go to these things, and, out of respect to him, not to go to the East German one or the Russian one. I hate to antagonize Tolstikov but they are overdoing this a little bit. John Holdridge went and represented us. Dinner at the Minzu Restaurant with the Athertons and Andersons. One of these pots where you put thin slices of mutton - very thin - into the hot water and cook it and then at the end you put a whole bunch of ingredients, like bean noodles, lettuce, onions and more muttin, and come up with a delicious broth. Good and reasonably cheap. Delicious food.

Friday, May 9 - Chuck Cross arrived from Hong Kong. Lunch with Ismet Kittani, Iraqi Assistant to the U.N. Secretary General. Disturbing reports from Cambodia. People in the French Embassy apparently saw Sararakay(?) pleading for his life, then led off. Embassies including the Russians' looted. Little cadres of guerrillas reporting only to their chief. Coming in and totally undisciplined. The cities vacant. People hurried away. The whole story pre-liberation here was that there would be no blood bath. Initial reports sound like it's going pretty well. As the story unfolds it will be extremely interesting, and Sihanouk's position becomes extremely difficult.



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Won the mixed doubles tennis finals. Sad, sad, sad tennis. Rushed over to the reception for the 30th anniversary of the liberation of Czechoslovakia. It was not one of the two festivities here for "Crushing of Hitlerite Fascism." I get upset over the way the Chinese played the Hitlerite Fascism anniversary - mainly sponsored by the Russians. It was the Russians and the Chinese of all things who liberated the world from Hitlerite Fascism, particularly the Chinese. What an interesting view of history. The Russians gave us no credit either - in fact here they billed it "Crushing Hitlerite Fascism", but when inviting Averill Harriman they called it the "Liberation of Europe," much politer. I talked to the West German Ambassador and decided not to go to the reception of the Soviet Union. At the Czechoslovakian reception I saw Tolstikov who was a little rude and huffy about why I wasn't there. I said, "Well, Holdridge was there." He said, "Holdridge is not Bush," and went on to tell me he liked Harriman's speech, and again bitched that I wasn't there. I stood pleasantly listening. Dinner at the Sick Duck Restaurant. I think it is the best Peking Duck in town. We had the Spanish Ambassador, the Peruvian Ambassador, Lady Barentson and Mrs. Barentson - Lady Barentson being 80, a wife of a former New Zealand Ambassador to the U.S. and house guest of the Harlands. Saturday, May 10 - amazing problems getting the Athertons' horses and

stuff shipped to the United States. You go first to the Friendship Store, then to the customs at the railroad station, then back to the Friendship Store for the shipping office. Quite a bit of paper work. Not too bad once you really understand it. The air freight for two pots and a horse to the United States was something like \$375. The goods cost about a third of that. Won the men's doubles - Akwei and Bush v. Mehta of India and Murray McLean of Australia. Again a sad match. Back held out. We won it 3-1 and then went to a tennis dance at 8:30 given by the Canadians. They fixed it up like Hawaii. It is amazing how decorations and little diversity that would just be routine at home stands out like a sore thumb here. They did a beautiful job on it with flowered leis, and all in all it was a very special evening for Peking.

In the car I counted, going along the road between our house and the Worker Stadium, the vehicles. It went something like this. Ten bicycles, olive truck, olive motorcycle, bike, bike, bike, 15 bicycles, three olive drab trucks, 22 bicycles, one car, 22 cicycles, 10 more bicycles, 3 trucks, line of trucks with students near stadium, motorcycles, bikes, trucks, one car, thousands of bicycles. As you go by the stadium they are having an athletic event and trucks pour in from the countryside bearing literally hundreds and thousands of students, young people, soldiers. You see the soldiers jumping out carrying bright red pom-poms. They don't look self-conscious about it at all. You see squads of soldiers and students lined up - nobody seeming to keep order except the platoon leader of some sort. And they all wait patiently for their turn to march into the stadium. Trucks all muster. When in the stadium, the crowds are as big as they are

in the United States. There is no real traffic jam because there are no cars. They all pile into the back of trucks and head on out to the countryside, commune or wherever they came from. They look good. There is no question about the fact that the people look in good health. They seem happy.

The grayness and the severeness of winter has given way to much more laughing, playing, kidding around, little kids wrestling the same as the whole world over. They play marbles. You see some card games. Holdridge and Cross saw some gambling game at the Summer Palace among kids and were amazed. Summer Palace Restaurant is a beautiful one, and one of the best places in Peking to eat.

Sunday, May 11 - Athertons departed. I told Mr. Kuo that I wanted to go at 11:45 a.m. Shie yi dien san ke. Then I changed it, saying I wanted to go a little earlier. He thought I said something else. So when 11:30 rolled around, no Kuo. We rushed and hastily called a taxi from the International Club, made it with no problem and about 1:20 p.m. Kuo cycled up. I apologized profusely to him. He looked very upset about it all, but he is very good to me. He is extremely thoughtful of me and leads me around to different appointments to make sure we are on time and welcomed etc.

5:30 p.m. - we showed to the Molianis of Argentina, the Ruggieros of Italy, the Rugas of Germany, and the Costellos one film of the Franklin series that CBS sent. Had a nice relaxed day. Church was fine. Played tennis with the boys and had a consultation with Mr. (?). Mr. Gee had loaned him the tennis thing and he came out. I played on the court with the three

Chinese guys. Then we took some Polaroids and then he said he would like to visit with us. So we went in, with Mr. Law translating, to almost a formal conference - just sitting there, the three of us in our tennis clothes. And he thanked me and said the other officials were very pleased to receive the tennis information. I offered to get him more. I asked him which ones he wanted to keep. He said whichever we didn't want. I went rigorously through it - very formal. Also told him I would like him to come down and see the Laver? match, so we could then work out a time to invite the others. He is very grateful. He seemed to want to do it.

Weather is warm now. I can bicycle in my tennis clothes, to many stares I'll admit, to the club, three blocks away. Today as I sit here with the window closed, this Monday, May 12, it is warm. Turn over in personnel continues. Bill Thomas is arriving. I wrote a letter to Chiao Kuan Hua saying that I would like to see him. We get a call from the Foreign Ministry Saturday night saying the Foreign Minister was going on his trip to Paris and therefore he was not able to do it. We did give him very short notice, and I don't think it means too much. But nevertheless there it is. Morning of May 12. The Elkins and Bryans arrived after a diplomatic luncheon.

I had met with the ambassadors of Hungary, Norway, Lebanon and Peru. It was a good lesson for me to see how others see us. I listened to all the dribble about our being imperialists and colonialists, dominating others. I know what motivated us in Vietnam and I think most other Americans know

what motivated us in Vietnam, but I hear the Peruvian talk about Vietnam's in terms of Peru-U.S. relations. Really upset apparently with the way we handled his country, the feeling that we were indeed imperialist. Pleasant but quite tough about it. The Hungarian, much more diplomatic in a sense, but nevertheless rigid in the fact that the new regime should take over and that we should help it. He also made the point that we ought not to differentiate between the North and the PR~~o~~. Not to try to act like they are two separate ones. I asked him how soon there would be reunification and he shook his head. Elie Boustany of Lebanon - of course interested in the Middle East. The American people do not have any concept of how others around the world view America. We think we are good, honorable, decent, freedom loving. Others are firmly convinced that though they like the people themselves in our country, that we are embarking on policies that are anathema to them. We have a mammoth public relations job to do on all of this.

The Bryans and Elkins arrived in the afternoon, went to the hotel. We just walked in, went to the 17th floor where Jennifer told us they were (Room 1718, 1719), picked up two keys, walked in and put the people in the rooms. Baggage all appeared. There was no checking in, no signing, no nothing. Anybody could have picked up the keys, walked up there and sacked out.

Out to the airport to get Rog Morton and Anne. The protocol people came out, proving that they wanted the visit, and that they were very pleasant about it. They were surprised to see me standing there alone to greet a

minister. I frankly think this is good. They offered at a dinner by Wang Hai Jung to do anything they could to make the Secretary's visit pleasant. I told him that we were going to low-key it. We were just pleased that the Minister of Foreign Trade was coming for lunch. Late dinner at the residence. Then everybody hit the sack. Tuesday the 13th - we all went to the Great Wall - Chuck Crosses and our guests, and then I came home and then went to the Ming Tombs.

Cambodia has seized a ship of the United States. China is being unhelpful about that. God it is a tough world we live in. Yesterday was the first day it rained in Peking - real rain - in six and a half months. There has been some kind of mist that dampened the ground and then promptly the ground dries; but this was a good rain. And as we drove to the Tombs you could see standing water for the first time. The countryside is green. The hills around the Wall are green and bright and spring is here. The wind was whistling down from Mongolia but it lacked the zip, the thrust of the winter. It was beautiful. We climbed to the top, took pictures and gave the Polaroids away. It was a great day. Elkins came laddened down with cheese and the Bryans with tennis balls. And also taped music for our listening pleasure. Marvelous presents. CBS tape thing is working great.

Almost through May 13 - Big diplomatic reception. Many ambassadors to meet the Mortons. Dinner at the Min Zu with the Mortons, Elkins, Bryans and Bushes. I am emphasizing the informal approach to this entertainment. People help themselves at the bar. Food on the tables but not

passed. I wish there was a way to warm up a reception like this, to get Morton to speak, but it didn't work out that way. The Soviet Ambassador, who had been a little tough a few days before, seemed rather pleased to be there, at least very pleasant about it. The flags of rejoicing are down at the North Vietnamese Embassy, but they are working under a pretty full head of steam. They are very confident.

[Handwritten note: How/why did they do it?]

Wednesday, May 14 - word reaches us that the Mayaguez, a U.S. merchant vessel, has been captured by the Cambodians and hauled into port near Sihanoukville. I am wondering what to do. I am convinced that we need speedy action. The Chinese in Washington and here are unhelpful on this (see note). The Cambodians here are also unhelpful.

On the 14th we took the Secretary to the Non Yuan Commune where a Mr. Li, Vice Chairman of the Revolutionary Committee, showed us around. Polaroid worked again. Handing the people at the "Respect the Aged Home" a copy of the picture. They were absolutely thrilled. One is impressed by this "Respect the Aged Home." Neat clean rooms, people living rather comfortably in clean conditions, a tailor room where they were making suits for next winter for the old people - so different from pre-liberation China in terms of death. Most old people still live with their families. The family is still terribly important in the Chinese life. The communes usually start at 9 - this one went to 11. Lunch with the Minister of Foreign Trade, Li Chian Min, and Wang Yao Ting of CCPIT, both good high-level officials, particularly the Minister, came to have lunch with Morton.

It is hard to get information out of them. It is difficult to get statistics from the Chinese. You throw out a suggestion about census, ^{Mark} but they do not hit your bid. Tennis with the Secretary with Wong and Te. I think it is a good thing to have these Chinese and others such as Mr. Tang of the Protocol to see just the Secretary and me walking around rather informally. This was true when he arrived at the airport and true when he left on May 15. The tone at the luncheon was good - pretty relaxed. Of course things like the capture of the ship by the Cambodians mentioned before must be on their minds, but there is no discussion of that kind of event at all.

Peking Duck dinner for about 21 of our good-friend ambassadors. Shirt sleeve weather now. Peking duck is still a great treat. It is warm now at night, kick off all the blankets except maybe a sheet. On the night of Tuesday, May 13, I opened the windows on both sides of the house and in the middle of the night a howling storm with dust came blowing down from the Gobi Desert, right through our bathroom, clearing out the kleenex and all the things sitting on the shelves, knocking down the flower pots outside. Fred and Bar slept through it, but I had to get up and batten down all the hatches. It wasn't cold, just dust and tremendous wind - da feng.

Thursday, May 15 - I saw the South Vietnam (PRG) and the North Vietnamese flags side by side on the North Vietnam embassy. This was the first signal of reunification. They are having a 3-day celebration to support their victory - to go with the week-long celebration a week ago. But it was amazing to see the two flags on the same pole. Went to the Temple of Heaven with the Mortons

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in the morning, after a briefing with the Secretary. Lunch at the airport. Huang Hua from New York arrived when we were eating dinner. But I did see Mrs. Huang Hua. Mortons left after having a hectic but good visit. Marched off just prior to a hundred and some Japanese socialist members of a delegation. The Japanese are in here in very large numbers.

The ship has been released. The first word we got was that 30 people were off. They were released, the ship was taken by the Marines. Now we hear that the other nine are released. Then a flash has come from the State Department. This will help. It shows our spine. It shows our unwillingness to be pushed around. Nobody knows what the Cambodians were doing in this, but it was impossible for the United States to let this happen on the high seas at this point, given the recent happenings in South East Asia. There may be some static about the U.S., but I am convinced that this is the kind of thing the Chinese and others understand.

[REDACTED]

The Cambodians

[REDACTED]

come out strongly on the sixteenth talking about spying. Anda of Norway thought it was a good thing we responded forcefully. I get the feeling from talking to the Australians, Mr. Plimsall at least, that they do. I am recommending that we factually set the record straight. China should

not blast us on an incident of this nature.

May 16 - Elkins and Bryans spend a lot of time shipping their stuff out. We had lunch with Ismet Kittani, the U.N. Chef de Cabinet, who had been the guest of the Chinese. He leaves today. 4:51 - Sir James Plimsal, Australian ambassador to the USSR, formerly to the U.S., came to call. He came with Steve Fitzgerald. There are these little divisions in Australia; but Plimsall very friendly to the United States, and Fitzgerald, certainly not unfriendly to the U.S., but much more sympathetic perhaps to China and others than we would be on some issues. Spent some time at the customs trying to sort out the shipment of things. It is not easy to do, but once you understand the system it seems to work OK.

The staff was a little divided on what kind of reaction we ought to have on the gunboat incident. I wanted Washington to simply set the record straight as to what we had done diplomatically. Others felt why respond - China will always have to have the last word. If we come out with something, they will come out with something else. Very much like dealing with the Russians at the U.N.

Plimsall, on another subject, described his experiences in Moscow, requests to see people and having them go unanswered, and control on where you can travel and restrictions and guides and permissions - it sounded very much like China. Although I gather they are more courteous about it here.

May 16 - Kendalls arrive tonight at 10. Kendalls appeared at the airport on CA flight. Everything went smoothly. Laddened down with 80 lbs. of cheese, couple of tennis rackets. etc. On the 17th sightseeing. Lunch with Elkins, Bryans, Kendalls at the Summer Palace. It was a thing of real

beauty. You see some litter around - maybe a little more at the Summer Palace than at other sightseeing places. Great family scenes, marvelous food at the Summer Palace restaurants. The lake is alive with boats. You can rent a boat and go down a little canal for a picnic off the Summer Palace. People appear happy. Summer has removed some of that head down, grim look from the faces. The Elkins and Bryans departed for Shanghai. It went smoothly. Tons of bags. Called from Shanghai. No one was out to meet them from China Travel. Probably met the train. They called Sunday and said they were moving on to Hong Kong. I hope things went smoothly there. I am a little concerned about our guests traveling on because I don't want them to foul up the overall house guest situation. The Elkins and Bryans are so damn thoughtful that wouldn't happen with them.

Dinner with the Kendalls at the International Club. Just a good pick-up. That food is very good, very cheap. The Africans are bad around there. The young kids are rude to the staff, they drink too much beer and they are all in all quite obnoxious. Mr. Law and Mr. Fay keep smiling, but you hear vulgarities out of these rather rude Africans. The Africans are frustrated, and they keep talking about "these stupid Chinese," and throw in a few four letter words. And it really is not pleasant.

Sunday another trip to the Tombs and the Wall. Fred running around and enjoying the Australian picnic as well as ours at the Jing Ling Tomb. He goes crazy when he sees chickens or pigs. But he has been a pretty good dog. Five o'clock Kendall and I called on Mr. Tolstikov. Mr. Tolstikov always sees the dire situation. He is very critical of the Chinese, He

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REDACTED PAGE FOLLOWS				
	(1 pp.)			

RESTRICTION CODES

Presidential Records Act - [44 U.S.C. 2204(a)]

Freedom of Information Act - [5 U.S.C. 552(b)]

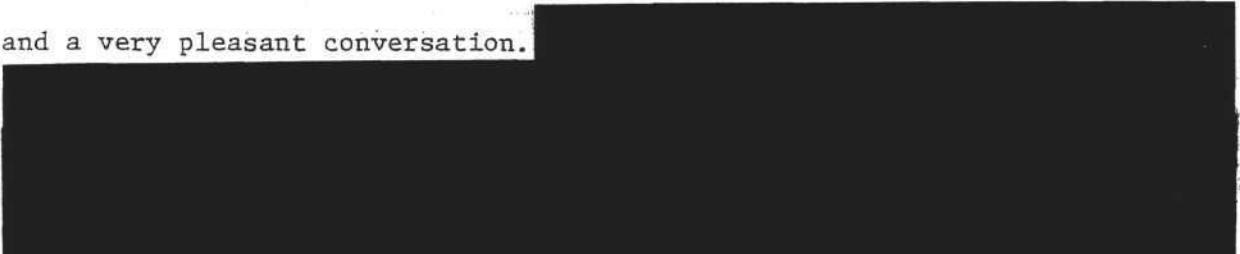
- P-1 National Security Classified Information [(a)(1) of the PRA]
- P-2 Relating to the appointment to Federal office [(a)(2) of the PRA]
- P-3 Release would violate a Federal statute [(a)(3) of the PRA]
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- P-6 Release would constitute a clearly unwarranted invasion of personal privacy [(a)(6) of the PRA]

C. Closed in accordance with restrictions contained in donor's deed of gift.

PRM. Closed as a personal record misfile.

- F-1 National security classified information [(b)(1) of the FOIA]
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was the boss of Leningrad. He is a tough, bullet-like guy, friendly and easy to visit with. An hour and a half flew by with his vodka and tea, Russian candies with the big bears on them, two kinds of caviar and a very pleasant conversation.



[REDACTED] On the morning VOA, I heard Mansfield say that Ambassador Bush contacted the Cambodians in Peking. The whole story has now come out through press conferences and statements about our contacts with the Chinese and the Cambodians. I am glad for this because China has blasted the hell out of us and I think it is important that the U.S. get its side on record.

May 26, 1975 - the Blakes went to the commune. Bar, the Blakes and I went to lunch with Phil Jessup, Jr. and his Australian wife, both just here from Indonesia, Harland's family is gone - a very pleasant guy. I took Bar to the airport to catch the Air France 175 leaving at 6:20 p.m. Fred immediately went into a total blue funk. We had a reception for the track team so I had to leave Bar a little early at the airport. The track team were made up of gigantic athletes, darn pleasant. Debra Sapenter from Prairie View came and presented a tray for Bar and a plaque for me from Prairie View. Dr. Al Thomas. I was impressed with the orderliness of the group. They did not drink too much. Some of the Blacks got off and watched the television and others joined them. All in all it was a good reception. I took the Blakes over for a jowdze dinner in the park - not my favorite place although the jowdzes were much better than the food we had before.

Withdrawal/Redaction Sheet (George Bush Library)

DOCUMENT NO. AND TYPE	SUBJECT/TITLE	DATE	RESTRICTION	CLASS.
10. Redaction	Redaction of seven sentences from Peking Diary (REDACTED PAGE FOLLOWS) (1 pp.)	5/27/75	C	

COLLECTION George Bush Personal Papers China File	
FILE LOCATION Peking Diary Volume III	
OA/ID Number	Date Closed 10/19/99

RESTRICTION CODES

Presidential Records Act - [44 U.S.C. 2204(a)]

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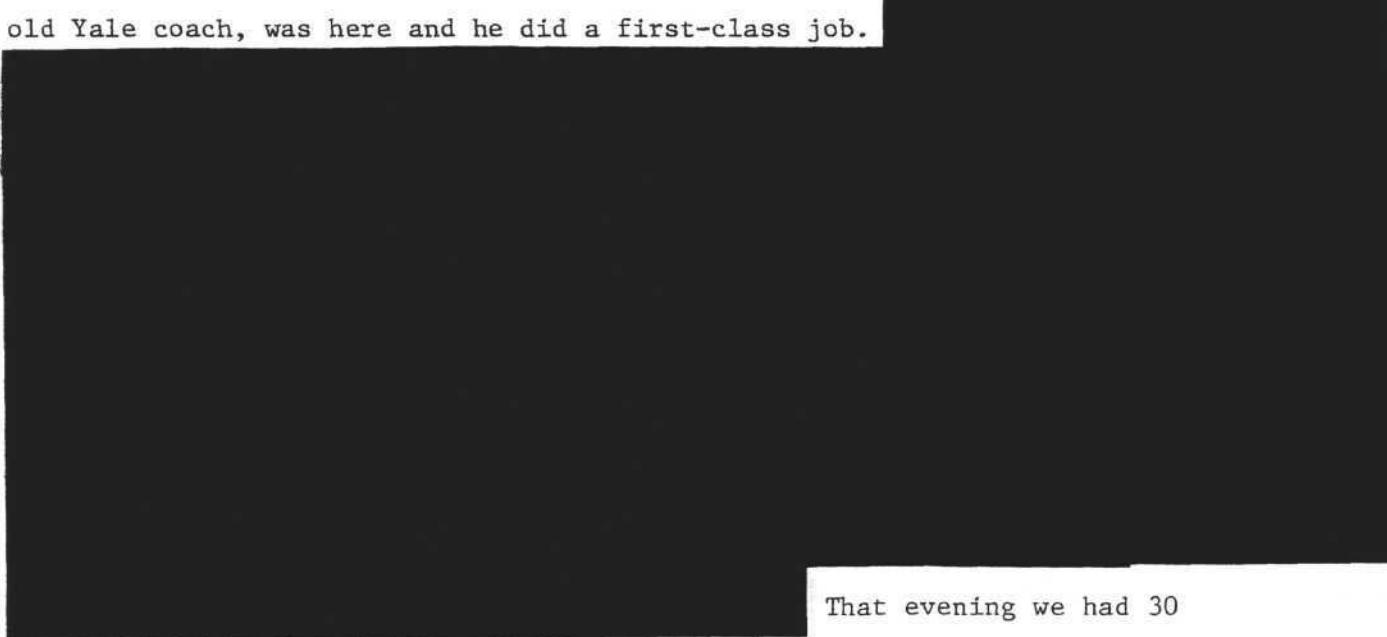
PRM. Closed as a personal record misfile.

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John

Tuesday, May 27 - ~~Doug~~ Holdridge departed. We all trooped out to the airport at 12:40 to see him off, leaving the Blakes alone at the house. There has been a massive turnover in the staff, but I am convinced that we are getting a lot of good new people for USLO. Harry Thayer will do just fine. Bill Thomas has taken over nicely. Jerry Lavesque in administration going great. We will miss Don Anderson in political, but I understand the new guy will do alright too. Horowitz left the next morning, Wednesday, May 28. Went to the first track meet at 3:00 p.m. It was a first-class show and I felt real pride as the Americans tore around that track. They jumped to big leads on all the foot races. They did loose in the final analysis some of the women's weight events, the javelin throw, women's discus and the men's shot put. But the track team conducted themselves great. I often thought it would be fun to win a lot and I would have the same grace in victory they showed. They handled it ~~Gegangak~~ very well. They were gracious although not condescending to the Chinese. Bob Gegangak (?), the old Yale coach, was here and he did a first-class job.



That evening we had 30

tennis enthusiasts including Te, Wong, Lo, Fei and Chi to our house - the first time they had come. Te, the youngest of the players sat glued with

his eyes popping out of his head, watching the Laver-Connors match. It was a big successful evening. Fred ate too much cheese and then refused to eat anything else. Only now on Friday as I dictate this is he beginning to eat.

Exchanges like the one with the track team really do some good. There were some 50 or 60 thousand people in the stadium, tons of PLA and Navy. The first day we all marched down - the so-called leaders - with the sports minister and others onto the field in a pouring rain, shaking hands. The friendship march came in with the hands held high. A lot of kind of ceremony in the beginning with music and no speeches fortunately. And I am sure that with about 120,000 in two days, maybe about 160,000, seeing our athletes, that it made a real impression. At this time of the year the climate can be harsh. There is a bronchial disorder around - ups and downs. People get hit and hit hard, even though the weather is generally very good at this time of year. Unusual and it does make it a "hardship post."

Miscellaneous - I like this idea of clapping for oneself. It is not a bad custom. It is hard to get used to as somebody does something or says something and stands up there clapping. But it is kind of interesting. Tennis group left at about 8:30 - successful evening, cheese and wine. Kendalls and others brought us a lot of cheese and it is really a great thing to have. Horowitz' got off on May 28 early in the morning on the Trans-Siberian. It is a marvelous ceremony. The cars are very pretty - bright mahogany inside, polished, two to a room with a little lavatory in between. Toilets at the end of the hall. Old fashioned cars, looked like they were built around 1900 but apparently they go well and the five-day trip to Moscow is a delight. Everybody takes along his own food

to get through outer Mongolia and also through Russia. Women are not permitted by the British Embassy, and it is true by us, to ride alone on that train. A lot of the Russians get drunk and get unruly I am told.

May 28 - Dr. Watson from the State Department. One of the things we take for granted at home is medical care. Here we try to set up some contact with the Chinese but Watson was unsuccessful. The Chinese are unwilling to discuss the kinds of things that we need. We have no one to refer to for general disorders. We thought we could have a contact point with a good English speaking doctor, but that is impossible to set up. The Chinese have such a situation in Washington, but here no. It is just one example of the enormous difference. Some of the embassies have doctors - the Czechs, the Germans, the Australians, the Canadians. Their doctors look after their own people and are willing to help out others, but there is no instant referral service. There is no discussing patients once they are in the hospital with outside consultations, and the Chinese hold us off on this just like they do on many many other things. The Czech ambassador is very nice and offered to have the Czech doctor look after me if I got sick. Some didn't want to do this, worried about Communist infiltration I guess, but I'm certainly going to keep it in mind. Watson seemed to think the guy had a very good little dispensary over there. The second day of the track meet the weather was much better. There was a high wind but records were set. The United States runners got so far out in front that it didn't look like a race at all, but the Chinese, struggling to keep up, broke all China records. In the long distance run two Chinese followed almost a lap behind our runners and both of them broke the Chinese

train color

record. Early relaxed dinner on May 28. I am getting very tired. We have had a hectic schedule of visitors, receptions, jumping around from place to place, and guests. You get tired in this community very easily.

Thursday, May 29 - went to the Rumanian industrial exhibit. I wish some of these countries would, in something like economic matters or industry, forego the challenge to slug the anti-imperialists. At the opening of the Rumanian trade fair there were so many references to anti-colonialism, anti-imperialism. They are careful about not hitting the U.S. itself, but in some cases the thing is very clear. Had a call from Rog Morton in the States. Came through loud and clear. He is talking about my going back to be in the Cabinet, possibly to be involved in the campaign. God I hope they don't ask me to run that campaign. I had a note from Maurice Stans saying, "hear you'll be in the campaign." I don't know what he is talking about. I hope it doesn't come true.

I am continually amazed at how hard it is to get close to the Chinese. It is difficult work. I am convinced we see more of them, have better personal relations than others, but you can get just so close and that's it. The doctor experiences were typical, but you visit and push and try to do it in a way respectful to them. You are held at arms length. They are just determined not to let us, or any foreigner in that regard, get too close. It is impossible to pick up the phone, ask somebody over, and have a meaningful discussion about Southeast Asia or Russia or someplace like that. It just can't be done. If they have some business they want to talk to you about, they call you up, but that hasn't happened on any major

matters or policy matters for a long time. The Cambodian ship incident could no more be discussed here in detail, trying to explore the other's motives, than fly to the moon. And this is true the way others work. There are disorder problems in China down to the South. Teng Hsiao Ping is rumored to have gone down there to try to quell some of the disturbances himself but I don't think this has anything to do with it. It is just this middle kingdom syndrome. We are the foreigners, the barbarians. For polite people they act in very strange tough ways. No question about it.

Lunch on May 29 with Irwin Miller of Cummins, pleasant man. His wife wants to sightsee. They are here on business. Afternoon interview with Eddy Woo of the Baltimore Sun who left China in the mid-60s and is back to Peking for the first time since then. Then an attractive young man, a Black fellow named Ord Coombs from Yale, who is in the Class of 1976, SBT, at Yale. A very attractive guy here with a guardian group, very much concerned about the deterioration of public schools and education in the U.S. There is no discipline, says he. And it is not just to be blamed on the war. He really doesn't quite see yet where education in our public schools is going. I was most impressed with this young man. Return banquet for the Chinese, given by the AAU side for the Chinese on May 29 at the International *Giegengack* Club. Went well. Gigangak (?) funny as hell. Talked as he would in an American banquet. It got out of hand, in that some of our kids got drinking too much and showing a not particularly good side. We cut off the mao tai and that calmed things down. The banquet was not unruly in an American sense, but the Chinese are so proper and so precise that I hope they were not offended by this. That mao tai really does hit a lick. A great big mustached pole

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COLLECTION George Bush Personal Papers China File				
FILE LOCATION Peking Diary Volume III		OA/ID Number		
		Date Closed	10/19/99	

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vaulter was the only one that really got out of hand. White guy. Some of the "whale squad" - hammer throwers and the discus great big giants came up and had some pictures taken in the front, but that was all in good humor and everything went fine. All in all it was a very successful trip [REDACTED]. Tomorrow come the newspaper editors. Spring is a time for delegations I guess. Our summer schedule will be lighter. We have had enough guests for a while and now I am ready for family - close family. I miss them very much. End of May 29.

The newspaper editor reception was the key of the day. We had many officials from the China News end of things, including the editor of the People's Daily, and Mr. Ma (?) from the NCNA. The editors were to see Teng Hsiao Ping and were to see Chiao Kuan Hua - saw him on Saturday actually. The reception was held outdoors - rather pleasant get-together, and after ^{Emmerich} that I had dinner with Creed Black (?), John Emerick ~~(?)~~, Tom Windship (?) of the Boston Globe and Mike O'Neill of the New York Daily News. It was good to get all caught up on how things were going. Little chance to really discuss politics. I had known O'Neill when he was at the United Nations and Emerick (?) when he was editor of the Houston paper. Knew Tom Windship(?) through Nancy Ellis, and knew Black back in the Washington days.

Saturday the 31st - marked by the reception of the Tunisian National Day. An affair from 12 to 1. Followed by lunch with John Burns and Ada Penegalle (?) from the Italian News Agency. Relaxed lunch here and then tennis later on in the day. Reception at 5:00 - showing TV cassette to the Turkish, Brazilian, and Quate DCM and Lebanon ambassadors. Great way to entertain. Relaxed early night at home. Long walk for C. Fred who is coming out of his blue funk.

Sunday, June 1 - a long bicycle ride down to Lule Chan (?). All through the Chen Min(?). Went into some stores. Bought a soy sauce jug, and, I think, a pretty picture for Bar. I like these solitary bicycle rides with her in the middle of town. Some of the streets are so quiet and one keep thinking what was China like before, what do these people think and know of their system. You keep hearing examples that they know very little. One man out at the Tombs identified one of our people as American, and a friendly peasant out there kept talking. Finally he said, "no, no" in Chinese, "the Americans wouldn't dare come here." There is no hostility toward Americans that I can feel. After all the propaganda which seems to continue, I just wonder what they really think. There is a ~~ton~~ sion between the obstructions of getting things done, and the enormous decency and kindness and genuine humor of the people.

Right now many of our observations of the winter have gone by the board. You see couples every night holding hands out near the park. You do see more splashes of color. The Mao suits have gone off and now most of the Chinese wear sports shirts of admittedly all the same color - white or a light bluish. So there is still a sameness, but a sameness with some difference. It is interesting in talking with other ambassadors - they all feel the same in terms of the Chinese holding us at arms length, not willing to give.

There are many rumors going through the diplomatic community that Ford might not come here. If I were starting over I don't think I would schedule a visit right now, but to cancel, that's something else again. There is no discussion that I know of, and I tell them that, but there are a couple of articles, the main one in the Baltimore Sun, saying, "if the President comes..." These rumors fly through the diplomatic corps. There

really is not that much substance to work with, so when something like this comes along, they grab at it. Another rumor Saturday was that there was a meeting of the Central Committee of the Party going on. Perhaps that is true. I asked Tolstikov and he said, "if such a meeting is going on, it is to deal with questions of labor, women and youth." The big question in politics is now should normalization take place while the existing leaders are in office or should it be delayed. My own view is it depends on whether the Chinese side is willing to compromise at all on "peaceful."

Sunday, a pleasant day with church, long bicycle ride, quiet lunch with Harry Thayer, a little nap, a very good tennis game - me and Xiao Yong v. Te and Akwei. We won the first set and lost the next two, but it was excellent doubles and I must have lost five pounds. Then Paul and Louis Miller of the AP, who are in town, came by for a drink. Washed the bicycle, got caught up in a bunch of paper work, in bed by 9:30 - good sleep. End June 1.

Monday, June 2 -- steamy at times, rain comes along and clears it off. Not terribly hot in terms of Houston weather. More in terms of Washington, D.C. weather. Reasonably relaxed day. Only an Italian reception in the evening, 6 to 7. Rushing off at 20 to 7 to join the newspaper editors for a mammoth dinner at the Horn of Plenty. The standard for the dinner was \$40 a person. When we go out in Peking we usually use 10 yuan which is about \$5, but in this dinner there was bear's paw, there was a special upper lip of a rare animal in Northeast China (not a deer, not a donkey). The Chinese debated at length as to what it was. There was the swallow's nest soup, the bear's paw, the exotic animal, sea slugs and on and on. Far too much food, too

many wines - Chinese white, plenty of mao tai, beer, juice, swa(?), all the things a normal dinner has but obviously they get taken on a deal like this. And then Tuesday night, the Third, I had to repeat it when Irwin Miller of Cummins Engine and his business group had a similar dinner, almost identical. The donkey-like animal wasn't served, but the rest was about the same and I left bloated. Chinese food is excellent but it doesn't need, in my opinion, to be forced with these mammoth banquets. One never eats them this big when out-of-town visitors are not here.

The diplomatic community is interesting. Many of the Europeans are blazé, tired and look down on the Chinese. It burns me up. Many of them, and many others too, go away for most of the summer. Most of embassies go on summer schedules, when they don't work in the afternoons or only an hour or so in the afternoons. The pace changes here, but the U.S. has its laws and I believe we need a disciplined shop. So on we go although I would like to give people more time off in the summer. The new staff is shaping up well now. We have our own people in most slots and it's going pretty good. No more talk about the ship incident.

The journalists met with Teng Hsiao Ping on Monday and he reassured them that Ford was welcome whether there was progress on Taiwan or not, a theme that many journalists in Hong Kong and elsewhere simply don't accept. They are building the President's visit up into a massive "if you don't solve this Taiwan problem, the visit has got to be a failure." I have been urging for a long time that we start knocking this down through backgrounders etc. I notice there was a Peter Jumpa(?) story in the Baltimore Sun that knocked it down. The visit in my view should be hailed as simply a visit

to get to know the Chinese leaders. Teng went to Paris. There were no agreements, no signed communiqus, but he had good talks with Giscard d'Estaing of France. This is the kind of meeting this should be billed as. There are global reasons why it makes sense. Little talk these days here of Sihanouk. His mimeograph machine is broken and here he is supposedly in Pyongyang, North Korea, when Kim Il Sung is traveling in Europe - very weird. The Chinese must be getting very concerned about Sihanouk's role. Marcos of the Philippines is coming soon. He is making anti-American noises. He must protect his flank. There was a story in the papers about a Chinese diplomat in Canada involved in smuggling money to an American. Reuters published it practically on the eve of the Marcos visit. That will upset Marcos enormously because the Chinese should not be feeding money to the Philippine insurgents. The same problem exists in Indonesia. China calls it "supporting" not "exporting" revolution.

Int'l

I worry about the discipline of the United States compared to this place. The papers are full of the school's problems and the Friendship Day in the United States where a guy got ice-picked. China is rigid in their discipline. They haul people out and they shoot them, like the guy that hit the French lady with a cleaver a while back - I noticed in Saigon they are doing the same thing. That's not the answer, but nor is this total permissiveness that we get. One gets a very different view of his country when he lives abroad and lives in this, the most cloistered, enclosed society in existence.

Tuesday, June 4 - lunch at the residence for some of our new security guards and communicators. The Acquavellas, the Konopiks, and our new security chief Evans Dewire. Nice young people - the ones that had their

wives along, both married to oriental wives - one Hawaiian, one Japanese. They seemed to be adjusted. Mo put in a beautiful new stereo set downstairs for the residence and the music is unbelievably great here. It makes a real difference. Fills every corner of the room. Indeed the residence is looking very nice.

Tuesday afternoon I went down to the banner shop to get a welcoming banner; bright red satin with gold characters, for Neil Mallon. He is 80 years young and we had an appropriate Mao quotation to present it to him. They sew on the characters individually - price about 15 kuai I am told. After that went to the hospital to get my card for the swimming. You line up and it is a real madhouse. What you need to get is a fluoroscope of your chest and pay some dough, but by the time you get through doing all this it is amazing. We waited and waited for the fluoroscope guy. Finally there were about six of us standing there so he put us all in together. Steve Fitzgerald, the ambassador, said, "OK everybody take off your shirts." So I joined in the fun and started to do it and so did he. Jennifer Fitzgerald knew it was a joke but some young French girl or German girl, who only spoke a little English, started to unbutton her shirt. Then she said, "No, I've been here before. You don't have to do this." She finally realized we were giving her the big yak. The hospital, helped built by the Rockefellers years ago, is rather attractive. The hallways are clean and it looks no better and no worse than most American hospitals. I am glad to know how to get there in case we have some emergency.

There was a lot of turmoil with foreign kids running around, pushing in, and I think the Chinese sometimes are awfully patient. My stamp collection

hobby seems to have screeched to a halt. Though stamps are missing, I can't find out how to get new ones. They are very complicated.

I brought home a picture for Bar from Lilly Chan(?). It is hanging in the hall. Has young chickens in yellow, painted by the Shanghai normal school teacher. I think she will like it. Hot water being tested - will come back on on schedule on the 6th. Everyone was told to leave the water off. Little Katie Roph fooling around with the bidet left the water tap open - sure enough the water came in under great pressure - flooded the bidet - flooded the floor in their apartment and flooded the place below. | 10
Fortunately it was an American apartment. It happens every year says Mo resignedly.

I feel a genuine affection for Mr. Kuo, Mr. Wong to some degree, Sun the cook, Chung the young guy and Mrs. Tang our teacher. Also Mr. Leo in the office. They are so decent and refined, quiet and wonderful and helpful. And I think they know that we appreciate them. Mrs. Tang made some reference in our language lesson about leaving in 1977, and she really sounded kind of sorry about it. After eight months it is inevitable to get attached.

There are rumors about going back and doing something. If I did go back, I'd much prefer to have some kind of a Cabinet post that would give me time for campaigning but have some substance, rather than just be involved in the campaign. I won't be good and I see these clippings that Burch is out front. But there is Mel Laird holding the behind-the-scenes press conference, saying, "Well we'll keep Burch on til after the convention. He is a good man at getting delegates." Kind of the master's

voice from behind the scenes. I've never understood this Machiavellian side of Laird. I like him, but I've never felt close to him. And I suppose I wouldn't be human if I didn't say I felt his hand in the VP situation very clearly and coolly. But I felt it on the back, not on the front. Bemis, Lias and Devine had a meeting regarding my political future - very thoughtful of them.

All I know now is to do the best job one can here. There is no credit in this work, but I think it is an accumulative thing and you've got to keep digging. I've tried to give the right impression of America here - not too formal. We have a good organized staff, tried to move around in the diplomatic community, tried to increase our contacts with the Chinese, tried to have interesting people from the States here, and tried to learn and make suggestions to Washington. Beyond this though, it is hard to "do" anything. And yet I won't trade it for England, Paris or any of the other posts. The others get more notoriety, and Elliot's publicity is good I think out of England, but I think this is more substantive in one sense and certainly more interesting. A beautiful letter from Jeb about the problems of Columba adjusting, how much he loves her, how marvelous she is, and what she needs is self-confidence. It was a thoughtful, sensitive piece - an attractive kid who has got it all. I just hope he is fully happy because, knowing him and his sensitivity, he would be deeply hurt if she was ever hurt. Henrietta Morris of San Antonio, Texas, nine years in Ambassador Annenberg's office is here as our secretary. She is awful good. State Department pro, but she is like you, Jane, in that she is willing to take on additional stuff and does it cheerfully and fast. Jennifer adjusted much, much better and doing a good job too. End of June 3.

Hurray, George arrives tomorrow.

On June 2 note - Mogan Jacobsen of the East Asiatic Company came. We get a lot of these businessmen dropping in, and I haven't put them on the tape. He is from Denmark but represents American companies like DuPont and others. He goes around to the various corporations and presents the U.S. brochures and helps the follow-up with sales. One June 3 Ambassador Harland brought by Ambassador Lendrum of New Zealand, now their ambassador in Moscow. We talked some about the US - PRC - USSR relationship.

Miscellaneous - there is great misunderstanding. People go back gushing over hospitality and it is awful good, but some of the delegations simply just don't get to see what they want - the Schistosomiasis delegation investigating hook worm caused by snails never saw a snail all the time they were in China - at least didn't see snails in the infected areas or see acute patients who had been affected by the disease. They had a feeling there was some politics involved in all of this. The fact remains they never saw an infected snail. The Chinese just didn't want to talk about the "infected areas" and all in all the scientists felt frustrated. This is the side of things people don't see. Jay Taylor of the State Department can fill me in for the record on this, but the delegation was frustrated time and time again from seeing infected snails. It is Jay's belief that since Chairman Mao vowed in 1957 to get rid of this plague, indeed wrote a poem in support of eradicating Schistosomiasis omiasis called "Farewell to the God of Plague," that the issue is politicized and that they didn't want these people to see the infected snails. This can be repeated in many, many other fields.

Memorandum for the record - looking over the wages and salaries paid -- embassies who can "afford less" pay a heck of a lot less. But for the record, month's salaries are as follows: Mr. Chien-Kang (cook), 300 yuan; Chang (second cook), 165 a month; Wang Teh-Yi (our #1 waiter) 280; Mr. Chen (waiter) 180; Chuon and Chen (woman worker) our i.e's (?) 150 yuan for a month. Overtime rate appears to be at 1.20 yuan per hour for Chien-Kang and Wang Teh-Yi, 9.0 per hour for the rest. End of item.

June 4 - visited the flag shop in the morning to see the banner for Neil Mallon. It is all laid out and a lovely quotation from Chairman Nao about the future being in the hands of the young. It will be perfect for Neil - bright red satin with gold fringes and each character individually sewn on - fantastic work and he will love it.

The Chad ambassador came to call. The whole interview was in French. I showed him the TV and he was amazed and obviously liked it. 12 to 1 was a reception at the German Embassy for just the Western Europeans and obviously those that Ambassador Pauls felt were "the inside" to meet their new DCM. We had a little going away lunch for Don Anderson and then that evening George arrived. We played tennis and lost to Te and Wong as an opener 6-3, 6-4. George was tired and I played lousy, but it was a good start. Early dinner at the International Club. The only other incident was that during the middle of the night our brand new stereo system, beautifully set up and coordinated by Mo crashed to the floor with the bookshelf giving way. Fred jumping straight up. Fred is glad to have a member of the family here. George went jogging early in the morning.

June 5, 1975 - the press carries an articles by De-Teng about sweeping - you do not get dust out without using a broom. They might have to use force on Taiwan. The more they keep saying this, the more difficult it is to solve this problem on the part of the United States. Of course this thing was picked up and carried all over the Taiwan papers. And it is just the kind of thing that will hurt at home. We are having a little hassle about an agricultural attache. Ag wants to send a Champeaou here who they tell me would not be acceptable. And then we have got a problem about space, support, apartments, hotels and enormous other complications. My own judgment is it would be good to have somebody here if all those things can be resolved. Don Anderson, head of the political section, is leaving on the 5th. He did a first-class job here. Weather - overcast, cool on the morning of the 5th - very pleasant.

North Vietnam is saying that the United States, under the Paris peace agreements, should not put substantial amounts of money into North Vietnam to reconstruct the country. My own judgment is we should do absolutely nothing. Perhaps we should respond to a legitimate request for humanitarian aid, but we must not get involved in economic reconstruction until the rhetoric in Vietnam cools and until the heartache in the United States is healed a little bit. We are not going to buy their friendship by getting into the front of the line to hand out dough. And in my view we must not take that rather short-sighted action of thinking that we can balance off Russia and China only if we get in now. There will be plenty of opportunities, and I think it would be a big mistake to give aid now.

Called on Ambassador Tschoep of Austria. His predecessor was unhappy and I predict before long he will be unhappy. Some of the Europeans, used to the fine things, simply have trouble adjusting to Peking.

I notice in the EA press review that a Professor Oksenberg of Michigan is stating that the decline in trade might be due to the dissatisfaction with the continued U.S. backing of the ROC. Hogwash! In a previous note I am sure I said that this would be predicted, but it is not true. I am convinced of it, and we keep getting told that by leading trade officials. The more I think of the ship incident, the more I think the Chinese did not really object to our position on it despite their rhetoric.

Don Anderson left. Danish reception. Arabs talking about the Ford-Sadat meeting, the problems in Lebanon. Visit Hong Du Tailors for George to pick up a couple of suits. Mrs. Molinara of Argentina visited to see her rubbings(?). Tennis party at house to see TV.

Small group came over to see the tennis - Jeff Martinson, young guy from Australia, and Rosa from the Canadian Embassy. This is a marvelous piece of equipment. Friday, Chinese photographer with both a lacaflex(?) and a hasslebad(?) came out to take my picture and Harry Thayer's. At 11:00 in the morning Harry and I made a call on Lin Ping, director of the American and Oceanic Department. He is considered cold but he has been pretty nice to me. A lady interpreter, Madame Chøng(?), does an excellent job. The only substantive question was when Lin Ping asked how the President's trip in Europe had gone. The Chinese are continually talking about Europe, our interest in seeing us keep up our defenses. Teng Hsiao Ping, in going to Paris, talked about a strong Europe and kept talking about the Russian threat.

In the afternoon we went to the Chinese v. Japan weight-lifting in a gym on the south side of town near where they had the tennis game. Mr. Chou and Mr. Knee(?), both of whom squired the track team around, were presiding officers. The weight-lifting all starts the same way with flag, march on, and pinning up friendship awards and then trying to do their thing. They have excellent automated electric equipment, the same as in track. They gave the coach in track an electric starting block that he claimed was as good as anything he'd ever seen. And here they had all kinds of electronic judging and everything else.

Went to Swedish National Day where I had a discussion with Ambassador of Norway. His view was that the Chinese would agree against infiltration, if we did something on Taiwan.

Dinner at the residence - that soup and noodles dish. Henrietta, Jennifer, George Jr. and Harry Thayer and then to the spectacular outdoor acrobatic performance at the Workers Park in the Forbidden City. It was the most romantic setting. It was warm, swallows flying around just before the sunset. The roof lines in that part of the Workers Park are fantastic. It is an unbelievable setting for a performance and the acrobats were amazing. Scrambling up poles up-side-down, the big furry dogs looking almost real, the magicians, the bird callers, the plate spinners, the colors - the whole thing was just great. The place was full - perhaps 3,000 people crowded into an open-air amphitheater. We sat right in front of a big contingent of PLA soldiers and when the mimic did the sounds of cannons and guns I must say it gave me a very weird feeling. A baby right behind us loved the dogs and the parents were very friendly. One other group, a friendship group, probably from Canada, was there. The Chinese are caught up on this

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friendship thing and they have got to cater to their Mao constituency; but they don't want to overdo it. A great evening.

Saturday, June 7 - called on Hsiao Peh, the deputy director of the information department, and also the deputy director of the MFA Counselor Department. Followed by call on Hsu-Huang, the director of the Domestic Service Bureau. Mallons to arrive today. Middle of June 7. The calls went well. Hsu-Huang I think understands that we at the USLO try to treat the servants and others furnished by DSB with respect. His English is good, he is a jovial man and pleasant. The talk with the Deputy Director of the Counselor Department, and on Hsiao Peh, were good - nothing new out of them. The Counselor man had been in his job twenty years and we know very little about him. This whole question of reuniting families and of people coming to China and going from China is very complicated. They hold their cards awful close. Tennis in the afternoon with the Swede Laenhofen(?) and Finocchi of Italy. The match was disrupted by rain and we went inside, a rather pleasant arrangement. Went to the Australian reception for their Minister of Foreign Affairs, and then the Mallons arrived. We went to bed early. They were dead tired.

Sunday, the Wall again and the Tombs, a beautiful picnic and the Te Ling Tomb, Jennifer and Henrietta providing great food - sliced him, sliced turkey etc. for many people. Tennis in the afternoon. George and I beating Sri Navas(?) and Finocchi and then Finocchi and Wong. Dinner with the Mallons at the International Club.

Marcos is here and the red news of Sunday, June 8, is full of a lot of nasty anti-U.S. stuff. The Philippines having to regroup, feel they must take a slug at the United States while in China. The red news also talked

about U.S. unemployment, a subtle suggestion that we were decadent and falling about. Chinese warning the Philippines about one superpower coming in the back door, while the other was in the front. Two articles on North and South Vietnam and all in all it is not a very happy piece of paper. But it is accurately reflective of the problems we are undergoing here. I go through varying opinions of what China wants with us. In essence they say, "Look at what we do, not at what we say." They feel they must keep their Third World leadership by slugging us all the time. But I can just imagine how they'd feel if an official government organ took after them the way they take after us all the time. They apparently don't think about that. They continue to slam us around, not as much as they used to obviously, and the China specialists will say less than they might; but I say they are doing it too much, because I worry more about American public opinion than some of our China specialists, and public opinion's effect on our being able to perform and fulfill a policy. I think China needs us as much, and quite definitely more, than we need them. But I do think there is a basic mistrust of the United States after all these years, and it bothers me. It is hard doing anything about dispelling that mistrust with the contacts as restricted as they are, and with Washington holding their cards as close to the chest as Washington does. End of June 8.

June 9 - still and hot. Great for tennis but the Club is closed on Mondays. Mallons off sightseeing, discussion of whether I will get to see Romulo. He apparently wants to see me (cable) but it may be difficult.

Had a beautiful Peking duck dinner at the Sick Duck after visiting the Summer Palace in the afternoon. We had a banner made for Neil with a marvelous quotation from Chairman Mao. It goes like this:

The world is yours as well as ours, but in the last analysis it is yours. You young people, full of vigor and vitality, are in the bloom of life. Like the sun at 8 or 9 in the morning. Our hope is placed on you.

-- Talk at a meeting of Chinese students and trainees in Moscow, Movember 17, 1957

The banner is in bright red with gold tassles and all in Chinese characters. I think Neil really liked it. Philippines cemented relations with China. I talked to a Philippines TV guy out at the airport on June 10 and he said, "Of course we'll continued to be friends with the United States, but now it looks like we've got this all-Asian unity thing." He was a young kid, somewhat confused by what was happening. Supporting the decision, wanting to stay friends with us, sore at the way some of the United States people were abusive, but he had many, many United States friends that he loved. Clearly a dilemma.

Thursday, June 10 - the Somalia Ambassador came to see me. He was all upset about some criticism in the United States Senate about Somalia having Russian ships in there. He felt it perfectly OK to criticize the United States about Diego Garcia(?), colonialism etc., but he didn't quite understand why some senator would criticize Somalia. I believe in working closely with these guys, and now I am determined to get more contacts with them. But it is difficult.

Romulo could not see me. I am sure it simply could not be arranged without throwing up some doubts with the Chinese. Lunch at the residence. Bar came in dead tired after 26 hours on the plane - looking great though and bringing lots of news from the States. Mallons still here. Tennis in the afternoon. Hot and windy. Fred took a bath and left a ring an inch thick in the tub but he is much less dirty than he is in the winter. Dinner at the residence. End June 10.

June 11 - a relaxed day. Work at the office, Barbara showed the Mallons around. Lunch at the residence. Fantastic tennis game with Te and Wong and dinner at the International Club. I am firing off a cable requesting consultations and a desire to visit with Haig and David Bruce. The Teng interview seemed to me to take some of the pressure off the President's visit, suggesting that he not have to solve this problem during his visit here.

Bar's birthday the 8th, my 51st the 12th. My legs felt older. Good God isn't it awful to get old, but I don't feel old. I am missing about a quarter or half a step on the tennis court though. I enjoy chatting with the girl in the carpet and wall hanging end of the ~~USIO~~ ^{Friendship Store}. She is very attractive. She is studying English and you can see how these people, if they fix themselves up, can be extremely beautiful. The old man in that department couldn't be more agreeable. Most of the Chinese we get close to on a personal basis are extremely friendly. But there is still a wariness about us as foreigners. End June 11.

June 12 - Doro, Marvin and Neil arrived along with a small industry delegation. They looked great, giggling, bubbling over with enthusiasm -- having enjoyed Honolulu, tired, not seen anything of Tokyo, only one night there and into Peking. They were great. They rushed down and played basketball, rode down to the Great Square. Marvin played tennis with Te and then off we went to the Soup (?) Restaurant where we had eel and they all loved that. Neil Mallon bought the dinner and it was all pretty good.

The board at the International Airport is amazing. The departure board, all electronic, spins out such exotic names as Pyongyang-Korean Airlines, Hanoi-CAAC Airlines. And as you watch the delegations come and go it is fantastic. You see the cadres dressed in their finely tailored

Mao suits, very rigid contrast to the plebian dress of the masses, and actually I saw on one delegation several pale pink, green and yellow dresses along the lines of those that were modeled in the store last year. But these people were all getting on the plane and leaving China, not staying. When Neil Mallon got on the plane on the 13th, two big delegations were out there. Several Hong Ges(?), one of them headed by a rather senior looking PLA type. Riding out in the morning I am impressed by the early morning park activities. Families, studying, exercises for one another, tremendous activity, lots of bikes parked in front of the park from 5:30 on. Yelling along with the martial arts. Jumping around on t'ai chi chuan. Jogging on the roads, staying fit. It is hotter now so the early morning activity means more. Climate in Peking is nice but it is harsh. New visitors get tired easily, come down with colds, bronchial stuff - not as much with the coal burning now though. Their air is a little cleaner and Fred stays cleaner longer. Good symbol of that.

The red and blue news playing up the Schlesinger charge about Berbera in Somalia being a Russian base with missiles. I am sure this concerns the Chinese enormously. They are damn sure concerned about what's happening in Vietnam. They are, I am sure, very confused about Cambodia. In fact it has been quiet with Sihanouk apparently still in North Korea. Weird silence. The Chinese probably wondering whether they bet on the wrong horse. Cabled Kissinger asking for consultations in the States. Perhaps going by to see Haig and Bruce about NATO. I think that would be helpful to the Chinese to do that. It's been a long period without any substantive discussion with the Foreign Minister. End June 12 - 51st birthday - wow!

June 13 - Ambassador from Laos comes over - half tennis, half diplomacy. Ambassador Clément of Cameroon - how does he get his films from the United States here. Lunch with Judge Weigel. The judge had been shown all over China as a guest of China Travel. These visas work in very mysterious and strange ways. I read in one of the Hsinhua News that Vietnam is saying, "Yes, we can give them aid etc." Very graciously willing to take it. And then later on they day, unless we give them aid, they will not account for our Missing-in-Action. They play a strong, tough, dirty, filthy game. In the United States and certainly in the diplomatic community in Peking, there doesn't seem to be an outcry against this kind of thing. There is a prevalent feeling here as the Peruvian ambassador expressed it to Bar that the United States should be doing more for the Third World. It was a theme that we heard at the United Nations, but it is escalated now and it is particularly prevalent here. Laos Ambassador, with his country moving steadily to the left, kicking the rightists out, Communist troops taking over most of the communities, Cabinet move to the far left -- this poor ambassador here, a most delights fellow -- Lien, tells me there is really no change, that we are welcome, that everything is OK. Our school teacher is being interrogated, our aid mission is being bombarded and harassed, people are held captives, and darn it there is such a thing as a domino theory.

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Domino
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comes
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Went to call on the Ambassador of France, Claude Arnaud. He had a couple of little children running around on bicycles through a lovely French embassy. Quite a change and rather nice. Patrick, age 2, and a baby, age 9 months. Mrs. Arnaud had been married to one of the Cabinet officers in Laos who had

been forced to flee the country that very week. She is a beautiful person.

Cocktail party at the Bulak's of Turkey. The diplomatic corps is being given a free trip on Swiss Air to Europe and half the corps is bailing out on this plane.

June 14, 1975 - good tennis at the club with the boys - hot now, but when the wind isn't up, it's fantastic. That afternoon a stiffly hot reception at the British Embassy for their national day. Toasts to the queen, then Minister Lei Chiang, the Minister of Trade, made a few remarks. Teddy Youde toasted the health of Chairman Mao etc. They have a beautiful large residence - embassy with pool and courts, separated by a walk that goes into the Indian Embassy. The whole thing was rather nice. Then to the New Zealand Embassy to meet their Minister of Trade. They opened their swimming pool so we all went back, suited up and came back and dove into the clear cold water. It was very nice.

Sunday, June 15 - church, visit to the tailors to get the kids suited up - about \$70. Then Ambassador Small and his family came for lunch, bowling, a little wine drinking - carpet bowling in the house. Then at the International Club lunch. Tennis was indoors that afternoon because the weather was bad. Marvin threw his racquet which really burned me up with the Chinese all watching. Sportsmanship and that kind of thing mean so much more here. We joke about friendship first here a little bit, but carefully. But it is an important concept and I ate him out for that display, much like what I might have had when I was his age - but he should be getting over that. Actually he is doing darn well - in his work and from reports from the Congress job he had - the reports were fantastic.

Monday, the 16th - Ambassador Paludan of Denmark came to visit me. We reviewed Southeast Asia. My view at this juncture is that the U.S. is better off to have the war over, that our presence is still wanted by the Chinese in Southeast Asia, that they can make all the anti-troops statements they want but they don't want us to pull out of Japan, and I don't believe Korea. They don't want us out of the Philippines and they are worried about a Soviet naval presence at Camranh Bay or elsewhere in South Vietnam. The recent disclosures by the Secretary of Defense about Somalia having a Russian base at Berbera, I am sure, will concern the Chinese enormously. China continues to support revolution inside countries like Malaysia, Indonesia and others, and the Philippines, but there is some reason to feel that they cut down on that support after relations are extended. They do give tangible support as well as vocal rhetorical support, and this does not bode well for solving some of the problems that lie ahead of us. China's emphasis now is on a strong Europe and this comes out time after time again. Paludan agreed with my assessment in Southeast Asia which pleased me. I do think he is a fairly knowledgeable and serious ambassador. Went to sign the guest books for Sato(?) at the Japanese Embassy and then I drove out in the car for lunch at the Summer Palace with the kids and Lois Ruga who had ridden out on their bikes. George and Marvin got back in one hour and ten minutes. Bar and Lois taking a little longer - apparently it is a great ride out there. That afternoon we had another reception for the Rural Small Scale Industry's Delegation here from the States. Young, aggressive guys - most attractive. Then a Chinese communications technique investigation group that was leaving for the States, headed by Mr. Lee-ong(?) (see notes). He was thrilled about going there, looking forward to going to the States. I showed him the space film that we had dubbed in in Chinese on Apollo VIII and it showed some of the communication center. He was literally amazed.

Withdrawal/Redaction Sheet

(George Bush Library)

DOCUMENT NO. AND TYPE	SUBJECT/TITLE	DATE	RESTRICTION	CLASS.
12. Redaction	Redaction of three sentences from Peking Diary (REDACTED PAGE FOLLOWS) (1 pp.)	6/16/75	C	
COLLECTION George Bush Personal Papers China File				
FILE LOCATION Peking Diary Volume III		OA/ID Number		
		Date Closed	10/19/99	

RESTRICTION CODES

Presidential Records Act - [44 U.S.C. 2204(a)]

P-1 National Security Classified Information [(a)(1) of the PRA]
 P-2 Relating to the appointment to Federal office [(a)(2) of the PRA]
 P-3 Release would violate a Federal statute [(a)(3) of the PRA]
 P-4 Release would disclose trade secrets or confidential commercial or financial information [(a)(4) of the PRA]
 P-5 Release would disclose confidential advise between the President and his advisors, or between such advisors [(a)(5) of the PRA]
 P-6 Release would constitute a clearly unwarranted invasion of personal privacy [(a)(6) of the PRA]

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F-1 National security classified information [(b)(1) of the FOIA]
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 F-9 Release would disclose geological or geophysical information concerning wells [(b)(9) of the FOIA]

These cassettes, if we can figure out how to use them properly, are bound to be good. I asked him to come back here when they return. He was very interested in doing that and we should follow up on this. The Rural Small Scale guys were disappointed in the part of the program that always started off with a prepared speech and prepared presentation. They like the part where they went into factories and actually could get to talk to the workers. They left Peking Monday for the rest of their trip. Black-tie dinner at Ambassador Pauls' - June 16. The second or third black-tie dinner I have been to since I have been here. The evening was cool fortunately. It was a going away party for the Swiss Ambassador, Natural, who is off to Lebanon. Somehow this European style here in Peking seems weird to me and most unusual, but it has its certain civility too that is rather nice at the same time. Pauls of Germany has been very pleasant and a friend. The Ogawas were there - extremely nice, the Japanese.

Personal - I worry about our house in Maine this summer and a lot of the details. Getting the kids where they are going. But I think it will all work out. Moving around and making plans and arrangements - it is just so entirely different in this country from the States. People think you can just call up and make reservations, but it doesn't work that way at all. The little interpreter for the communications group told Bar, "Your husband is very famous in China." I am continually amazed that people even have the vaguest idea of who I am here. It happened at the airport a while back. It has happened around Mr. Law(?) and others at the Club. It's confusing and I think all right since we are trying from this whole style end of things to make some kind of an impact.



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[REDACTED]

End of June 16, Monday.

Outside Bob Garedo's(?) apartment is a kind of military compound in San Litun(?). A big billboard there reads "people of the world unite- defeat the American agressors and all their running dogs." The text is from a statement Chairman Mao made in 1970 condemning the American incursion into Cambodia. The interesting thing is that this sign is still there. There is also one like it in the railroad station though that one is clearly an old one. Most of the signs like this came down when Nixon came to China. I am wondering whether they have a different indoctrination for the Chinese soldiers than they do for the general populace right now. Most of their television does not reflect strong anti-American bias. Their movies seem to show defeat of the "Japanese imperialists" quite a bit. China still feels they can knock the hell out of us in public fora and then want to have a good relationship. The contrast between public statements and private assurance, the contract between public bravado and catering to Albania etc. and private decency and kindness to us - these things are enormous.

June 18 - at the staff meeting Bill Thomas brought up that he had been stopped after midnight. He had been to the New Zealand party Saturday night, came back to the embassy, left some of his clothes, bundled up some and started to walk back to San Li Tung(?). It was a very hot night. He was followed by two men and two women. They finally stopped him, asked him what he was doing. Hassled him. Several times reached for the bundle. He kept on walking and they followed him all the way to San Le Tung(?). This was one of the street patrols, similar to what I had been stopped by going up

the alley when I first came here. But nobody grabbed the bundle. There seems to be some difference here about what we ought to do. I don't feel too strongly but I do feel we ought to be on record with the Chinese that this kind of behavior is not acceptable as far as diplomats go. Pascoe had heard about bayoneted soldiers patronizing Peking after midnight and apparently they do have stricter restrictions at night. June 17, farewell for Serge Romensky of the AFP. It is a very slow news time here. The newspaper people, the diplomats, all claiming they have never seen it so slow. Very little hard news. Went to the Turkish embassy. They want to trade embassies. Prices have soared. Their embassy, instead of costing 95,000, the Chinese now want to get 160,000 yuan a year. Actually it's not a bad deal. There are eight apartments and an office building more than two times bigger than this one; and in addition they have large entertainment rooms and stuff. But the trade is not in the cards. Incidentally they fired their gardener for using pots too much instead of planting in the ground. If they fired him, every gardener in Peking would be fired because they all used these flower pots instead of planting in the ground. Off to Beideho and the beach tomorrow. Bar has read the book Prisoner in Peking about the British journalist that was kept during the war. She is appalled. One night we saw Mr. Gee(?), the very man who had hung the cat of Mr. Gray(?), the British journalist. It was weird seeing him and thinking how things could change awful fast. A little scary. On the surface these people are all so pleasant, nice and cultured, they really are. End of June 17.

Marvelous quote from June 17 - Hsinhua News (red news) - talking about the junior table tennis tournament, 1975 National Championships held at Shihchiachuang(?). Talking about all the players, and then they say, "the young players of various nationalities took time out to seriously study

Chairman Mao's important instruction concerning the question of theory.

Using Marxist Leninist Mao Tse-tung thought as their weapon, they related the class struggle and the two line struggle on the sports front to criticize the revisionist trash such as "skill first" and "championitis." They expressed their determination to contribute their share to the implementation of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line on sports. Following the principle of friendship first, competition second, and taking Chinese mountaineers heroism as their example, the junior players displayed the spirit of daring to win and showed courage and tenacity. They were warmly praised by the spectators." Wow!

June 18 - work in the office all day. Ambassador and Mrs. Marty Salomies of Finland at dinner. The dinners drag on sometime although the food was excellent. This protocol of not being able to get up and leave is too much. I struggled around and got the crowd to go outside to see the pool and the sauna. The Finnish daughter and finance were there and this move was well received. It was very warm. We walked up there. I had a long talk with the Soviet ambassador on Korea and various aspects of China. The Russians are very down on the Chinese here.

Thursday, the 19th - we left early in the morning for Beideho. It is a six-hour train ride -- six of us in one compartment. We lowered the upper berths and some slept. The food on the dining car was excellent. We were met at the railroad station by Mr. Fay(?) and taken to a delightful cabin in the compound run by the International Club. Many of the staff of the International Club was sent down there to the seashore resort which is open mid-June to the first of September. It was a great treat. The water was clear and lovely, warm, about 76 degrees I'd say. The bathrooms were wet, but the facilities

worked, and our "villa" was excellent. It was off by itself. Not many people had gone there yet. We also took a trip on Saturday to the Great Wall - an hour drive and then went to Pigeon's Nest. That end of the Great Wall is certainly less spectacular. Beideho itself is almost like Bermuda; wide streets, clean, drenched in sunlight, architecture, buildings painted with a cream colored wash, stores wide open and clean. Some English sign "Welcome International Friends", an old German bakery, marvelous basket and bead ware. People still stare a lot. Chinese go to this resort. Within the compound some of the houses apparently are owned by factories, communes and other organizations. It is all very vague as to which ones are. One odd note. The sentries are there, bayonets drawn in the evening but they are always there, conspicuous in the daytime. The only thing I saw our guy do is run off two Chinese who tried to come up from the walk at the beach too near our house. Why they insist on having these guards posted all through the compound, I don't know. It is very very strange and gives a weird impression for a seaside resort. It is very informal in dress, the food, as I said, is excellent with an excellent Chinese restaurant. Dinner with the French and Peruvian ambassadors on Friday night. We had a young man from the club in Peking assigned to our house - cleaning up and looking after it. He did a pretty darn good job. All in all it was very relaxing. The kids all got sore throats, a common ailment and something easy to get here in China. Rained some but most of the time was clear and sunny. They put in broad retaining walls along the ocean, but enough for trucks and cars to drive along, although you seldom see them. You can take bikes and you can go quite a ways from the compound itself, but you are very much aware that you are being watched, certainly by all the people, and that your movements are well known.

Miscellaneous notes - we are making arrangements to have Dorothy christened a week from Sunday.

Sunday, June 27 - returned to Peking. Left at 1 and got in at 7 in a tremendous downpour. On the train we had a fantastic meal. The food is excellent. I think we had nine courses, six beers for five of us and the price was ten yuan, twenty. Unbelievable. The train was fairly hot but the fan got going and it was OK. Arrived home to find plenty of mail. Some of problems that make China a contrast - the reuniting of families, they are extremely difficult, they won't give out information, they are very tough on letting Chinese come into the USLO Compound. I am sure it is true for others. They are not compassionate in this regard. They won't give out information. We ask on cases and they are simply not forthcoming.

I noticed in a New Republic speculation by John Osborne about the Scali-Moynihan swap. Nobody ever gave an explanation he said as to why Scali was appointed. I well remember Haldeman telling me that the President wanted Scali at the UN because he was an Italian and he was on the "New Majority" kick at that time. Apparently the Chinese are jamming the VOA. Even some of the English VOI is coming in worse lately, but I think they are talking about the Chinese broadcast. Apparently the Russians and others are doing this as much but China insists on that(?).

The Philippines seem reassured by what China said about supporting guerrilla movements. I still have enormous trouble about China's differentiation between the "support" and "export" of revolution. They believe in "support" not "export," but a government being "supported against" must find the distinction tough.

If one of us leaves Peking there would be a lot of "fare thee wells" about it with our counterparts in the Chinese ministry etc. etc. Their man Chi Chu(?) left PRCLD in Washington with no fanfare at all, just disappeared and now it turns out he is to be assigned here in Peking.

They are extending their contacts on Capitol Hill, inviting senators and congressmen by the dozens to PRCLD, and yet we cannot see any of the Chinese political leaders here at all. Major difference. We still have good access, but I keep telling myself, "reach out - work - make others invite and come up with suggestions on whom to have over."

The PRC won a big propaganda victory as one of the released "war prisoners", former KMT officer, hung himself in Hong Kong. Taiwan handled this abysmally. There has been some change since South Vietnam. When Anand Panyarachun, Thai ambassador to the U.N., came here before, he called me up. This time he came to negotiate the communique and of course there is no call.

My good friend Romulo was here with Marcos. He said he wanted to see me but no call. These countries simply do not dare let China understand that they are working closely with us or they think they can't do it. I think China would understand but they don't seem to think so. I am convinced we are not totally clued in on the different things that are happening from Washington. I simply don't know what to do about it. I have asked for clarification on one message but it hasn't been forthcoming.

Monday, June 23 - busy day in the office. Staff meetings now three days a week. Lunch with kids at residence. Met the Russell Trains (four) on JAL 785 at 3:00 p.m. They are staying in the hotel. Those arrangements worked well. He told me that he mentioned the visit to Kissinger a long time ago and that Kissinger's immediate reaction was, "Sure, that's great.

I hope you'll go to China." Then we had all this flak from the State Department. I want to look that up and see why the resistance. |||

Tuesday, June 24 - fascinating visit to Middle School (full report in file). The Trains, the Thayers, the Bushes all trooped down. I asked about a basketball - said our kids liked to play - and the next thing I knew they were watering down the basketball court and following some performances we saw in the school the kids engaged in a 5 on 5 basketball game. Great fun for them. As I do at all these things, I said, "Do you have any questions about the United States? I would be glad to answer them." One teacher did ask about the curriculum and so we had for the first time some type of give and take discussion. Lunch with the Rumanian ambassador and his team. They have a special entree and we try to do this quite frequently. We don't often learn, as yesterday, but we did discuss Asia, Europe, and Portugal with which Rumania has a special relationship. Rumania feels we should immediately recognize Vietnam. They feel Vietnam is much better, Vietnam is now realistic toward us. I mentioned the MIA problem. I told them that we were damned upset about that - holding MIAs hostage in order to get economic aid. People are so unrealistic in this part of the world about the intention of some of these countries. A guy like the Rumanian naturally is Communist, but he overlooks the aggression and the support of revolution that has troubled me so much. Good man - it is good to have these exchanges.

At four o'clock Dr. Myers, a friend of Alex Head's came by. He is a teacher at Cane(?) College, an older guy. Very interested in languages. He had been out to Honun where he had seen an American woman named Shirley

Wood and had visited normal teacher's college out there. Had a very interesting story to tell about this woman's life on the campus, her isolation, the fact that there was indeed need for dictatorship of the proletariat because some people had a way of getting in to the front of the line to buy bicycles which were rationed. Some of these visitors have very special chances to see things. Followed by a visit by Dr. C. P. Li and Dr. Jerome Loh. Dr. C.P. Li, on his last trip here, saw Mao. He is an older man, he knew Mao for a long, long time. He is sympathetic to this regime. He is doing a lot of work in Chinese herbal medicine and has suggested that through that we might find ways of moving things forward during the President's visit. Exchange of medical technology. Dr. Loh of Gary, Indiana was with him, bright Chinese guy, and both of them were most interesting. Dinner at the Japanese Embassy. They invited the Swedish and Mexican ambassadors wives plus all the Bush children. Very informal and a nice evening with Coby(?) beef. Mrs. Ogawa does things in the most beautiful way. The Trains and all had their eyes opened wide by the school visit. It was a great one.

The schools are very disciplined. Kids volunteer. They sit with their hands on the back. They raise their hand. A lot of the recitation seems to be rote. Tremendous amount of propaganda. Write a poem telling what the Mao thought means to you. Write a poem describing the virtues of dictatorship of the proletariat. Write a poem exposing Pin Piao and Confucius. The kids look healthy. There is certainly a lot of order and discipline in the schools, on the playgrounds, everywhere else. I wonder what it would be like bringing a chinese delegation through some of our public schools in the big cities or elsewhere.

June 25 - went to the revolutionary street committee. Luncheon for

for Russell Train at the residence with some of the top Chinese environmentalists; Wong Chiech, responsible person for the environmental office of the state council; Yu Lin, responsible person and architecture bureau of capitol construction committee; Wong Ting, vice deputy head of bureau of foreign affairs of capitol construction committee; Lieu Tung Fa(?); the interpreter; Harry Thayer; Chris Ballow and I. The Chinese were extremely interested, it was much more relaxed, much more give-and-take than any other thing I'd seen. They do have a Vice Premier in charge of their environmental matters, they do have standards, they are not doing the kind of job we are doing, they keep saying they're new and need criticism etc. They were amazed at the figures of U.S. spending on environment. The agency - some \$4 billion in FY 75 with industry another \$6 billion - a total of \$10 or 11 billion a year on environment. They could hardly believe that. They talked about their concern about all kinds of waste, and they talked about the maximization of human wastes and how they process that. But all in all the meeting lasted from 12:45 to 3:00 p.m. and they were still going strong, asking good questions. We have a report on that in the file. It seems to me this might be a good subject for them to have on the agenda for the President.

5/25/75

Ambassador Drulovic came to call at 3:00. He was on time so we had to herd him in with Harry Thayer until I shook the Chinese. The Trains and Bar rushing off to see the Temple of Heaven. Drulovic is a good man. He is strongly bias, of course, toward socialism. But I can talk very frankly with him. I am continually worried about the way the anti-Americanism kind of feeds on itself in the climate of Peking. It is assisted ably by blasts in the Hsinhua News, the red news, against the United States. In

the June 25th issue for example there was a long blast by China's delegation at the World's Women's Conference in Mexico. Mainly against super-powers, hegemony, colonialism, a lot of anti-U.S. stuff. In that same issue "What is the Pac Jung Hai(?) clique up to? And a long blast against the U.S. support of Korea and corruption etc. in Korea. And the next one is Korean residents in Japan meet to denounce crimes by U.S. in Pac Jung Hai(?) clique? We get this almost every day. And I remain convinced that China is making a big mistake in continuing to thrash away at us on this kind of thing. But the experts all say, "Well it's less than they used to do, and you've got to understand they need to put out rhetoric," and some of that is true. But it is a funny way to show a desire for better relations. And I get fed up with it right up to the teeth.

Dinner at the Summer Palace restaurant for a going away party for a very able Mo Morin and his wife Ann. Mo is a GSO, he gets out and leads, works with his hands, works with the Chinese. They don't work for him, they all work together. He takes one of the great things about China, namely the willingness of all to work etc. and through executing things himself and being fair and being knowledgeable, he has the respect of all from the mechanics to the office staff - first-class guy. He will be sorely missed. The Summer Palace is unbelievably beautiful at night with lovely shadows across the lake. The Park was bare, unlike most times when it is cram full of tourists. The dinner was a multi-course marvelous dinner. For 18 the price was 249 yuan or about \$7.50 per head. It went on and on for many courses. Very good. The walk from the restaurant through the park, about 15 minutes, was just magnificent. Planes taking off from the military base next to the Summer Palace - one dover prop, one four-engine prop plane, one

jet -- the only thing maring the peace and quiet of the evening. Spectacular pink clouds over the unbelievable roof lines. Dorothy now has an appointment to go down and talk to the Minister about her being christened. What an experience! Baptized in Communist China.

Musk ox. Ripley has about convinced me that giving a musk ox is not too good an idea. The Chinese might have a face problem on it. Secondly, the environment is not too good for its survival and oxs are out for a lot of reasons.

Summer plans may change. Two congressional delegations coming in August. Damn it! I hope I can get away.

There are a lot of little things. Russell Trains were here. Jennifer did not get their passports from them, inasmuch as they are staying in the hotel, until three days after they got here. We turned them in and then got back some feedback from the Public Security Bureau saying that they were ticked off about this. The controls are rigid. Never let it be forgotten. Comparisons between controls on us and the controls on PRCLD in Washington are practically negligible - are unbelievable. One of the KMT (Kuo Ming Tong?) prisoners released, killed himself and China still reaps propaganda gain over Taiwan on account of this. Taiwan looks niggardly and mean, keeping their former officer from returning home. Ten of them have applied for passports-visas to go to Taiwan. Peking making the most of that one.

Lunch with Mr. C. P. Li who saw Wang Hai Jung and Nancy Tang at dinner last night. Tonight he is supposed to see Chou En Lai. He will call me tomorrow. He is the one who was a friend of Chairman Mao's many, many years ago. He is a doctor with credentials in anti-cancer, lives in

Arlington, Virginia. An old, old man interested in seeing peace and total relations between China and the U.S. He thinks that China reunification would be peaceful with Taiwan afterward. And he thinks Taiwan would have to negotiate if indeed the U.S. scrapped its treaty and set up an embassy in Peking. He is putting a lot on faith it seems to me. Sincere, decent old man, however.

To finish with Dr. Li, he came to see me again on June 28, after he saw Chou En Lai and got front page treatment for this. There is a telegram on this subject. He came to see me at 2:30 in the afternoon. He had seen Chou En Lai and had seen Nancy Tang and Wong Hai Jung for two hours. He had seen Chou En Lai for close to an hour. He threw out the idea that China might make a statement for "domestic consumption" about peace. Since it is an internal matter it would have to be done that way. He wondered whether we would be interested. I gave him no promises, simply said we would convey this to the proper channels. He is getting a big rush by the Chinese with Wang Hai Jung, a Vice Foreign Minister, and Nancy Tang going to his hotel room for two hours. I ran into him on the night of the 27th at the hotel where he was with his wife's sister's husband who was 72 years old, a graduate of Cornell, leftist, vice secretary in the Agriculture Department, a rather impressive guy. I don't know exactly what Li is up to, but this could be some kind of a signal. We will see.

Thursday, June 26 - we had a big duck dinner with the Russell Trains, hotter than hell in that restaurant. The Peking duck very special. Friday June 27 - went to the ping pong match between Laos and China. Women and men marching in, hand held high, the same ceremony of putting the pins on, absolutely fantastic ping pong. The Laos guys looked good but they were just wiped out by the superior Chinese play. Bar is sight-seeing people to death, doing a marvelous job on it. Unbelievable.

Got some excellent tennis in with the kids. Saturday night - that was the night Dr. Li came again - played tennis and went to the Jowdze Restaurant. Very hot. You can lose four or five pounds playing tennis in this heat. Sunday, June 29 - the Trains departed. We went out with all the color - just the same time that President Bongo of Gabon was leaving town. Literally thousands of people at the airport with bright colored flowers dancing up and down. Soldiers with bayonets, marching, a spectacular Chinese send off. Something I had not seen since we were spared going to the airport. The big thing that day - Dorothy was baptized at our little Chinese church. The ministers were extremely happy and smiling - pleasant, wonderful. It was very special. There were six guardian group people taping and flashing pictures of the ceremony, not knowing what was going on really. But we were very happy that the Chinese agreed, after they consulted in a meeting, to baptize Doro. They wondered why we were doing it. Bar explained that we wanted the family together and hadn't been able to do it. A very special day, an occasion. 12:30 - Tom Gleason, the President of Woolverin Worldwide came for lunch. I was at the airport meeting Tricia Everett, Doro's friend - 18, cute. Got in late. Pleasant relaxed evening and then Sunday evening a going away party for Burns and Finocchi of Italy. Carpet bowling championship of Peking. Relaxed evening.

Still quiet on the diplomatic front.

In the last few days India has aborted her democracy. The hypocrisy of Mrs. Gandhi is very clear. I never have liked her because of the great criticism against the United States, but I hate this for her country. Somalia, after making a big row on our lies on the airbase, refused to let the

journalists in to see the base or the part of the base that they wanted. I doubt that there will be any publicity on that here. The anti-American publicity gets to you after a while, although I keep saying it is relatively less than in the past. Is China aggressive or not: That is the big tough question - hard to answer. End June 28.

Miscellaneous - China's attention to these Third World countries is amazing. In how many big countries do they give such a grand stylish welcome to chiefs of state from tiny African countries for example. The airport is bedecked, downtown is colored banners all over and big signs of welcome in French or English or whatever the language might be. Children, soldiers marching around, dancing enthusiastically, welcoming; all make an impression on the visitor.

June 30 - sometimes I think we analyze everything too much on this China-watching bit. Chou En Lai met Dr. C. P. Li outside the hospital, and maybe that was news, but from that one appearance there was a lot of speculation that Chou was on the way back. Articles began to be written about the re-emergence of Chou En Lai. Two days later when the President of Gabon comes, he meets Chou En Lai in the hospital. The analysts, quick to jump and analyze, never really consider that maybe Chou just felt well enough that one day to meet his friend by a villa on the lake. Reading these Chinese tea leaves is important, but you can get so close to it that you don't see the forest from the trees. Every little analysis, who stands at what place at a reception, what is going to be the meaning of this article or that -- again it is important, but there are basic inconsistencies. And these are analyzed. We need it, but I hope I never get too close to it to lose the broader prospective.

| *important points* |

Schmid, the Austrian minister, came to call on Harry Thayer and me. Steve Fitzgerald came by with Dave Finkelstein of the Ford Foundation. Foundations have not been permitted in here. They are a no-no so far as China goes. The Ford Foundation finances some of the exchanges, but this makes no difference so far to the Chinese. Teddy Youde had as his guest at a six o'clock reception Vice Admiral Sir Louis Le Bailly. He is the head of the British Intelligence operatus. Interesting that he is here. He had dinner with the Chinese ambassador in London. Michael Willeford at the dinner, British Foreign Office man, mentioned maybe Mr. LeBailly should go. The next day he was on the golf course and got a phone call saying he would be welcome to go to China. They operate in strange and wonderful ways. Dinner at the Peking Hotel on June 20 with Dr. Li, Dr. Niu and his wife from Temple University at Philadelphia, and Dr. Chang and his wife from Catholic University. Dr. Niu is doing some interesting genetic work on goldfish here in China for four months. And Dr. Chang is on a similar project - not goldfish. Big spread of Chinese food, drinking the mao tai - kids got a great big kick out of it. Eleven course dinner.

The Somalia incident at the base concerns me. Somalia denied everything. Now I see they are inviting congressmen to go there. Congressmen have accepted. It will be interesting. God, I hope the Defense Department is not lying about all of this. Although the pictures indicate they are not. Yesterday Somalia turned back some diplomats who asked to see that particular segment of the photographs. What indeed is the truth?

July 1 - a little incident at the gate where a Chinese-American with an American passport came to the USLO with his sister and his elderly

parents. He was permitted in but his sister and elderly parents were detained. Jerry Ogden went out and asked the soldiers if they would let them in and they did. But only after a discussion which Mr. Ren, our interpreter asked the three why they had not gotten "the unit" to arrange their getting in. They said they lived at Nanking and thus their unit couldn't make arrangements. Chinese are always stopped coming into the USLO. It is a little embarrassing when they are American citizens. And even when they are not.

Uneventful day. Went to a reception for Canada National Day on a steamy 11-12 time frame at the International Club. I didn't wear a coat. I did wear a tie. I was somewhere inbetween the Chinese with their open shirts, very comfortable, and the rest of the diplomatic corps - all suits, coats and ties. I had a coat but I left it in the car at the last minute. Tennis at five and after a meeting with the kids - getting ready for the Fourth of July picnic. The picnic is amazing. Hot dog rolls - can't get them. Cooks, will they let us have any. Waiters - so far no go. I think they wanted the International Club to provide the food but we wanted Mr. Sun to do it. A bit of a stand-off. We are going to have the Chinese on July 3, and the movie and picnic on July 4. Kids all went to the Egyptian embassy with El-Abd's nephew, a wise lad from Georgetown. Bar and I watched Hawaiian Five-O on the tube.

There are enormous problems sorting out the toughness of China from the gentle, civil side. Thailand's prime minister is here now and they agree

to self-determination for people, rerecognition of Taiwan, recognition of the PRC, and all the same formulas of the Philippines and others. Thailand clearly worried about subversion, wonders whether there will be enough change on China's part to protect them. China leaders assured the Philippines there was, that they would not subvert, but the Philippine leaders, I am sure, are not convinced.

On these moves China appears to be having its cake and eat it too. They are dictating the terms to the smaller countries, and yet there is no clear indication that they will stop sending telegrams to the communist parties encouraging them on. The next domino clearly is Laos. The government has already moved into almost total control of the Path et Lao. The question is will they be governed from Hanoi, will they be nationalistic and "free" even though under Path et Lao rule. It is too early to say. There is some border fighting between Cambodia and Nam, and then of course Hanoi and Russia have both backed Mrs. Ghandi, where China has come out strongly against it. There are differences in socialist and communist camps } no question about that. But how lasting will they be. Much of what we are doing is based on the fact that China and Russia will not get together against us. Everyone that comes here, whether they be Chinese-Americans, whether they be delegations, whether they be from other countries, feel that the breach between China and Russia at this point is enormous. What about when secession takes place? End of July 1.

July 2 - had a good meeting with Teddy Youde and Admiral Lebailly, head of the British combined intelligence service, a most attractive guy who was

gotten off the golf course the day following a casual remark by a Brit at the Foreign Ministry who suggested to the Chinese ambassador that he might like to come to China. Hauled off the course - there was a message from the Chinese Embassy saying, "Would you like to go?". In the afternoon Tom Gleason, the head of Wolverine International, that makes Hushpuppies, came. They are doing some shoe business in Tientsin. The quality of the Chinese shoes are great. They think the leather working and the whole procedure is excellent. Tom, of Grand Rapids, an attractive fellow.

Went to a poorly attended reception for Air Iran's inaugural flight at the Peking Hotel. Many of the ambassadors and chiefs of mission are out of town this time of year. Went to the International Club to join Bar for a showing of t'ai chi ch'uan and woo she(?) (martial arts). Hotter than hell, but a couple of good movies and a couple of live performances. Very good. Dinner there and back to show the movie about Billy Holiday's life - "Lady Sings the Blues." Sad - dope, dirty talking. Brought home the contrast between our societies pretty damn well.

Thursday, July 3 - mainly at the office - preparation for the various receptions. The Chinese came in and announced that we had the cooks. Mr. Wong told me he couldn't sleep all night worrying about the waiters and sure enough it was announced we would get a certain number of waiters for both Thursday and Friday. Wang Hai Jung, Vice Foreign Minister, Mao's niece, is the guest of honor at our reception. We are expecting about 250 Chinese. Hot and windy. But soon that one will be over. Lunch at the International Club. Watching India with horror. Mrs. Gandhi has aborted democracy. China will be worried about it, because if something happens there, and Russia gets a larger toe hold, it will send China right up a wall.

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End July 3.

Still July 3 - our reception for the Chinese. I decided giving the big barbecue on the Fourth should preclude. including the Chinese, until we saw how it worked. So we had a separate reception for the Chinese on July 3. Wang Hai Jung, Vice Minister of Foreign Affairs, was the ranking guest. Yao Yilin(?), the Vice Minister of Foreign Trade, the second ranking guest. Huang Hsu Tse, Vice Minister of Public Health, third ranking guest. Chao Cheng Hung, responsible official from sports and physical culture (handled the track team), was there. CCPIT, Ministry of Education, and nice Mr. Chou Chiu-Yeh, Chinese Peoples Institute for Foreign Affairs, who handled the Albert-Rhodes visit. Nancy Tang was there but she didn't sit in the head room. We did it the Chinese way. Bringing the ranking guests into the dining room which was cozily arranged. The day was clear so most of the other guests were out in the two patios.



. The reception was OK. The USLO people milled around and people arrived promptly at 6 and left promptly at 7. I think it was a plus. On the Fourth of July it was a tremendous success. We all got out and worked on the roof, on hanging up plastic banners, weighing them down with welding rods, setting up tables, cooking hot dogs on charcoal. It is hard to light. But

it all fell in place with the rain drizzling a little during the day, but clearing miraculously in time for a well attended, perhaps 500 people, reception. Dogs, Miller beer, American cigarettes, a raffle, coca cola, lots of loud music - John Denver style - and it was great. The Americans wore red, white and blue. We had American flags around and I am confident it conveyed the right kind of impression about our country. A few Chinese came from the International Club. Mr. Law from my tennis playing, Mr. Wong and just a few others. But the word will spread around. Next year we should do more. The dogs were good, the rolls came. And we ended up with far too much food. Interesting ploy on the servants. We asked for cooks and waiters. It was all impossible to get them but finally at the last minute we got the waiters and the cooks. They wanted us to use them as caterers, but we backed them down. And the whole thing worked out fine. I don't know why I got up-tight about this reception, but I wanted to see it click and I am confident that it did.

Saturday morning, July 5 - kids are about to leave. They are off to the sauna bath at Finland but we managed to clean up the yard. Bar and Mr. Kuo doing the sweeping. Wipe off all the flags, put the supplies away, dry off all the wet beer and coke cans. All in all the place is back to normal. Mr. Wong is fantastic as usual. Being the head of a mission is a little frustrating. The Somalia matter - I tell them its all around the diplomatic community and what do we do about it, how to counteract Somalia's propaganda. The answer is do nothing. Send in some cables on C. P. Li and there, though C. P. is gone, the answer is do nothing. But the cable is condescending, telling us that C. P. Li's remarks about Ford being welcome in China parallel other remarks of that nature. How stupid. Of course we know that.

Back to the Fourth of July. We raffled off prizes, including a couple of big red drums, a couple of coca cola red coats and a great big exercycle I'd used only slightly. Pictures too. This was a big feature and everyone seemed very interested in it. I hope the Chinese don't object to it, but it was really fun. American cigarettes went over well.

July 5 - reading cables, doing mail. Quest in terms of news here. Telegram from Chuck Percy from Moscow saying to batten down the hatches, that his delegation was arriving. That will be fun. The family leaves for Shanghai and Nanking on the train tonight at 6:00. I'll stay here because Thayer will be going away next week. Going to a soccer game tonight, taking it easy. Fred will be lonely. End of July 5.

July 6 - Sunday, the family left yesterday for Shanghai and now I am a bachelor. I am reading Grey's Hostage in Peking which, along with Ricketts' book about their imprisonment back in the early fifties, is interesting reading. The Ricketts come out as great admirers of the system of rehabilitation and a kind of ashamed that they were spies. Hostage in Peking is very different. It shows the horrible and ugly side of the Cultural Revolution; the Marx 500 million, stoning embassies, stripping embassy people as they were thrown out of China, spitting on them, plastering posters, vilification, and ugliness that one doesn't see now. And frankly it is kind of hard to imagine. But it is a good lesson to keep in mind. Church service was terribly attended. Not counting the Chinese there were seven or eight of us. Hot and still. Go out to see Mo Morin off at the airport. A mix-up on the drivers but that is standard procedure. George got his tooth fixed the day before he left for 60 cents. At the hospital he paid \$650 before

to get it drilled out and he was in great pain. He is now a great admirer of the Chinese medicine, and he is struggling, as a lot of us are, as to whether this universal health care - how it should work, etc. etc.

Today is George's twenty-ninth birthday. He is off to Midland, starting a little later in life than I did, but nevertheless starting out on what I hope will be a challenging new life for him. He is able. If he gets his teeth into something semi-permanent or permanent, he will do just fine. Went out to the airport, saw Mo off. Dinner at the International Club. Tennis with Te. It is warm enough now to take it out of you. My legs get tired. I have been taking the Cerbix T(?) vitamin pill. Felt pretty good this summer. Stomach troubles gone. Peking can be harsh on people. It can be rough. Fred had a bath - he is cleaner than he is in the winter. A lot. I took him for a long walk last night. Children back away from him. Some of the adults look curiously.

I am troubled by a book Hostage in Peking. It shows a totally different side of China. Mobs screaming. Struggling with the driver, Law Wong(?), who sounded exactly the same as my driver Kuo. Dragging him before 15,000 screaming people, trumped up charges, when he photographed things he was accused subsequently of spying on China, smearing paint and wall posters all over the guys room, keeping him for months in solitary confinement - two years prison in all. Trumped up stupid performance by the Chinese and the British in Britain in retaliation - they come charging out of the embassy swinging sticks, thus giving provocation to raid and sack the British Embassy here. Ripping the clothes off the women, touching them, vilifying the men. Filthy language. All the things one doesn't think of when one thinks of China. It is "must reading" because it only happened in 1967-68 and part of 1969, and it gives you a real indication of what things were like only a

very short time ago. The people are so nice here but they can be so obtuse, they can be so removed - so little chance for contacts. The enormous contrast between life here and Huang Chen's life in Washington. He can talk substance with anyone he wants. I can sit formally for one hour with Wang Hai Jung who says absolutely nothing. Middle Kingdom syndrone, with a underlying hatred of foreigners, is amazing. And yet we see so few manifestations of it. You can get close to these people - the ones that you know - but I keep in mind that if a word comes from some unseen mysterious place, we could be cut off, isolated, and, after reading Grey, vilified. In spite of this, there seems to be an interest in America, almost, you might say, an affection for America. I have not felt any hostility on a personal basis at all. I take personally, I am afraid, some of the things that China says about us - adequately recorded in the red news (Hsinhua News Bulletin).

Also I keep in mind China tells us, "don't listen to what we say, but watch what we do" - a paraphrase. Don called from the States late the night of the sixth. Bogged down in red tape on the children's travel through some travel agent. Hope we can get it worked out. But it is hard in China. You can't walk down to some air line ticket agency and get the best price. Hard to cash checks. Hard to conduct normal business. Back to the Grey book. I am glad I read it, but I must say it has altered my perspective. The Rickett prisoner book (I'll get the name) was an apology, showing how their thought control or their discipline or their self-cleansing sessions were really plusses to point out the good things of the system. But Grey's was a little more down to earth, and in my judgment a little more factual. End of July 6.

July 7 - the family gone to Shanghai, Nanking, Wusih. The high point was the lunch with Ambassador and Mrs. Huang Hua. They came alone in a green Shanghai. Talked in a relaxed way. She talked a little more than Huang Hua did. Not much substance covered. But a very warm and friendly atmosphere commented on by Pascoe and Thomas as most unusual. I asked if they were continuing the discussion we started at the U.N. He said they did not do it last year. I asked if there would be any unusual items for the U.N. General Assembly, and Huang Hua said no just the same ones. He did mention the Middle East debate. It was good to see him. There was genuine warmth there. And they are leaving for the States in four or five days. July 11.

Private communication

In the afternoon Ross Monroe of the Globe and Mail, taking John Burns' place.

July 7 - midnight phone call from Don. Discussing the kids' travel arrangements. From this vantage point it appears that President Ford is doing a heck of a lot better. That is good. Thailand has come and gone. Kukrit setting up diplomatic relations and Kukrit claiming he got proper assurances on subversion of Thailand from China. But the radio station apparently goes on though China denies it. And China still makes a difference in its own mind between export of revolution and support for revolution. The Iran Vice President was here. He took a big haymaker at the United States - so what's new! Some squeals out of Cambodia in the news, hitting the U.S. imperialists. God I get tired of that over here. Indonesia, on the morning news, says it is going to establish relations with China in a while. End July 7.

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July 8 - a very quiet summer day with tennis at 5 - Akwei and Wong

beating Bush and Xiao. Wong does not play net. He stays back. He wears sneakers with no laces in them. He is about 18. He makes some good shots, but he is a wild kid, and I found the language barrier difficult in trying to help him with his court position. He loves to win. He took the ball and banged the hell out of it, it went straight up in the air, when he missed an overhead. I was delighted to see this. It proves to me that Wong is a normal, red blooded tennis competitor.

Long walk with Fred where he spotted the Polish cat again. Practically pulled my arm out of my socket as young Paul Lambert and I tore down the road, past the PLA guards (2 at rigid attention with bayonets on their rifles for the first time early in the evening). Fred made a dive at the iron gate, sticking his neck all the way through it in quest of the illusive cat. We then had to sniff around the tall grass for five minutes til Fred satisfied himself the cat was gone. What a horrible international incident if he ever caught the cat. Lots of couples out on the hot summer night. People jump away when they see Fred. They shy back. They show their kids Fred - kids in their arms, but then the sidle off as we get near with Fred on his rope.

Lunch with the Ballows - two daughters - Chris and Jennifer. A message from the milkman saying it was very difficult for them when we had certain numbers of bottles delivered one day and then changed it the following week. What a contrast. In Maine the milkman grins with delight when we up our order. He shows a certain disappointment when we have to cut back, but he is ready to serve. We have been having kids galore and thus we have increased the supply. Now they are in Shanghai and I cut back on the amount of milk. But apparently this causes a bureaucratic morass. We have now settled on two milk-one yogurt policy. And if we need more we will dispatch

someone to pick it up at the Friendship Store. They're simply not adjusted to making these changes. Their computers cannot memorize or cope apparently. Milkman, a pleasant guy, shows up in a brown looking jeep-kind of thing every morning and gets the milk in place -- delivered by 7:30. Today I greeted him in my old pajamas and he seemed genuinely amused. He likes Fred.

I wish I could tell what China's real intent is. After reading Hostage in Peking and reliving some of the horrors of the Cultural Revolution I can't be sure. Should Soviet Union and China get together, it would be, in my opinion, a whole new ballgame. And yet there is a latent interest in and respect for the United States. China keeps wanting us to be strong, wanting us to defend Europe, wanting us to increase our defense budget, etc. And yet their rhetoric and propaganda against the imperialist aggressive U.S. is so blatant that it makes me furious. But the question is what is their real heartbeat? What is their real intent? I don't think the United States has anything to fear from China. The talk about how we lost China infuriates the Chinese and now it infuriates me. I can see where it is very clearly wrong. China was not ours to lose and that has been part of the problem.

At the soccer match the Africans were all cheering like mad for the West German team - incongruous politically. The Chinese don't like the Africans it seems to me individually. I think they look down on them. And I know the African students here don't like it here in China. I talked to some who are going back in two or three months to Tanzania to work as railroad specialists, working with the Chinese. They are most anxious to get back - something that is very natural. The life style here is very

*Third
Semester
Work*

different. They are shut off from girls, they are shut off from entertainment as they know and like it, and the result is they all sit around the International Club becoming slightly somewhat of a problem. As I drive along the streets I wonder whether the average Chinese kids rats tail(?) about Maoism, Communism or whatever it is. They are thoroughly indoctrinated day in and day out; drilled on radio, loudspeakers, in the parks, in the mountains, on the trains. But with their standard of living where it is, I wonder if they really have time to do anything other than to listen and support the system. The disturbances in the southern part of China - Fukien province and others - I am sure would give us a different perspective if we saw them. Peking is quiet, controlled, disciplined (and pretty hot in the summer - not as hot as Houston but not unlike Houston either - humid, rains clear it for a while, back comes the humidity).

The dress is much more relaxed now. Pastel shaped blouses on the women. Still baggy panted. Dresses on the kids and the men with light colored sports shirts - short sleeve, open at the waist. On the night of a contest at the Peking Stadium the people go in by the thousands. The whole street, which is a two-way street running from the International Club to our house and beyond, becomes a one-way artery with literally thousands and thousands of bicycles. Yesterday coming back from tennis I got caught in the maelstrom and it was really rather panicky. They shoot by too, with people rushing I guess for the better seats. And the younger guys driving like Barnie Olfield.

Hostage in Peking by Grey is still on my mind. Imagine hanging the guy's cat, plastering posters all over his room, dabbing black paint everywhere, the vindictiveness of the accusations. Two years in solitary. And little inconsistencies like making him renew his driver's license for his car, making him pay for heat when none was delivered, etc. etc. Unbelievable.

End July 8.

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July 9 - Gunthers and Henrietta came for lunch. Tennis in the afternoon. Played at the Canadian Embassy with small David Ambrose of Australia and Akwei. It was a gool evening out there. Then a very nice dinner at the Soviety Embassy in honor of the French ambassador. Tolstikov of the Soviet Union is a pretty good guy, former boss of Leningrad, and interesting kind of man. Sitting in this palatial embassy with dining room of pink marble walls and great high ceiling - good dinner with two kinds of Russian caviar first, three wines plus vodka and much fancier than we can possibly do. The meals are served by a group of young men, all bachelors who are there for a year - some go on to college. They look like central casting sent over some typical Soviet guys.

Thursday, July 10 - Bar came in on a special CAAC flight. They originally were scheduled to come in the afternoon. There were no seats on the flight, so after a lot of hassling they arrived. The trip went well. It was hot in Nanking, etc. etc. but they saw a lot of sights and apparently the train trip was OK. Carsey Manning and Slim Childress of Stuard & Sullivan (?) came for lunch. They are having a rough time getting business done with the Chinese. The Chinese say quote us on the biggest fracking(?) equipment you've got. Pressed for what formations need to be fracked(?), what kinds of specifications and all, the Chinese simply won't respond. Either they don't know what they want or they aren't willing to give out the necessary specifics. These guys are getting increasingly frustrated. Don sent the children's travel for Moscow. It appeared on a special flight. Beautifully handled all the way to Toyko on Northwest. Transferred to JAL and it worked out very well. Farewell party at 6 o'clock for Folco Trabalza of Italy. He is a man that has been most unhappy here. [REDACTED]

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He is now going off to Belgium to finish his diplomatic career, and he is happy as a lark. A pleasant guy, but typical of the kind of guy that ought not to be in this very complicated and difficult environment of Peking. I talked to Mr. Chi, head of Protocol, asking about the Foreign Minister's plans for fall at the U.N. No response. He told me, "I understand you had lunch with Huang Hua." They do keep up with what I do.

Rumors in Peking about a new poster campaign right here in Peking. Apparently posters went up and they were ripped down. British journalist Peter Griffiths apparently was held for an hour, taking pictures of the posters with Ross Monroe's wife. Had a long talk with the Mongolian ambassador at the Russian dinner. Very pleasant, talking about the hunting and fishing in his country, and rather relaxed. We have very few contacts with Mongolians, and I thought this one was a good one. China is worried about Russia gaining influence in Hanoi. China seems at this juncture to be the only power with any communication in Cambodia. Cambodia still isolated, still cut-off. Rumors of mass evacuation on Phnom Penh still prevalent, with gory details of the long march out of Phnom Penh. Oddly enough I think the United States is in a better position to be influential in Southeast Asia, provided we do not move too quick trying to purchase the friendship of Vietnam. I am for sitting that one out for a while. More and more thought to what the President can do on his trip to China. Cable came in giving me clearance to go on my leave. But I am now struggling with the forthcoming congressional delegations; one to be headed by Percy, the other by Bob Byrd. I'll be here for the Percy delegation, but I would like to get home before the other one hits, so I can get a good rest in Maine. Talked to Bob Costello of Kellogg Company who are building ammonia plants.

He is having a frustrating time. He cannot get an office. They have now offered him an office in the new wing of the Peking Hotel but at a very expensive price. China is not above trading on price now. They are not above holding people up on price where they see the chance. They can be awful tough, these people. Very disciplined when they think they are one up. I have been reading about Chinese negotiations and they can whipsaw you pretty good. Dinner at home - just family. A nice Mr. Sun Chinese dinner.

Friday, July 11 - morning working out details for the kids' travel, for reading up on the news, Mongolian reception at their embassy 11-12, then luncheon (going away) for Quasim Al Yagout of Kuwait, going off to ROME as DCM. Ambassador Folco Trabalza will call this afternoon at four.

Trabalza came by, bringing us a silver pitcher with the U.S. engraved on it - he had bought it in Shanghai. Very beautiful present. Quiet evening on the 11th. Saturday a spectacular day. Hot tennis, leaving me slightly worn out. Three sets in the big heat around 9:30 to 11. Then took Dorothy and Tricia to the Great Wall. Then John Boyd's singing group had a picnic at one of the Ming Tombs. Spectacular beauty. The reds turned orange, the sun went down, the silhouettes of the trees looked exactly like those in many of the Chinese paintings, silhouetted against sky and mountains. And the music sounded extra special. Fred behaved well, refused to chase a big flock of sheep that were strolling around the tombs. The police were out there. They kept a lot of the kids back and seemed to be busily watching everything that went on - signaling Dorothy and Tricia to climb down off one of the walls of the tomb. Not bad since the whole thing is crumbling.

Beautiful glazed tile lies all around the tombs. Except for the one or two that have been restored, they are in total disrepair. And yet they are perhaps the most beautiful place in all of China.

Got a haircut and found I could carry on a reasonable conversation with the barber - not good, but enough to understand a little of what he was saying. Practice is absolutely essential in the language. There is a great cynicism in the diplomatic community about the lack of freedom in Peking. Most people understand it, and John Burns, who is going back now to be with the New York Times, put it well when he talked about tranquility and the luxury of time. These things replace many of the freedoms that we are used to and don't have.

China's red news, Saturday, July 12, highlighted the decline of the U.S. economy - numbers of people marching on Washington for jobs. And if you read the article with the statistics on crime and lack of safety on the streets, it would sound like the whole society was coming apart. Why they highlight this in the red news I don't know. Clearly it is our internal affair, but they insist on pointing up how decadent we are and how on the decline we are. They would go right through the roof if we put out an official story of some sort saying how deprived they are of freedoms, and how dictatorial they are in their state, and how they have subjugated people, who undoubtedly are freedom loving, to rigid controls. Contrasts. They do such a job on the basics and yet they can be awful severe.

It was cool at the Ming Tombs - I almost needed a sweater. The rain came and cleared it up and then we got to Peking and the house was very very hot. Tried to sleep with no air conditioning, just because it seemed cooler outside - ended up having to get up in the middle of the night and turn it on. Stiffling. The picnic was held at the Ma Ling Tomb.

Saturday the Foreign Ministry sent word that they wanted to treat my family plus another couple or so from USLO to go to Harbin and Dairen and also to Taching, the oil field. This is in Northeast China, old Manchuria, and should be a great trip. I told them I would like to do it, starting out next Wednesday or Thursday. Petersmeyer will be here. Sunday hot. Temperature around 95 degrees. Tennis at 5:00 p.m. Church in the morning by bicycle. Shopping at the stores later. Popcicle concession is a big thing. They sell them like made; depending on what kind between two to 4.5 cents U.S. People throw the paper around. There is littering in the places where the masses are not mobilized to clean up. Up at the very top of the Great Wall. Unfortunately people sometimes use the very top point as a bathroom - rather odoriferous in the middle of the summer and a little ugly. Unlike the streets which are swept and watered by these big machines, there are places that get fairly littered and dirty. The Greek guy that got in the traffic accident was driving without a license and going like hell. God there are some horrible foreign drivers in this country, and I am surprised there are not more accidents. Bar had a bicyclist run into them in Shanghai and we saw the same thing at Canton. Maybe there is a higher casualty rate than we know about.

Tennis at 5:30 with Lao Wang. Then a tremendous rainstorm about 10 at night that cleared the air slightly. Note - India's democracy has been set back by Mrs. Gandhi - China is jumping all over her. China is way behind even a totalitarian India in terms of individual freedom. They are really challenging her hypocrisy, I think, something I feel strongly about. But I keep coming back to the society here, wondering how long there will be no individualism. How long everyone's head will be down and tail up.

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How long before there is a real quest for individual decisions, what standard of living people want, freedom to travel, freedom to read, freedom to study, freedom to get away from the music and propaganda. The oppressive heat here makes one wonder about these things more than when it is crisp, and there seems to be a zip in the step and in the air. End of Sunday, July 13.

July 14 - I am just reading an article in the June 29th Los Angeles Times about child care centers. A Mrs. Weissbourg reporting that she was told by the Chinese as follows:

We asked the teachers what they did with naughty children. We were told there is no such thing as punishment. They talk with any child who is misbehaving and persuade the child that he or she would not do whatever it was. I am sure they showed us their best. I would do the same here with visitors, but they communicate positive attitudes about caring for each other in such a way that it works.

That is her comment. Mine is -- on my way out to the Tombs I saw a woman and a couple of kids. She grabbed the kid, conked him right smack over the head. Children crying, and later, on the way in, we saw a young person getting strangled. One group had his arm behind him and the other had him twisting his ear, leading him somewhere for a little discipline. The point is what we see is not exactly the way it is. We see a remarkable participation by the kids in school, all disciplined, holding their hands up, reciting. But I am wondering how it really is behind the facade for the foreign friends.

Monday July 14 - in the office all day. Lunch, home with the kids. French National Day - San Le Tun(?), at the French embassy. Chiao Kuan Hua appearing.

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[REDACTED]

Farewell duck dinner for the Thayers, our kids -

14 people at \$151 k'uai yuan - not bad. The dinner was good. We laid off some of the dishes. Came home and watched Kojak on the TV. End of July 14.

July 15 - rather quiet day - a visit in the office at 2:30 by the Merrills - he owns some Annapolis newspapers - worked in the State Department, was visiting the Lamberts. Long chat with him. Final tennis game with Akwei and Bush v. the kids - victory! Went to George Marconi's for pizza and drinks and then to meet the CAAC 922 to pick up Greg Petersmeyer. We called out and the plane that was supposed to arrive at 19:50 was going to get in at 20:50. Little later we called again just to be sure and they said the plane had already arrived at 7:20. It is difficult to pin these things down. The Merrills told me that Paul Warnke was here in China coming as a visitor. In the red news it also says that a U.S. revolutionary student delegation leaves Peking for home. The delegation was met and feted by Chang Hsing-shan(?), deputy head of the International Liaison Department of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of China. We had heard that Jerry Rubin had been in. Perhaps this was his delegation. That is all the item said. They differentiate between party and government. Party entertains these far-outs: Rest of the news typical - meeting and greeting different delegations. God they come here by the thousands. End of July 15.

July 16 - 7:40 the Trans-Siberian pulled out with the Bushes aboard. The music plays and there is a nice little wave off down there that is rather pleasant. It is going to be a little warm on the train, but they

were excited. How they will be in five more days I don't know. All the visas fell into place at the last moment including granting of the visa for Tricia Everett.

July 16 - kids left early on the train. 11:00 a.m. - I went to a ^{Surak} fish-in at the Soviet Embassy - Harland, Bush, Bulak, and Fitzgerald. Amazing performance under which the Soviet herd the fish in big nets towards the little bridge. They jump way out of the water and we stand around with nets on long poles, catching fish that are somewhat smaller than a blue fish but bigger than mackerel. They weigh pretty heavy and they jump like hell. It was hot and sweaty but we had a great day. I wrote a separate report on this which is available. Then to the ambassador's pool on his 16 hectare compound - big, typical Russian dinner, eating a lot of the fish and a marvelous soup - cold and other ways as well. Too many wines, too much vodka, too many after dinner drinks, and all in all an exhausting performance. 5:30 - meet Dr. Ayensu of the Smithsonian. He is a Ghanian - he is here visiting the Akweis. Working for the Smithsonian. Got the word that we are going to leave tomorrow at 8:00. Baggage to be there at 8:00 and we at 8:30 to head on the 9:00 plane for Dairen. Get back next Wednesday, so it will be a six-day trip. And I am looking forward to it. I will cover that on a separate tape.
(not included in material sent to JK)

Arrived back in Peking Wednesday, July 23 - 5:00 p.m. Whipped by the heat. Back to the house for pick-up dinner - a martini and early bed. Thursday, July 24 - briefed the staff on our fascinating visit. Zeder ran into complications - tried to get a visa in twenty-four hours from Tokyo since he didn't get his visa when he left. Couldn't do it. Couple of very clear phone calls. Tennis with Petersmeyer and the two Chinese.

Catching up on piles of correspondence and clippings. The dead fish that I gave to Kuo were served for lunch. They just cannot accept things. I guess he would have been stopped going out the gate if he had taken the fish. I should have thought of that, but I thought maybe they would be able to do that. The pride in the astronauts, though this one will not be too well received in China because of the Soviet aspects. Lambert's kid in the hospital for two weeks for appendicitis. Good treatment by the Chinese. Mind diverting to vacation and Maine. Wrestling with my conscience about leaving before the second congressional delegation arrives. If I don't go, I'll only get a week in Maine and not see as much of the kids. And end up hectic and tired for the consultations. It really isn't necessary for me to stay, and I told the Department I will abide by their decision. Quiet dinner at Julebu. Hot but not unbearable at all in Peking. End Thursday, July 24.

July 25, Friday - to work early to get caught up. 7:30 - staff meeting. A lot of people have gone down to the beach - Beideho, off to Hong Kong, etc. Lunch - Amb. Lien Pravongrieng at our residence. Just been named Ambassador from Laos to the U.S. He is not a Path et Lao. He must be distressed by the way his country is going. Middle of July 25. Lunch went well. The ambassador asked me to find out where his agreeomon(?) stands. I don't quite see that he will make it to the U.S. with the Path et Lao taking control of the country on such a rigid control, but maybe he will.

Note - my watch was going to cost \$300 to have it fixed in the States, my ~~Patrick~~ Phillip(?). The Friendship Store fixed it for \$12.50.

July 26 - the office. Tennis in the morning. Badminton in the afternoon. Hotter than hell indoors. Really aching tired that night. Lunch with Jacques Groothaert of Belgium and Madelyn back from vacation in Europe.

Groothaert is kind of down on the Chinese, points out their tough things and keeps it in mind. Maybe he is smart to keep the negative things in perspective, but that attitude can be overdone here. Amazing to see Kukrit of Thailand and Marcos of the Philippines meeting and talking about throwing out the U.S. bases. The cycle is almost complete although the Asian countries are not in Red China's orbit at this point. The big question is: Does China want to expand, or will they be content to offset Russia with a presence in Southeast Asia but not encouraging revolution in those last remaining free countries. This is the enormous question, and of course it brings you back to Taiwan and what should be done there. The Korean ambassador had a film, invited many ambassadors here - showed a vicious propaganda film against the United States. John Foster Dulles derided, officers from the Pueblo submitting to humiliations, signing a document admitting their guilt. Then a Korean lecturing Americans at the border. Pure propaganda and vicious and filthy - shows an adulation of the great and glorious leader Kim Il Sung. And all the time at home the evils of Kim Il Sung are not pointed up. Simply the shortcomings of Park Chung Hee in South Korea. We don't seem ever to learn.

One thing you get from living here is the force and control of the Communists, the power to manage thought, the power to use propaganda. Sometimes it seems so obvious, but when repeated enough perhaps people will believe it. If China wants good relations with us, clearly they ought not to be attacking us the way they do all the time officially. I am sure they would object to some of the anti-PRC propaganda from the Committee on Free China etc. at home. But it is not official. Maybe it is too much of a distinction to ask.

Sunday, church, two-hour bicycle ride, lunch with Bryce Harland of New Zealand at the International Club. Very relaxed day. A reception in the evening for Chad. Then Ambassador Akwei of Ghana and his three kids, charming, all coming over to watch Telly Sevalis and Mary Tyler Moore and MASH. That kind of entertainment means an awful lot here. The Chad ambassador, following the overthrow of Tombalbye in Chad, is heading home. He is unhappy as he can be about it. He has been here about 14 months. His wife, 30 years old, and six small kids. He is reportedly nervous about what awaits him in Chad. Kind of sad. It was a really hot day. I wore a coat to the reception and wished the heck I hadn't done that. No exercise. Too tired from the exertion the day before. Prices seem to be going up on the things they sell foreigners here in China.

Received a cable from the States asking me to stay until the second delegation, arriving August 20, at least leaves Peking. This of course I will do, though it really screws up vacation, and guarantees I will not see two of our kids before they go back to college. Steve Allen and his attractive son came by. They had been on a fascinating visit around China. We'll get more on that later I think. China launched a satellite today. China must think it is weird as they see us refuse to vote funds for Turkey. These kinds of actions must convince them that we are getting to be as weak as they think.

All the CIA publicity bothers me too. One tends to become more conservative after he has lived here a while. Conservative in the sense of guaranteeing freedoms which would make one want to see the excesses of the CIA controlled, but also conservative in the fact that institutions that have served to preserve freedom, or to hopefully prop it up in some places, are being dismantled.

And this I don't think is good. I read Agee in Playboy and clearly he is a socialist or communist, wanting to overthrow the institutions. But he gets wide publicity riding in on the anti-CIA mode of the liberals. Of course I am offended by the assassination plots etc., but the problem is you see the tip of the iceberg and get no credit for the great bulk that lies below the surface.

Reading Stillwell by Barbara Tuckman. Very interesting book. Makes one understand a great deal about mistakes that were made in the past. And when one reads the Committee on a Free China report about how great Chang(?) was, again one only gets part of the picture. You don't see the corruption and the loss of human dignity and life that seems to have, a lot of it at least, disappeared from Mainland China. Why can't the two sit down and work something out between them. That would be the real answer, but it seems unlikely, certainly at this point. End of Sunday, July 27.

Monday, July 28 - we are having our morning staff meetings - Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays now. It is a little better. 8:45 to whenever the business is finished. 10:00 - DeLois Blakely, a black girl who for ten years had been a nun, came in to see me. Most enthusiastic, and visited with all the African students. Said that they had recommended that she come see to me, that they were friends of mine, etc. She said that students were missing female companionship and that every once in a while a Chinese girl looked at them in a more than sisterly way, but nothing was ever done about it. She confirmed that the students were totally isolated on a physical basis.

Lunch with the Caterpillar Trade Group that came to town, headed by Don Koonon(?) from Hong Kong and Dell Lammers(?), Vice President out of Peoria. Refreshingly straight forward. Good guys, talking about their business experience with the Chinese, sitting them down and asking them

many good technical questions. But they haven't the slightest idea why they are here. They think it has to do with pipeline equipment for laying pipe, but they have no idea whether the Chinese are interested in one machine, ten machines or any machines at all, or maybe a thousand. They have no idea and they have been here almost a week.

road point

In the afternoon I went to call on Ambassador Ogawa of Japan. They are working on their "hegemony" clause, the Russians insisting it not go into their treaty with China, and China insisting that it be in the treaty. Japan caught between Russia and China. They are also working on a consular agreement to open a consulate on Shanghai. China opening one in Osaka. And on a fisheries agreement. They are way ahead of us on these kinds of details. In the afternoon we briefed the Electronic Industries Association at 4:30 followed by a reception. This is the first industrial association to come, made up of vice presidents at Collins, General Electric, ITT, etc. Again a very straight forward good group who had been presented a schedule with some travel and some discussion, and they wondered whether this was different. Actually it is just the same as if they had been an opera group or a stamp collectors group or whatever it was. We rushed from our 5:30 to 6:30 reception, at which we were joined by a group of Chinese petroleum chemical technical survey group off to the States, to the National Day of Peru at the International Club. Hotter than blazes. These things can be punishingly hot and unimaginative, but the Peru ambassador, Espejo, was most anxious we come.

After that, dinner at Harry Thayer's and home. Bar is having four silk cummerbunds made. Beautiful brocaded silk, total cost 25 yuan. Monograms being put on my bathrobe (40 cents). Imagine what they would charge in the States for that. End of Monday, July 28.

Tuesday, July 29 - political briefing, quiet lunch at home. And a going away party for Ralph Larello(?), Pete Bergin and Mike Woods - our security guards. Young kids, twenty to twenty-seven, unmarried - they pull eight-hour duty at USLO, rather boring performance but they have done pretty well and made a lot of friends in the diplomatic community. What could they do if we were overran by a hostile force? Answer, zilch.

Gowon of Nigeria was overthrown, thus bringing home to me the instability in so many of these countries. The U.S. comes in for an enormous share of criticism, but when you look around the world you can see why the U.S. gets the begrudging respect of so many other countries. India's abortion of democracy, the great changes in Southeast Asia, the turmoil in Africa. To all of these we clearly present a comfortable, reasonable and encouraging alternative. Rumors abound that Sihanouk will be going back to Phnom Penh. I'll believe it when I see it. He may go back, but I don't see that he'll have much influence. The slaughter and the isolation now of Cambodia worries me. Both Vietnams want into the United Nations now. God I can clearly remember how they castigated the U.N. and said there would never be two Vietnams. It all depends on whose ox is being gored. And yet the countries are united, including China, against keeping the ROK(South Korea) out of the U.N. China's satellite is orbiting the earth. It will be a little difficult for them to criticize picture-taking by the big powers. Saw Lin Ping at the Peru reception - almost as if our trip had not taken place. End of July 29.

July 30 - hassle over C Fred. He now cannot go as extra baggage but rather as a separate package at baggage rates - \$9 a pound, times \$28 a dog plus \$12 a cage equals 9 x 40 = \$360 one way. Sorry, he stays here!

Lunch today at our house with Steve Allen and his attractive son Bill. They have been on a tour of China in the company of the China Travel Service.

Bar leaves today on Air France. Steve Allen spent some time running down information on a religion. They have an office of religious affairs in Peking. He told his guide he wanted to see it. The guide's reply was, "How did you know about that?". Big rain, one of the biggest in Peking in a long, long time. Cooled things down although it is warming up again now.

Bar departed on schedule. Early night sitting outside on the patio reading. I keep wondering about the excessive protective nature of the State Department, particularly the Secretary's approach to China. Just got a letter saying that no ambassador should come here - tourism, familiarization, or curiosities. Why the excessive protectiveness? Plimsall of Australia was here. Had a great visit with Steve Fitzgerald and they both profited enormously. Apparently Sullivan of the Philippines and Bill Cargo from Nepal wanted to come, but they have both been turned down. I wrote Oscar telling him that I disagreed with the decision but would certainly abide by it. I think we need more openness. I realize that things are sensitive, but I believe the open approach is better. I don't see how this could get us in trouble at all.

Our trade with China will be way down this year. Less than half of what it was last year, with no great commercial deals in the mill. People will focus on this next year in terms of deterioration, although we have been lucky that they have accepted the fact that the decline in trade this year is due to less agricultural goods being shipped from the United States because of the good harvest here in China.

Sounds that I will not forget. The early morning singing in the park - loud and usually very good tenor voices for the most part. The organized cadence of kids marching (Y, er, Y, er). The never ceasing honking of horns downtown in Peking, the jingle of bicycle bells, the laughter of the children as they play near the park, the blaring of the loudspeakers with the exercises of the propaganda whether it's on a train, in a park, at a building site, wherever. The July and August sound of the crickets.

I have studied Chinese. It has continually brought home to me how difficult it is to operate fully in a foreign land without the language. Went to try to cash in a few yuan for Bar yesterday at the airport and simply couldn't get through to the guy. So we finally just gave up. He was trying to be helpful, he was smiling, he was trying to explain and I just couldn't understand. Oh, the frustration! The dollar is stronger now. Yesterday they were giving 187. It had been 174. I gave an Arab 180 and said, "Keep the change" for \$1 for Bar. He pointed out to me it was 187. Embarrassment!

As we drove to the airport, four little kids were standing right on the side of the highway, one of them acting almost like a bull fighter or a flag man at the railroad. Standing with one foot on the side of the road, very dangerous if two cars were trying to pass. He stood there. He's about 8 or 9 years old and stood defiantly with his flag out. Kuo immediately pulled to a stop and turned him in to the local policeman along the road. The policeman started to walk down the street to reprimand the kid and what did they do - they took off like scalded apes, just the way the kids would do in the United States. I continually see the similarity between kids here - wrestling, shooting games, ball playing, occasionally the reprimand by parents, occasionally the tears by the very little ones,

the interest in sports, enormous curiosity of kids.

Went to the hospital to call on two Americans. A Dr. Fang who is from California and is 68 years old. At one point they thought he was dead. He looked like it yesterday. His wife was there and his son arriving. And a young kid from Bethesda - 17 year old boy who was stricken with a throat disease. The boy was flat on his back. He had had a 104 temperature. He was being drip fed intravenously. Looked uncomfortable and he did seem to appreciate the fact we came by. The hotel rooms were private, clean, all the windows wide open. Cool because of the rain the day before, and generally it looked like a pretty nice place to be sick although slightly dark. Both Mrs. Fang and the boy told me they were getting excellent care. End July 30.

Thursday, July 31 - economic briefing. Our trade is off tremendously with China. Less than half for '75 of what it was in '74, mainly agriculture. Now the deficit is about 2 to 1 against them, but there are no major sales in sight. I don't believe the claims and asset thing is affecting us. I also do feel that there is some political pressure on us in trade. They are buying some things from others such as old field equipment, where we have the best, but they are going elsewhere. I don't think it is a major factor yet.

Ethel Fang and Ted Fang of Sacramento came in. Ted, the son of Dr. Fang who is now in the hospital and very very sick. He got into China - though his visa wasn't for August 1, he got in on July 30. Pretty good. They are worried about their dad. He is getting good care. Fifty-fifty chance to live. That night saw the Red Detachment of Women. Dramatic, colorfully staged ballet. The dancing not as good as some of the great western ballets. Normally the ballet dancer ends with her arm bent, fist clutched, defiantly

looking to the future. Much good martial music, some symphony like music. Lots of posing, posturing, shooting with guns, ridiculing old China with its landlord cowtowing, whipping their warlord's troops, giving presents which is frowned upon now. Women as sex symbols. The whole bit. But a great evening with spectacular dancing and staging and action. The place was filled. The message in everything they do is loud and clear. How long can China sustain this?

August 1 - Swiss National Day. I have now gone to open neck, short sleeve shirts. One or two on the outside that look Chinese, but the Europeans for the most part insist on coats and ties. Paludan of Denmark is an exception. So is the Belgian. The Swiss are moving out of their beautiful Chinese looking embassy to a new one at San Le Tun(?). Too bad because you really do feel like you are in China when you are in that embassy. Lunch with Teddy Youde on the beautiful large grounds outside of his house. We had drinks there and then outside again for coffee. Big shade trees. All of which was a field 15 years ago and now beautiful gardens, tremendous amount of space. I wish that I thought that the U.S. would ever be able to acquire this much space.

Wrote the Mayors Alioto, Lugar and Lila Colkrell. They are coming in September and I will miss their first part. Tennis at the International Club with Mel Searles of Exxon, now moving to the China Trade Committee, Harry Thayer and Petersmeyer. Then the Marconis and their little children came over to watch television.

Frustrations as China protests to us on the use of a form which asks whether people are Communists, and have them lumped in with thieves, crooks, etc. I am not sure how I would have handled it because clearly that is our

internal affairs, but they raised hell about it. They don't want us to attach an escort to the Percy group. They are iron fast about that too. These people are frustratingly difficult to deal with in every way. And it is not just us. The other ambassadors told me that they feel that the groups that come to China are assiduously kept away from the embassies, emphasizing the people to people thing. If one starts comparing it to what their ambassador is allowed to do in our capital, the differences are overwhelming. I must guard against the increasing frustrations of always running into stone walls. Sometimes politely, sometimes firmly, but sometimes rather acidly, but nevertheless always there. Petersmeyer got his extension, but it came back with a kind of defense of their policy of two to three weeks is sufficient. But they did grant us an extension after giving us a short lecture, in a paper they sent over. The land of contrast. The decency, the kindness, the civility, the grace, compared with the iron willed, dogmatic, unsensitive demanding "we're right, you're wrong" kind of behavior. It is hard to sort out. End of August 1.

Morning of August 2 - after a great night's sleep, back under the air conditioner because the heat is coming back again after a couple of cool days. Ready to depart for Tombs and swim at 11:00.

Swimming in the Ming Tombs Reservoir with Fred was fun. The Chinese are a little nervous about dogs. I must say there is quite a bit of human filth along the edge swimming that makes it less than exciting. Bathroom habits in China leave something to be desired as do the general conditions of public facilities and what pass for private facilities. Spectacular picnic out there. Dinner with the Syrian ambassador. Unreasonable

in his view on Israel, but more and more I can see how our special relationship with Israel causes problems around the rest of the world. The Africans and everyone else are upset with us about Israel, and we really don't get anything out of it, except we are, of course adhering to a fundamental principle.

Sunday, church. Hot. Percy delegation supposed to arrive at 1:55. I am dictating this and they say another report says 7:00. Something must have gone dramatically wrong. They are very bad about advising us on details. Turn down the liaison officer to go with the delegation. Reluctant to give out information on the visit. Seem to be bypassing on this to go direct. One of the things about a free country is they can go direct to Congress or to anybody else, whereas we have no chance at all to talk to their political people or what dissidents conceivably exist here. Travel restricted etc.

The big discussion of two Vietnams. I am delighted that we are standing firm to see South Korea in before we will permit the entrance of the Vietnams. Some try to make the distinction that you need the agreement of both divided states before they can go in, but that in my view is absolutely ridiculous and we ought not to knuckle under.

August 3 - delegation detained in Shanghai, finally arrived at 10 p.m. Hung around and waited all day. Great warmth and feeling to see Javits, Pell, Stevenson, Percy, Finley, Heckler and McCloskey. Great Mark Percy the kid, attractive McCloskey son. Nancy Stevenson warm and friendly. Nancy Tang in her Mercedes shot across town and arrived just before the delegation and then drove off. She lives on the western side of town so was a little late getting there. She is a Deputy in the American and Oceanic Affairs Office and yet she is a member of the Central Committee. So in one hat

she is way over the others, and in the bureaucratic system she is below them. Very articulate. Seemed warmer and friendlier at the dinner Monday night.

Monday, August 4 - gave a buffet lunch for the delegation. Food fair. Relaxed, no ties, no coats. Percy a generous toast to me and all in all it went very well. Dinner that night at the Peking Hotel for the delegation. Wang Hai Jung sitting next to Percy. Percy, Javits and Pell all toasted. Rather frank. Percy talking about the differences between the systems, they excelled in cleanliness of streets (Shanghai and Peking vs. Chicago and New York), elimination of vice and crime, Chairman Mao's principles etc. We could learn from them, and they could learn from us on science, technology and our constitution. Javits, though differing from the war in Vietnam, stated that it was a question of principle, the principle of self determination. Pell calling the USSR a super power, thus causing smiles between Wang and Nancy Tang, made an impassioned plea for the U.N. It was a good evening. Again relaxed and no crises. This delegation seems to be first-rate. Bed at ten. Couldn't sleep at all. Maybe it's the mao tai. Strong stuff. Bitten by two mosquitos - one in the eye, one on the arm. Woke up all swollen up.

Tuesday, August 5 - not much. An insistent call from Somalia (of all people), ambassador wanting visa for his son and wanting to visit with me. Somalia has looked ridiculous on this base in Berbera, and I think most ambassadors in China at least understand that they were caught red-handed. But he continues to kind of take the offense. Big debate on what we ought to do at the U.N. Still very much on everyone's mind. Kuala Lumpur consul was seized and we get a telegram expressing concern and urging caution. Kuala Lumpur of all places. I often wondered that if somebody wanted to

embarrass China, the best way to do it must be to have an attack on the American chief of mission or personnel here in Peking. What a flap that would be. In terms of the hostages, the Chinese might just muster the PLA and go charging in and catch the culprit and the hell with the hostages. Seems unlikely, given the peace and tranquility here. Stranger things than that could happen. We take no precautions here at all for our own safety. Travel freely in all alleys and downtown night and day, walking the dog. End August 5.

Percy delegation was here. We invited the insect control delegation to come to the house. I tried the new cassette on Washington on the leader of the delegation. It worked very well indeed. Washington scenes in Chinese - eight minutes. Percy is doing a good job leading the delegation.

August 6 - we met with Teng Hsiao Ping, Chiao Kuan Hua out of the hospital - elaborate notes on this meeting so nothing required here.

August 7 - continuation of August 6. We had the press over - wine and cheese. McCloskey sent some California wine, shipping cost far more than the wine, but they brought it out on the plane, so all I had to pay was from Shanghai to Peking. Cheese, wine, noodle soup and watermelon. It worked well. The press are grateful to have this kind of shot at the Americans. The whole evening was a good one. The delegation is a good one.

I am going through some enormous frustrations here about what this Mission should do. Harry Thayer feels, and probably properly from being briefed at the State Department, that we should not make any interventions on behalf of Chinese for the most part. Percy brought some clothes and some money and asked that we send it. Harry is very nervous about sending that along, feeling that we would be "exceeding our brief." My view is that we ought to be trying to help in any way we can. Of course not doing anything that would be offensive to the Chinese. He feels that the State Department wants it all handled through PRCLO. It is a problem and I am

frustrated because I like to see things happen. I respect Harry and I know he is giving me his best judgment and best advice, but I feel that if our relationship can't stand that kind of action, why we're on pretty thin reeds.

August 7 - lunch at New Zealand embassy with Ambassador Ogawa, Somalia ambassador in the afternoon and a going away banquet later. Lunch with Ogawa and Bryce Harland - then a long visit with the Somalian ambassador, who was anxious to get his son's visa stamped and his passport, fearing that if it's not in there, the Somalian ambassador in Washington will turn down the son. The son apparently wants to see the overthrow of the Somalia government, or at least he disapproves of some of its policies. Sometimes one forgets the problems of other small country ambassadors. The ambassador told me he was being withdrawn along with six or seven other ambassadors. That evening the going away banquet at the Sick Duck Restaurant for CODEL-Percy.

Funny demands made in the case of the Percy old clothes, the case of shopping. We must try to be responsive to these demands and avoid a lot of grief. Frankly they didn't seem very much to me. Stevenson very generous in his toast to me, as were the others.

Friday the 8th - went out to the airport, saw the group off and then Jennifer, Greg Petersmeyer and I left for Beideho. We shared a compartment with Ada Princigali(?). It was hot but not unbearable. You carry ice, have a drink, good food on the train, four berths so you can sleep. And at 5:30 we pulled into Beideho in time for a swim and a good dinner at the outdoor German restaurant, now open. Beideho does not seem like a Chinese city. The Chinese themselves by the seashore are much more relaxed, many cadres go there to stay on vacation and the diplomatic set has a nice relaxed time.

Only the soldiers reminding us that we are in China. I left an Arizona Highways magazine, old, on the train. When I went to leave Beideho three days later, I noticed Mr. Fay signing a long form and piece of paper, all full of forms and instructions. It turned out that the train was returning the magazine to him and having him sign for it. They do trust you. We bought some tee shirts and we didn't have the coupons. We signed for that and then I went down and settled up with them. They are meticulous for detail. Nancy Stevenson kept waiting to go swimming because she didn't have all the forms filled out while the others, Marion Javits and the kids, were spashing merrily away in the pool, having just dived in. Hot mid-day sun in Beideho. Hot at night. Some bugs but not too bad. Our little cottage not getting much of a sea breeze. Three or four days is about the right length of stay there. Saturday night - Beideho.

Sunday, the 10th - came back in order to meet Flanigan. Supposedly at 8:25. I got word after we were back that his plane had been turned into a charter flight. Frustration.

Flanigan - I asked him to stay with me provided Travel Service agreed. I mentioned to Nancy Tang that he was going to stay with me and she expressed surprise. At Beideho I get a call from China Travel that they had understood that they were going to stay at the Hotel. Then another message at Beideho saying that Flanigan had rejected staying at the hotel. They want him to stay at the hotel, he is their guest, he should stay at the hotel. We will see about that.

Long ride back on the train. Hot, humid, not bad though. Dinner at the Club. Tennis. The most humid weather we have had so far with Wong, Thayer and Petersmeyer. There are so many little frustrations here. Doing things the normal way. The answer politely coming back, "it is not convenient."

Our liaison officer on the CODEL delegation wasn't convenient and yet they couldn't or wouldn't handle the request the way it should have been done. John Lewis, a professor from Stanford, knowledgeable sinophile, was just in over his head, pulling his hair out, as the congressmen went off in all directions. Yet China would not permit us to really be fully involved. For some reason, in the United States at this juncture in our relationship, we are permitting China to get away with murder on the Jewish question. They are far worse in their statements about Israel than the Russians, and yet the Russians, because of their own Jewish immigrants, get all the heat. China doesn't let their people go to and from very easily either.

African students, about to leave, came out and watched us play tennis on the lawn - two of them. Nice boys. Lonely. They should go on. End of August 10.

August 11 - lunch with Jan McCrary and the Salzers. Lot of pouch. Went out to the airport to get Flanigan. There was a massive foul-up. China Travel had invited Flanigan. He just went in and got his own visa. He had been visiting President Marcos. They were upset about his staying with me, so I sidled over to him and told him first thing that he ought to stay with them. It worked out very well and they whisked him off to the hotel. But he came for dinner. Dinner with the two Brights. He didn't know what his program would be, but he had been treated extraordinarily well.

August 12 - we visited the Peking brewery. I have a separate report on the brewery in the file. It was old, beat up, very nice people, I took them a case of Millers and we sat around sampling, tasting their five kinds of beer and the Millers after the meeting. It worked out well. I believe the Chinese like that kind of applicable gift thing. There is a certain

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FILE LOCATION Peking Diary Volume III		OA/ID Number		
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 F-9 Release would disclose geological or geophysical information concerning wells [(b)(9) of the FOIA]

unnaturalness not to be able to give modest presents, without worrying whether you are going to hurt feelings or get people in trouble.

Lunch at USLO. Ambassador Anguiano of Mexico came by to offer to help with some Americans held hostage in South Vietnam. Vietnam matters, North Korea matters are very much in focus here. The U.S. vetoed the applications of the two Vietnams to get to the U.N. because the U.N. Security Council refused to even consider South Korea which certainly qualified. But this kind of move has more repercussions and discussions here. The whole third world cast, the whole climate, hostility toward capitalism, China's special friendship with Korea, and the determination not to let the Soviets take advantage of her in South Vietnam - all give more emphasis in the diplomatic community to anti-American positions. It gets a little annoying at times, but I must say that I like to defend our positions and battle with some of these guys. I am convinced that Chinese respect one for that, and I am convinced that some of these foreigners, like the Somalians and some others, do too.

That night dinner with the Flanigans at Kong Lu Restaurant (?) following the drinks at the USLO residence. Lots of rain. Flanigans drenched at the Great Wall.



Wednesday, the 13th - Pat Wardlow, the economic guy, arrived. Mohamed A. A. Abuelhaffan, 31 year old ambassador of Kuwait, new, came to call on me. Attractive young guy. Then at the Tanzanian reception he came dashing up

to say hello. I believe he will be a good friend. Arabs seem genuinely friendly. I discussed with them throwing Israel out, urging against it, saying it will damage the U.N. itself. And I have no hesitancy in visiting frankly with them. Some of the sophistocated Europeans that kind of impotently wring their hands about the U.N. get to me a little bit more than the direct emotional Arabs, whom I like enormously. Actually the Arabs and the Israelis aren't very different in this nice sense.

Ambassador Small of Canada came to call. A thoroughly decent man. Great, honest, open, friendly; respects our position on the United Nations incidently and doesn't hesitate to tell others when he agrees or disagrees with them or us. Farewell reception at Tanzania for Wambura. He has been here six years. Too long. The reception was hot, outdoors, I wore a coat, which I don't like to do. There is a certain sameness to the receptions. There have not been too many of them lately; you mill around and get information from various ambassadors and greet certain Chinese and exchange little tidbits. It is worth doing, particularly in Peking. That night the farewell banquet in Peking for the Insect Control Group for the United States. Terry Atkisson in charge. He is from Texas A&M. Very delightful. There were many toasts, some good, some lousy. An excellent banquet and excellent fellowship. I believe these kinds of delegations really do help. Peter Flanigan briefed our economic staff and they agreed that it was the best briefing they had had in capsulized form about the U.S. economy. Had to take three bottles of whiskey down to Insect Control Group who needed to write their "final report." End of August 13.

August 14 - Thursday, a little hot and sticky. The mist hanging in over Peking. The weather really isn't as hot as Houston, nor as tough in any way, but people bitch about it a lot here. Ambassador Ogawa and his wife will be coming at ten thirty. At this juncture I don't see how

Ford could make any real movement on the Taiwan question. I will have a better feel for this when I go to the States, but it is tough to see how he can, given the mood in the United States of not wanting to let down friends, of standing up for capitalism, etc. It is awful tough, and these people don't seem in a position to make any concessions. Time will tell. I would like to see full relations for a lot of reasons, none of which result in immediate change between our two countries. But I would like to see us solve the problem, and yet I would not recommend overthrowing Taiwan at this point, just blatantly and openly.

Ogawa's wife came over and we chatted. She is on her way, taking her child to the States. Barbara and Casey Manning, businessman and typically Texas, typically warm - here to sell some equipment to the Chinese. That afternoon Mehrotra, head of India's office here, came to call. Very much interested in what Teng Hsiao Ping had said about India and Sekeam(?) and whether China would take the matter of ~~Sekeam~~(?) to the U.N. They apparently won't. Pell having asked Teng Hsiao Ping about this at his meeting. That night a cookout in our yard arranged by Jennifer, a farewell for Mike Woods and Pete Bergin. Marvelous incident when the steaks all went up in a massive flame, and the Chinese were running and jumping around. But it turned out to be very nice. Hot, warm outside but beautiful sky, and the terrace looked spectacular.

Friday, the 15th of August - routine day. Greg Petersmeyer left. Not much happened.

Saturday, the 16th - went to call on Wang Hai Jung about Puerto Rico. Separate coverage but I feel strongly on the Puerto Rican issue. I hate to see these countries at the U.N. pushing because of their instant majorities to try to make it look like Puerto Rico is being deprived and Puerto Rico is the same as some colony. The record on votes establishing Puerto Rico's

desire for either commonwealth or statehood is very clear, but the mischief makers, in this instance led by Cuba, lead the way. I emphasized internal affairs, and she said that internal affairs is important, but so is continuing revolution. I am troubled that we don't make our principles as clear. We have got them. Sometimes we are embarrassed to stand up for them. I think more and more we are going to have to take these forceful, forthright positions, emphasizing freedom, and pointing out the advantages of capitalism. We seem to retreat from these all the time. Ted Fang came to see me, the son of the sick guy. He wants to see if his father can be transferred. The father is staging a recovery - so difficult. No nurses around the clock. At one point they thought that Mr. Fang was going to die, but now he may be able to be moved toward the States in a month or so. His poor mother, sitting there speaking both Canton, which the father speaks, and Mandurin, is almost on round-the-clock duty. Claiborne Pell arrived around noon. Tennis with Pell. Then a beautiful picnic at the Ming Tombs. Spectacular. Saw satellites - seven or eight of us in the van and a real special evening. Very special indeed. Jennifer did a great job on the picnic. Pell left early in the morning for Rumania. Church, then the rest of the day sitting in the patio, a tremendously hot sun. Relaxed in the afternoon. Tennis with the Flanigans who returned. Dinner with the Flanigans at the Julebu International Club. China is being difficult about escort officers from Hong Kong attached to various delegations. They are continuing their policy of little fairs scattered around. I noticed there is a new Tientsin straw fair.

Hassle about the agricultural officer - Ag wanting to assign Champeau and my feeling is that Champeau is unacceptable. Still feel we are not probably informed by the Department. We are too cautious on many things

here and I sense an accumulating feeling of frustration. A lot of that simply is that I need to get back to the States to get refurbished. Some of it is fundamental in the way this policy is run. I think these visits from senators and delegations and all these kinds of things help increase understanding about the United States; and yet there seems to be an official worry that somebody will say something that will foul up all the relations. Our relationship is not that frail in my view. It is too important to the Chinese, and I also think that the more exposure to Americans the better off America is. End of the 17th.

Monday, the 18th - Wang Hai Jung to come to lunch. Gledhill, a partner of Bob Bushman's in San Antonio in a drilling venture, came in. English fellow, very interesting. Talked about the frustrations of selling to the Chinese - crew boats. They do do some shipping business with them which is apparently more normalized. But he reiterated the sensitivity of oil stuff. Went to the Marco Polo Store - Jennifer and I - and sat fascinated as we saw the beautiful jades and much better quality stuff than at the Friendship Store. I found myself becoming instantly fascinated with jade, with the differences. They pulled out one for 100 yuan and then showed us one for a thousand, and the difference was very, very clear. It is such a subtle art. The gold working and beautiful. Charm bracelets with charms of real gold are attractive. I bought more than I intended to. This store is separate and apart for export. Occasionally they let someone go there to buy. Lunch with Wang Hai Jung, Lin Ping, Nancy Tang, Mr. Ding and Mrs. Hsi who used to interpret. The mood was relaxed but they sit there with a straight face and very pleasantly accuse us of being in favor of hegemony. And I argue back, somewhat I think to the consternation of my colleagues. But this idea of just sitting there and talking about the

weather does not appeal to me, and I totally believe that we have got to stand up for our country's position and advocate it. My problem with some here is that there doesn't seem to be a willingness to advocate, to battle for our position. The result, in my view, is China gets away with saying they have "principle" but nobody's making clear to them that we have "principle." It was a good lunch and Wang Hai Jung was more forthcoming than I have seen her. She did not seem hung up over my demarche of Saturday on Puerto Rico. All in all it was a pretty good meeting.

5:00 p.m. - Bob Piccus of ITT in Hong Kong came by. Talking about trade, the frustrations of doing business with the Chinese, their need for better communications systems, telephone satellite etc. But he just wants to keep plugging away.

Self-reliance vs. dependence. Pragmatic exceptions to self-reliance. Continuous question. How long will China be able to keep this discipline, this uniformity, this conformity, this lack of consumerism, this lack of dissent? How long can it last? Quiet evening at home watching television. Those cassettes are fantastic. Walked the dog, off to bed.

August 19 - Harry Thayer in the morning got a telegram saying his brother was very sick. In the afternoon his brother died. It became clear that I cannot go home, that I should permit him to be with his family, that I must stay here. I am absolutely heartsick. A real character builder. I have been looking forward to this vacation immeasurably. And worse than my own feelings Bar will be desparately hurt, though she'll know I have to do what I am doing. Lunch with the new security people - John and Patricia Chornyak(?). Pat Wardlaw from Texas, our econ section, and Henrietta. Nice people at USLO. Dinner - going away - for the Laotian ambassador Lien.

Supposed to be posted to Washington. His Path et Lao leaning government never even sent in for the agreement(?). He is married to part of the royal family, and he is uncertain as to what will happen to him when he goes back to Laos. These human things are very sad indeed.

Wednesday, August 20 - the congressional delegation arrived, headed by Bob Byrd, Derwinski, Slack, Nunn, Pierson. John Anderson coming in next Friday since his mother died. They will travel to Kweilin, Kunming, and Sian. Standard banquet of welcome for the delegation. They are trying to figure what questions to ask to add to the overall record. I could handle all of the questions they asked. At least I must be learning something after ten months here. There is a sameness to the proceedings. We were out at the airport, Mr. Chou(?) of the Association for Foreign Friendship was there. He had just discharged the previous delegation last Sunday. Now he sets out again. I do think these delegations help our relations. They get more understanding of China, and we have a chance to pick up different facts about China here at USLO.

Miscellaneous - American citizen died in Tientsin. It is the darnest procedure getting a body shipped out of China you've ever heard of. They want \$7,500 to ship a body to the United States, \$750 if it is cremated. They only have cremation. They don't have the proper refrigeration to keep the body for long.

Some steaks came in today on the plane. What a treat! Welcoming banquet - night of August 20. Banquet went very well at the Peking Hotel on the first floor. Wang Hai Jung was the ranking guest. Bob Byrd does an excellent job. He is serious, but seems to lead and get things done. And on his questions, if he doesn't get an answer, he very respectfully but forcefully goes back til he gets one. Next morning visited with Oscar

Armstrong about some problems. I am convinced we are not informed. We see none of the option papers. And I filed a protest on that. I also told Oscar I was upset about the rule of no ambassadors coming to Peking even for consultation. Apparently this is the way the Secretary wants it. Pete Bergin and Mike Woods, young security guards, left. Fine young guys. Good morale, decent, clean cut kids, did a first rate job. Lunch with Oscar, Bob Perito and Stan Brooks, talking over the various problems of USLO. In the evening we were received by Chiao Kuan Hua in the Great Hall of the People.

We had a briefing session with the CODEL and then went to the Great Hall - meeting finished at 6:45, dinner at the Great Hall by Chiao at 7:00. Food at the Great Hall isn't as good. We had some kind of a duck, wrapped like Peking duck but sweet sauce which was good. Rest of it seemed rather heavily fried, square cut pieces of heavy fried stuff which I didn't like as well as some of the other Chinese food.

Friday, August 22 - a few black women with one of the friendship delegations from the Midwest came by. Effy McKesson, black GOP vice chairman of the Minnesota party; some of their group didn't want to be seen at USLO. There is this feeling that if they are seen, they don't see the true China. The Yost committee on China Exchanges feels that way. Their smart young people feel they won't get as much out of it if USLO is included. The Insect delegation, the guy from that committee, did not want to invite me to the banquet given by the Insect Control Delegates. When I went there the Insect people were extremely courteous, the professor was real nice, said I had added considerably to the thing by going, but these young escorts seem to have the wrong impression. I have discussed this with the State Department. Without government intervention they would never have these exchanges going. And I think they should cooperate more. The same is true on some of these

visiting delegations - friendship. But they have no obligation at all to cooperate.

Got up real early - clear and cool. Definitively cool at quarter of six in the morning. Took Fred for a walk. Unbelievable the change.

It is the first day of all. Autumn in China started about a week ago. Still hot in the daytime but much much better today than it was last week. Amazing. Still get reports from South China of unrest in factories, unwillingness to pay overtime, workers are lectured that they should struggle against the proletariat dictatorship. But I am convinced that at sometime in the future the society will have to adopt to the basic laws of supply and demand and incentive. No question in my mind about this anymore.

Chiao Kuan Hua was in good form, long discussions of the Middle East. Their position is fundamental though he did claim that they told the extremists on the Arab side that they should avoid violence. If the people in the United States realize how hostile they are to Israel, it would make relations much more strained. Chiao is very friendly in his mentions of me; Bob Byrd was also very generous. I do think these little niceties help in doing the job better.

Note - I asked Mr. Lie(?) at the International Club to see if I could give them tee shirts. The word came back that since they were very low in value it would be alright. Now I will take them to the various players there. Press reception at USLO for the CODEL group followed by a swimming party at the Canadian embassy. Sihanouk appears to be going back now from Pyongyang, where he has been for a ridiculous period of time, to Cambodia. Khieu Samphan feted by the Chinese here in Peking.

Note - the enormous contrast between the civility and decency and friendliness of the Chinese, and this tough side. On Portugal they don't

"recognize" the communist party there. We have a lot in common in a situation like that, and really both want the same ends but for very different reasons. It would sure be an entirely different ball game if they ever got back together with Russia. End August 22.